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FOR HIM MAGAZINE
May/June 2000

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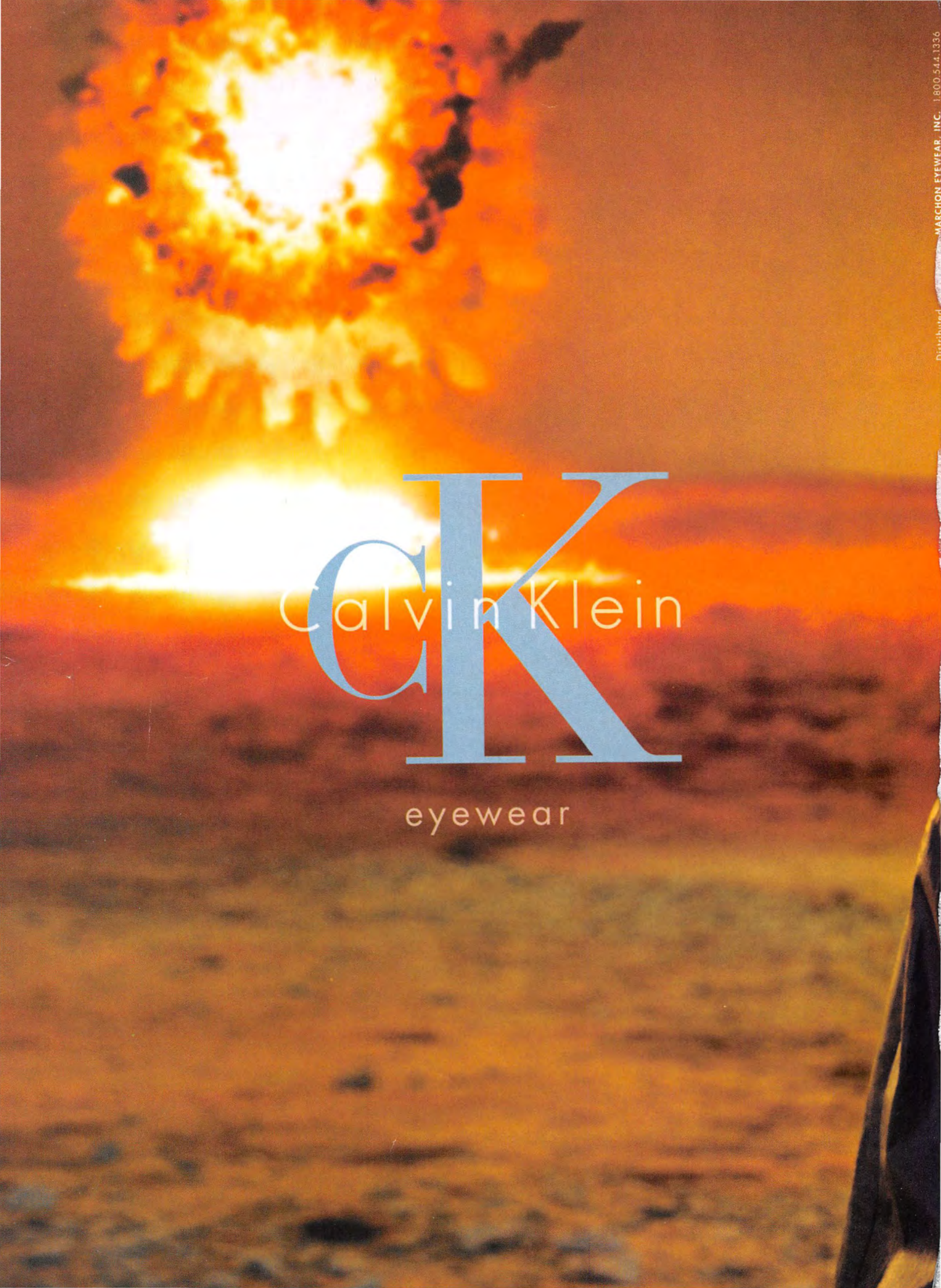

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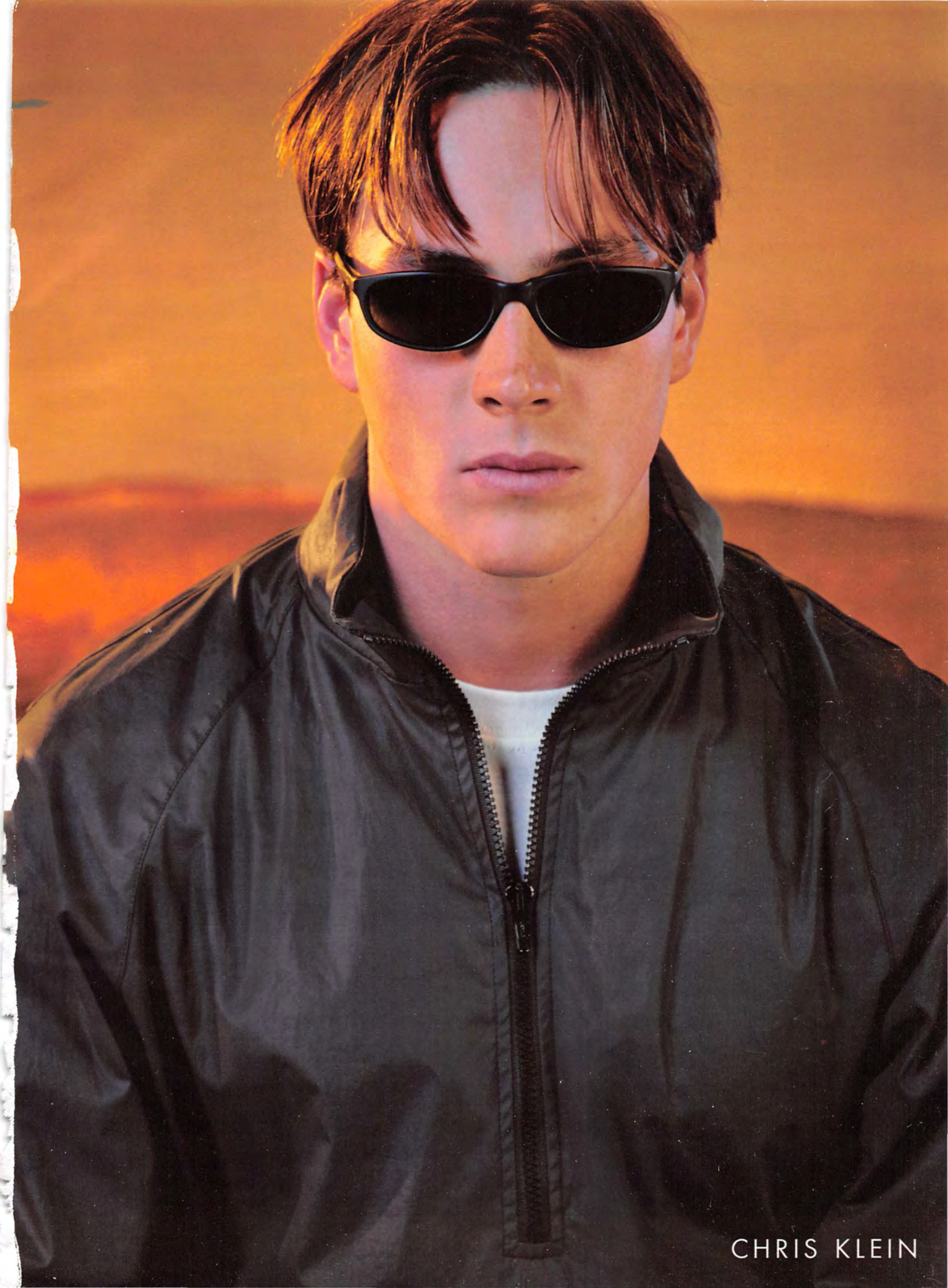
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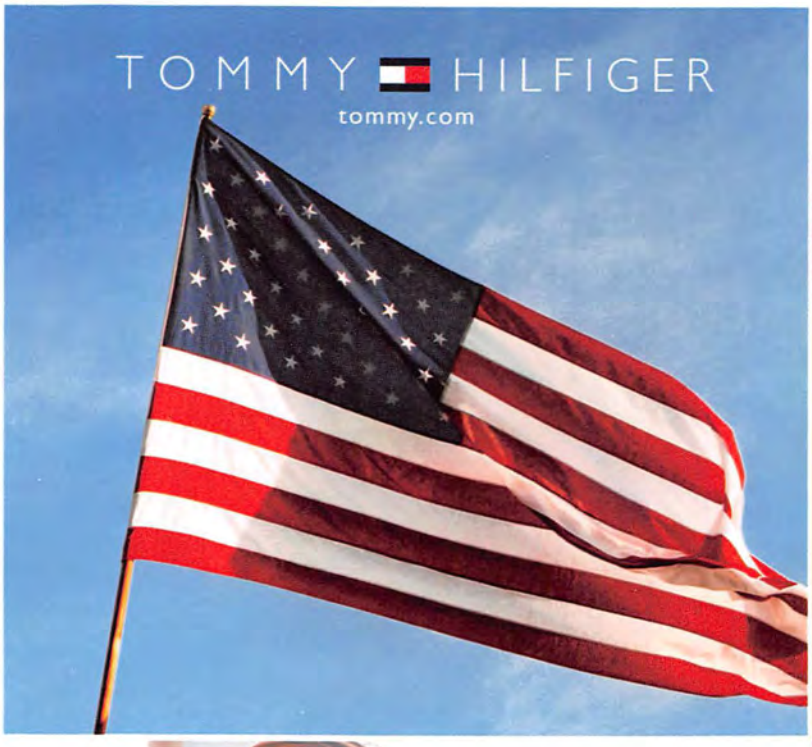

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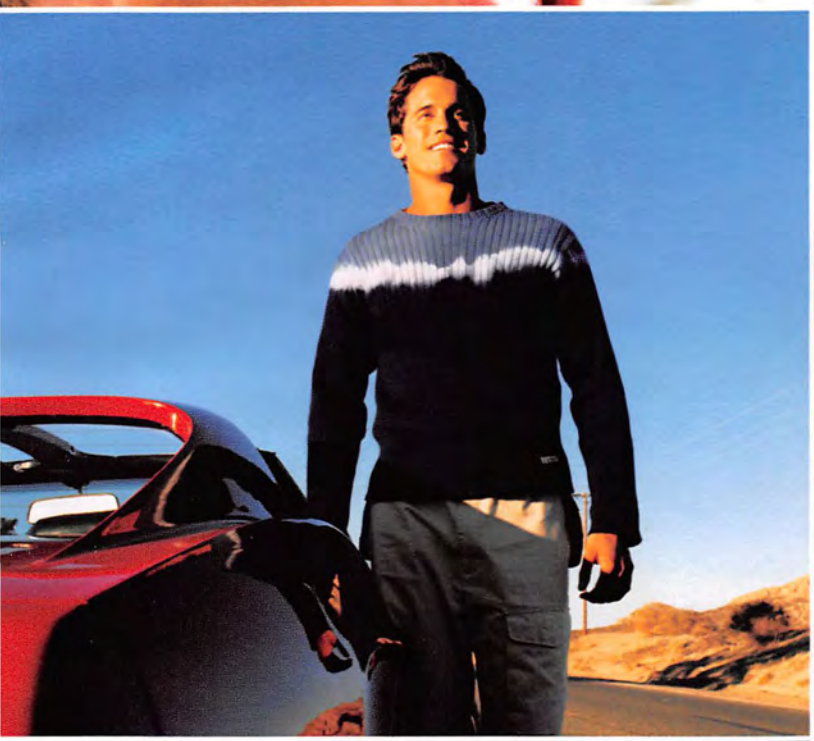

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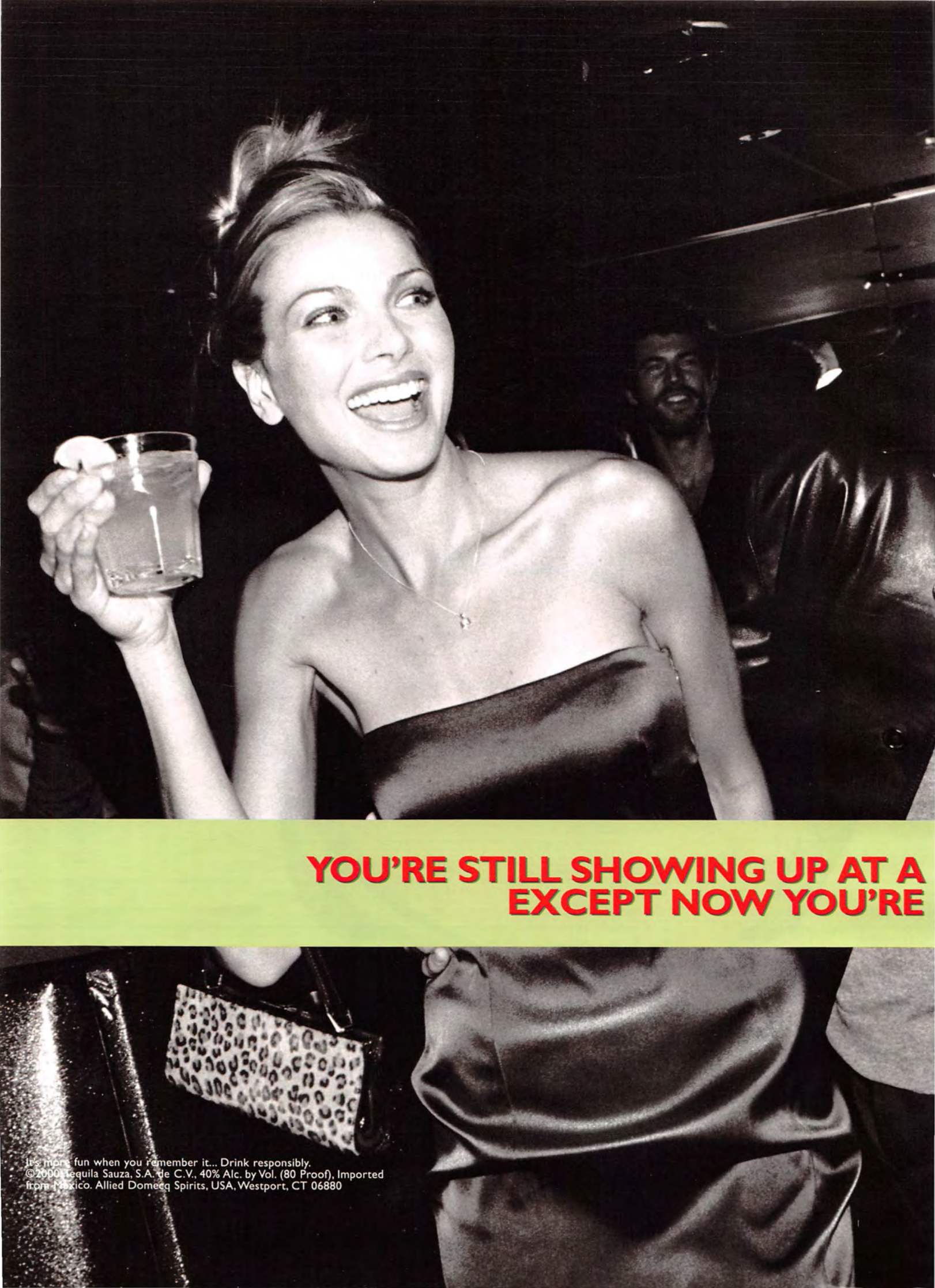
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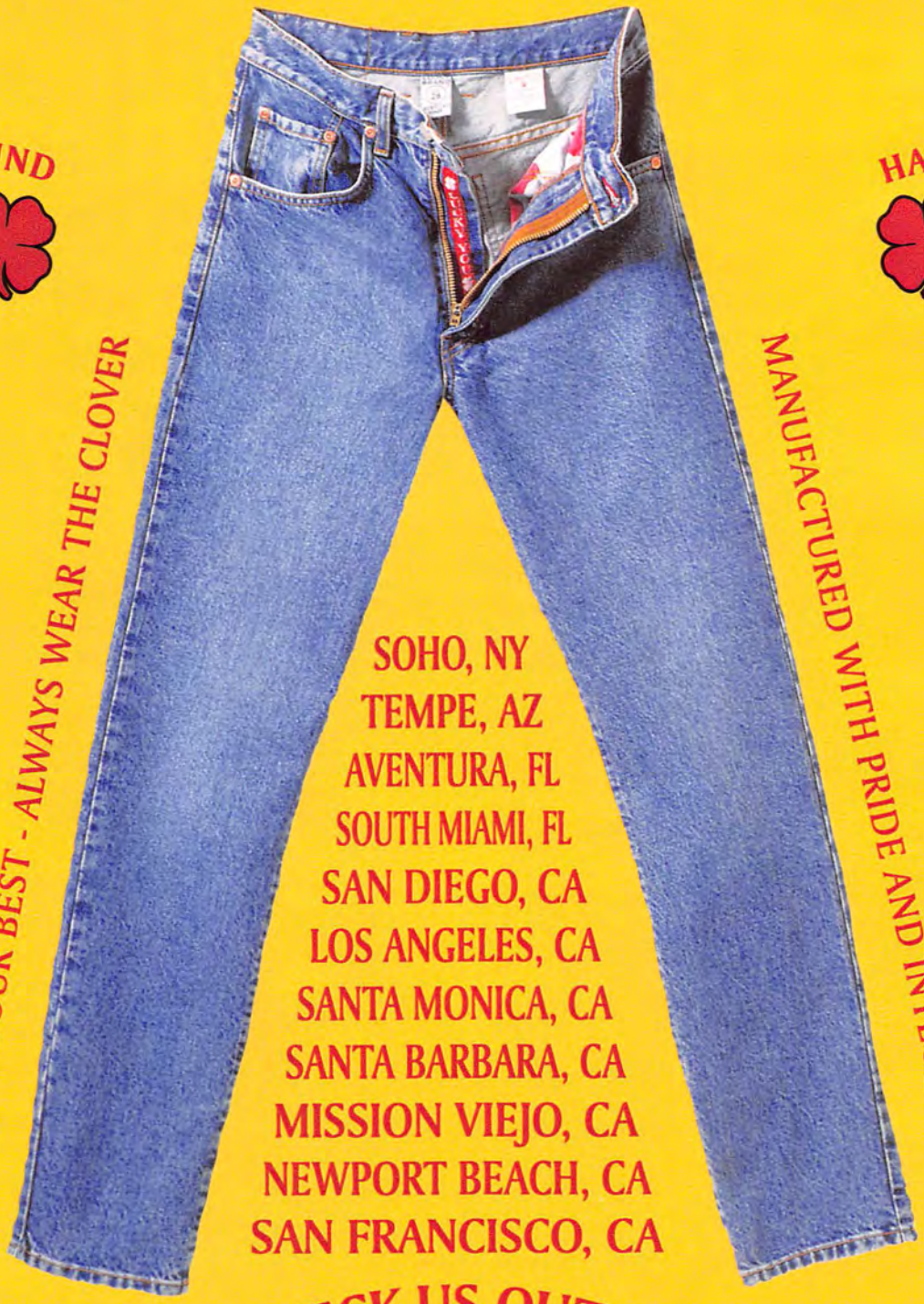

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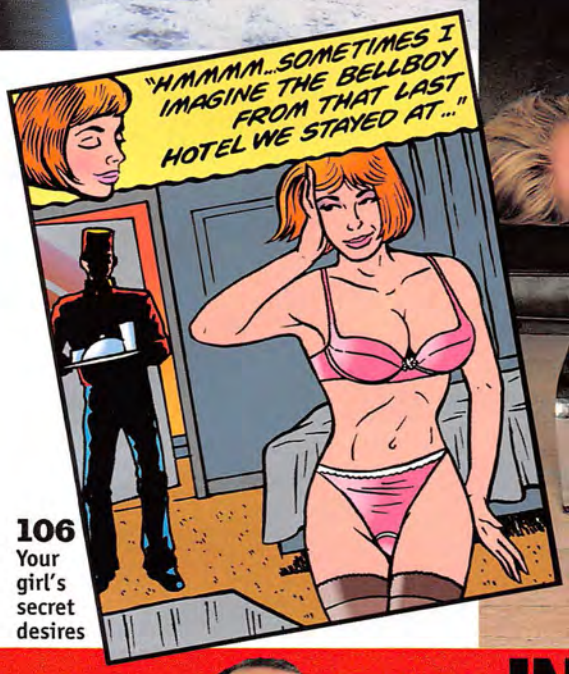

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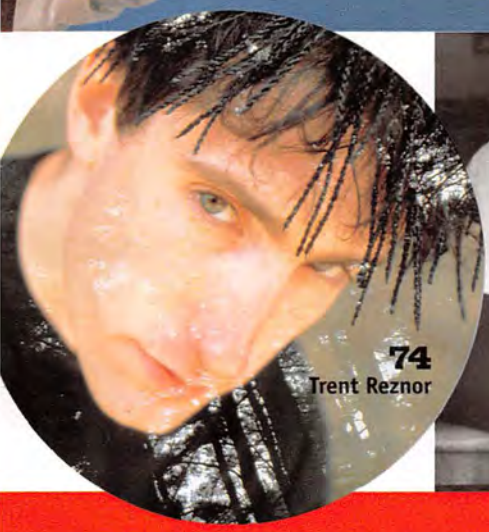
Summer fashion



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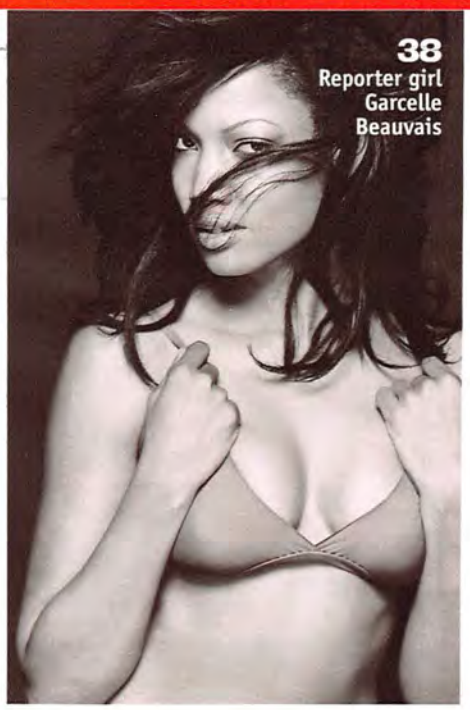

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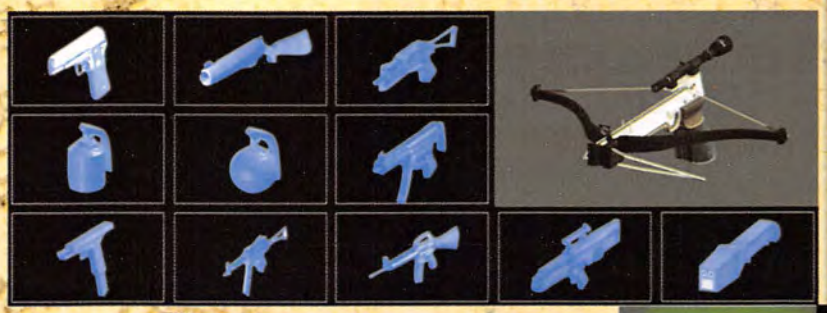

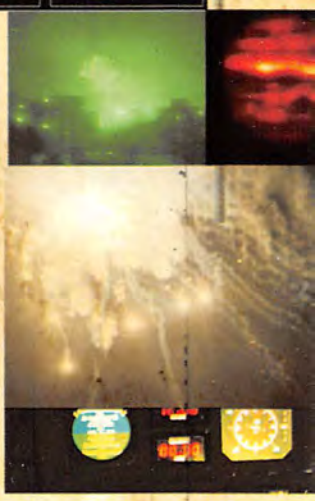

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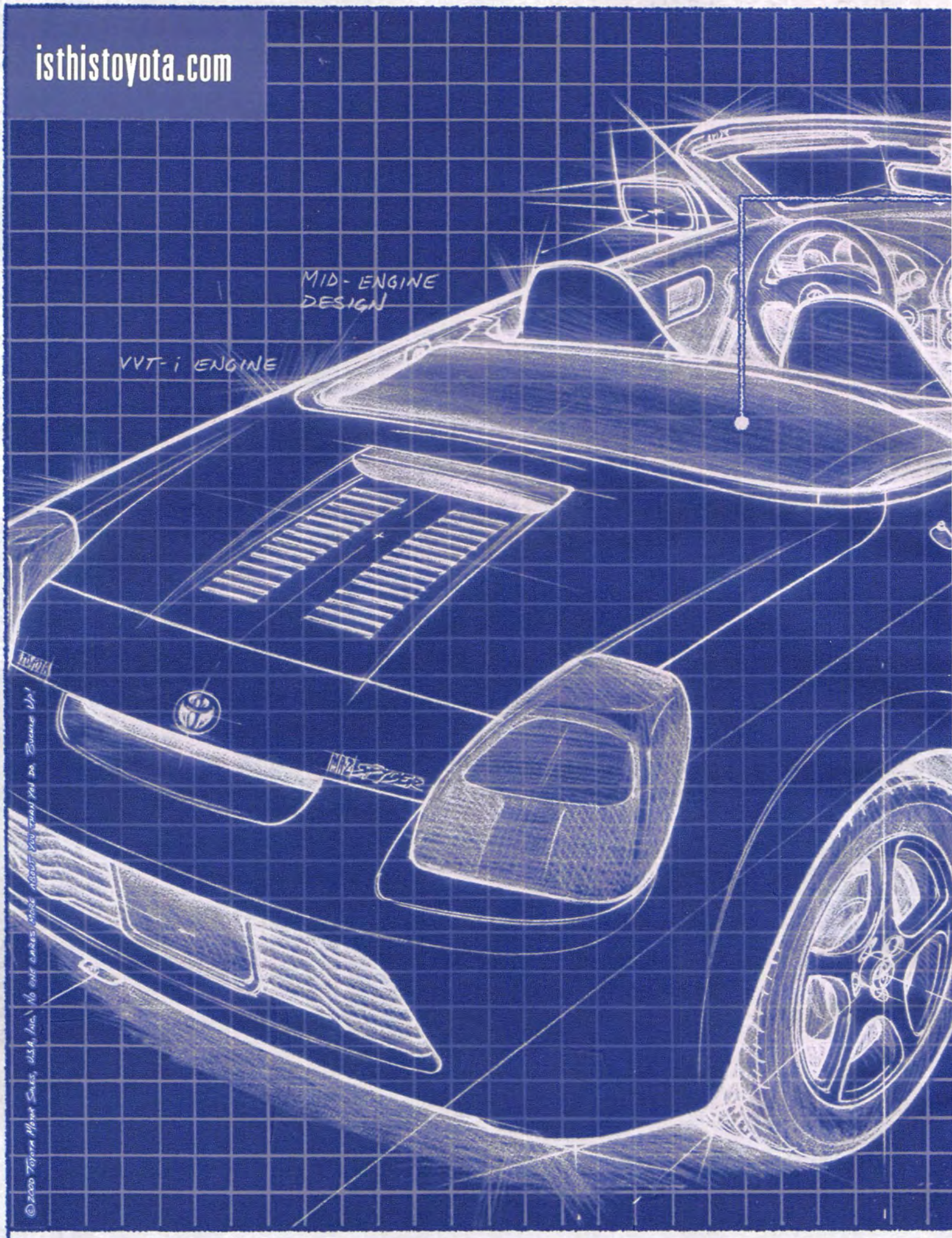

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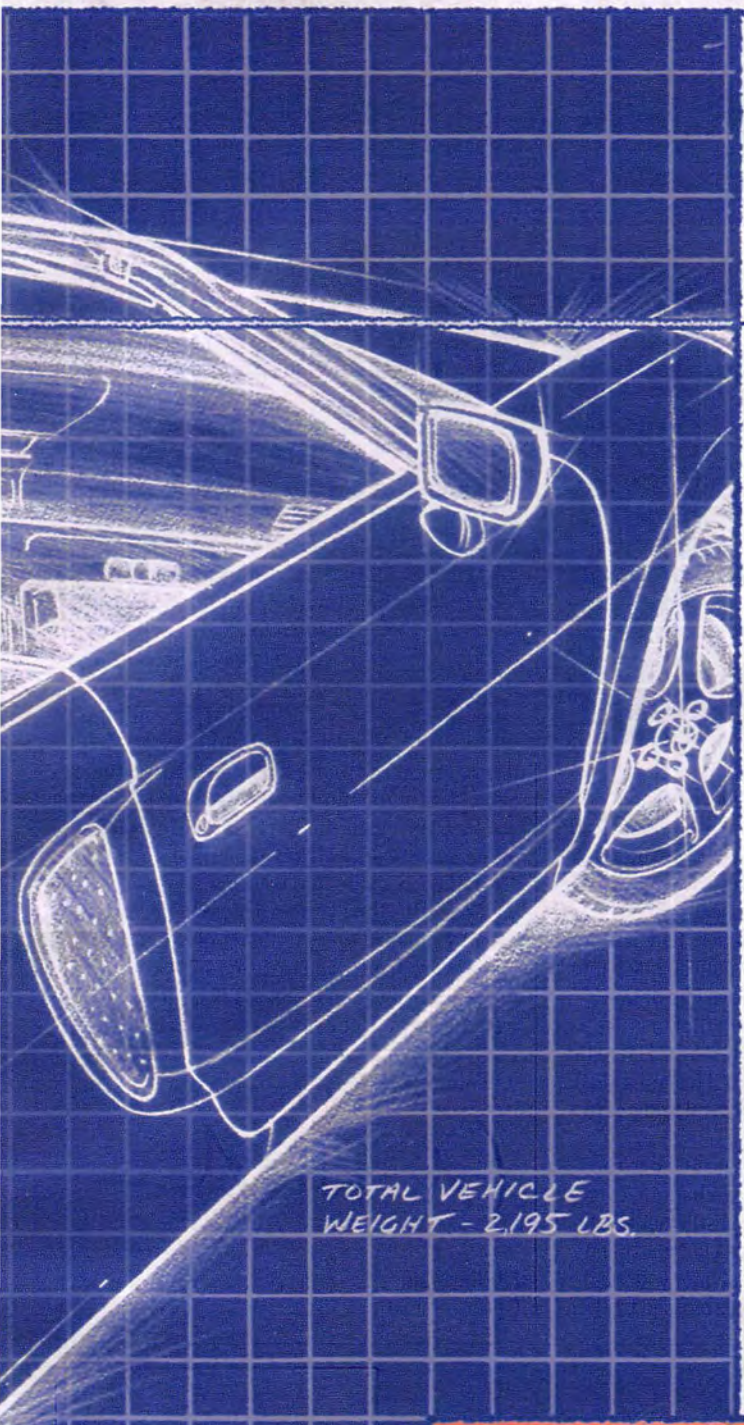

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EDITOR'S LETTER

Welcome to issue two of *FHM*. For those of you who read and enjoyed our launch issue enough to come back for more, you no longer need to persevere through this letter. You may pass directly to the main body of the publication.

Those of you who are new to the title, or have bought it by accident, probably know by now that *FHM* is a general interest magazine for men. But how, in these confused times, do you know for sure whether or not you're a man? What licensing authority guarantees that you're no longer a child? On which birthday do you officially wake up as an adult? Is it the one when you can drive a 16-wheeler or the one when you can drink cheap gin?

Of course, in primitive societies there was no such confusion. One day you would be taken into a cave by some old men, a sensitive flap of skin would be hacked off with a blunt flint or crude ax, and you'd emerge a man. Or you'd be taken to the very edge of your village, pointed toward a bleak and seemingly foodless horizon and told not to come back for six weeks.

Nowadays, though, there's just no one to check with. You can have a wife, children, cars and a deck of credit cards, but if you still laugh out loud when someone walks into a lamppost and you regularly lie—to yourself—about your gambling losses, are you sure you've crossed the line into full adulthood or did you take a wrong turn somewhere?

So, how to tell? Personally, I think there are three things that define a man, and to help you, all three conveniently are featured in this month's issue. First, you start to worry about absolutely everything, however absurd or unlikely, until you have a personal collection of modern phobias ("High Anxiety!," page 134). Second, you realize that with each passing day you know less and less about women ("The Secret Life of Your Girlfriend," page 106). Third, you feel confident—for the first time in your life—about handling fire ("The Art of Grilling," page 154). If these guidelines have not cleared up your confusion and you need more help, then I suggest you read every sentence of the magazine, study every picture and write me a 3,000-word description of your feelings. I will then personally call you and let you know where you stand. I won't let you down.

Enjoy the issue

Ed Needham
Editor-in-chief

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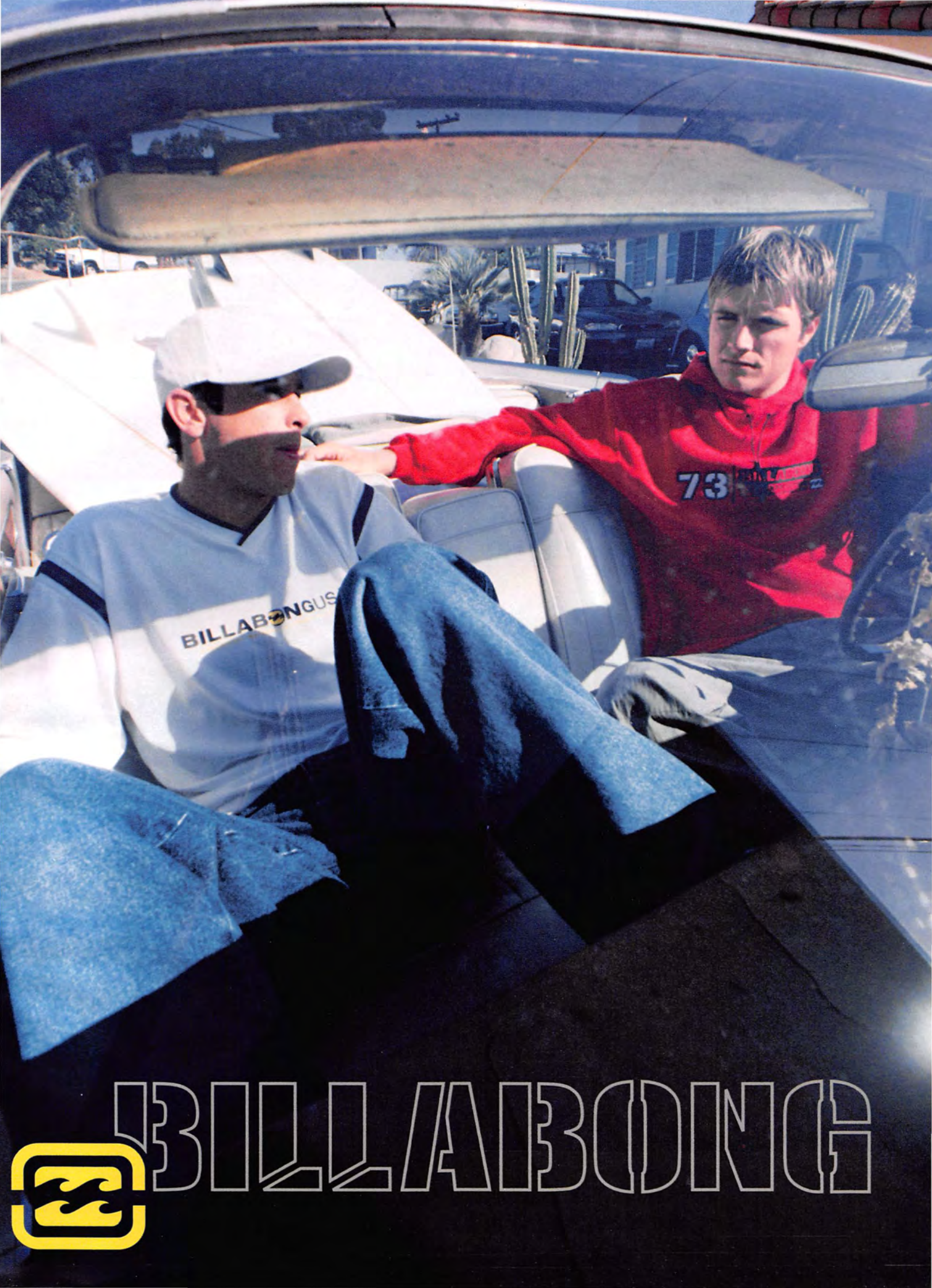
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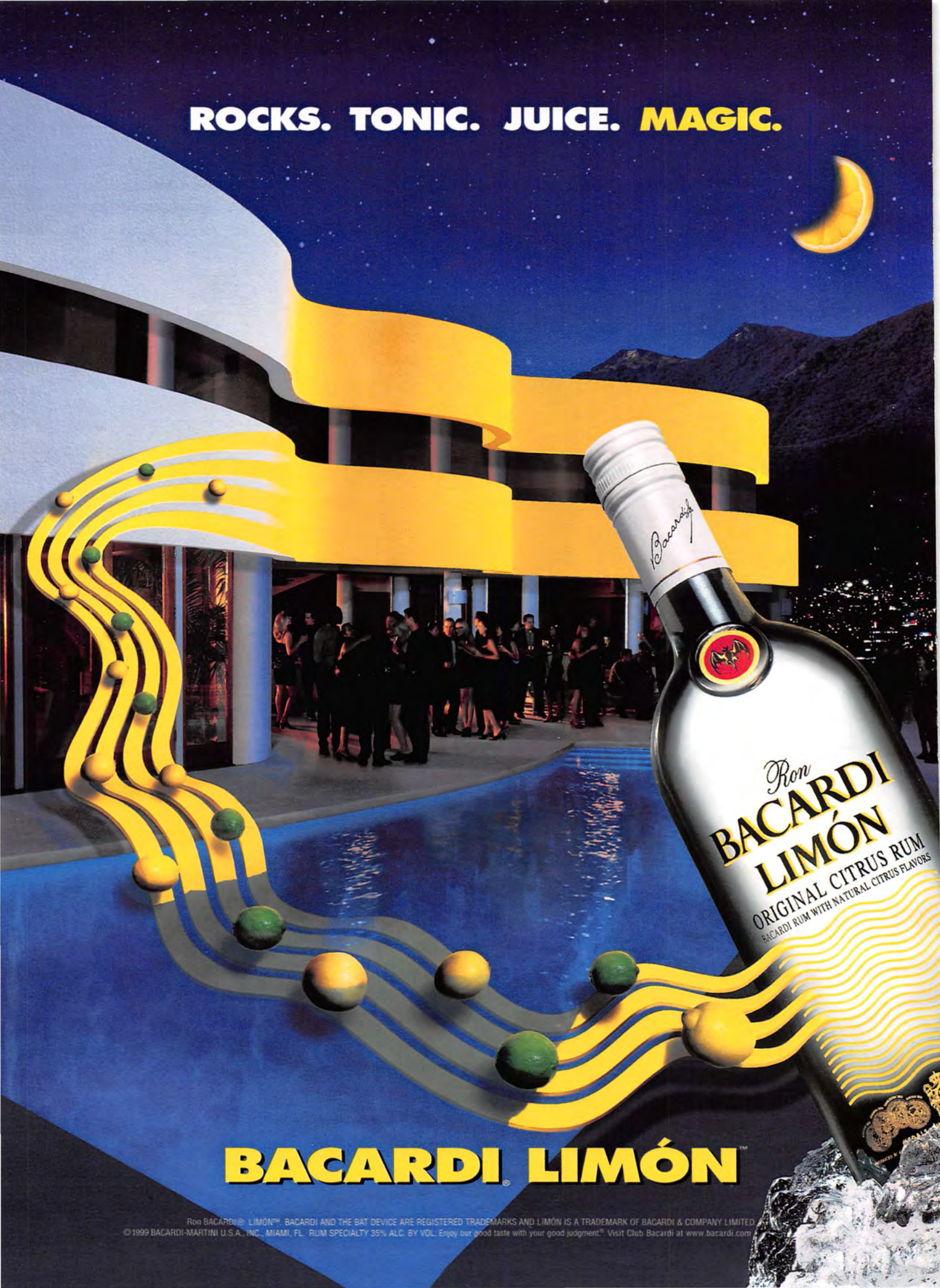
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Most senior citizens' idea of the perfect day is working feverishly to attach gold-foil stickers and microscopic stamps to strips of paper while hoping to become the next Publishers Clearing House million-dollar winner. It takes a bit more work to win *FHM*'s loot, and the prizes aren't nearly as impressive, but your chances of winning are much greater—after all, who's ever really met a Publishers Clearing House winner? Send us a funny, clever, witty letter, and we'll send you a crisp $50 bill if it sees print. Letter of the Month is rewarded with nearly 13 times that amount. Write to Letters to the Editor, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011 or send your e-mail to FHMletters@emapUSA.com.

Fan defends wookie

In the first issue, the girls were top-notch, and the articles were great. But two things need to be addressed. First, regarding page 46, Chewbacca has never been, nor will he ever be, anyone's "bitch." Secondly, quoting page 80, "James Bond is a silly little girl." Have you lost your minds?

John Hardin, Los Angeles, CA

Is there a reason for your denial of the feminine side of both Mr. Bond and the wookie?

Sniffer whines

Your magazine stinks! Literally. I don't know what kind of ink you used, but I couldn't even read your first issue because of the toxic cloud spewing from the pages. Instead of being an entertaining read, it makes me nauseous. I had to let it air out for a week before I could pick it up, and then I could look at it only in short doses.

Chris, via e-mail

Hopefully mommy made you some tea to help settle your tummy.

Stalker issues challenge

The "It's Your Girlfriend" segment in the premiere issue's Reporter section was brilliant. I am now completely head-over-heels in love with Kasey Sample and dream of kissing her belly. Her current boyfriend should, quite simply, disappear from the face of the Earth. Death to Matty Pickle.

Jean Paul Mulero, via e-mail

If the two of you were to ever go toe-to-toe, the smart money would be on the guy *not* named Jean Paul.

Greetings from hell

Your March/April issue was certainly full of brainless drivel. But perhaps the most idiotic statement of all was the "Fourth of July sucks in Gary, Indiana" caption on page 70 of your Reviews section. I'd be willing to bet that there's not one person on your staff who has ever been to Gary on July 4, or any of the other 364 days for that matter. We have a grand time celebrating our country's birthday and do so with a lot more class than any person on your staff has in his little pinky.

Mike Wallis, Gary, IN

Because most everything else in Gary sucks, it seemed safe to assume that Fourth of July there sucks as well.

Oedipus shares

The picture of Susan Ward in your premiere issue where she's pulling down her leather shorts looks a whole lot like a photo of my mom when she was younger. I wish I could have sent it to you, but it's framed, and my mom, who is now 58, said she simply couldn't bear to part with it.

Eric Eagans, Taos, NM

Don't they take away those kinds of pictures when you check into the special hospital?

Accidents happen

I read your March/April Reporter story on the Stadium Pal bag and then saw it featured on Comedy Central about two weeks later. I went ahead and ordered one off the Internet and then wore it to a Florida/Auburn basketball game. It was a complete disaster. I know you stated that it holds a liter of liquid, but that sounds like a lot more than it really is. My second leak completely backed up on me, and I spent the second half sitting in a puddle of my own urine.

Mike Martinez, Gainesville, FL

The story also suggested you first try the Pal at home to get a feel for how long you can go before emptying the bag. Big mistake.

Dummy accusation

I found it strange that Rusty Haight, your professional crash-test dummy on page 168 of the premiere issue, appears to be parked in the lot of a strip mall near my house. In commercials, these guys are usually in labs with brick walls and yellow stripes painted on the floor. If I somehow find out that this is the same pud who was doing donuts at two in the morning before crashing into the fender of my Miata, Mr. Haight can expect a phone call from my insurance company.

Eric Slyloc, Zebulon, NC

That's what you get for driving such a girly car.

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Win TWICE as much money as this!

Although *FHM* has received plenty of fair-to-middling reader letters, we've yet to see that one shining example that is, undoubtedly, a Letter of the Month. Fortunately for you, that means our tantalizing jackpot of 640 greenbacks is still very much at large. Just a few finely crafted lines could lead you to letter-page fame and semi-fortune. Send your candidates to the address mentioned above.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH *FHM*?

Sharp-sighted readers earn a quick $20 for bringing legitimate gaffs to our attention. Send your scoldings to the usual address, or e-mail us at FHMletters@emapusa.com

Boxer blunder

In your March/April article "The Big Face-Off," Gregg Mayer gave the answer, "I think he wears a Gap-kind of boxer. . . ." Technically, he was right in his answer because Banana Republic is a part of Gap, Inc. Even if you gave him half a point, it would've been enough to break the tie he had with Aliza Bernfield.

Rob Walley, Pittsburgh, PA

Emma Harrison's eyes: not blue

Editors like bats

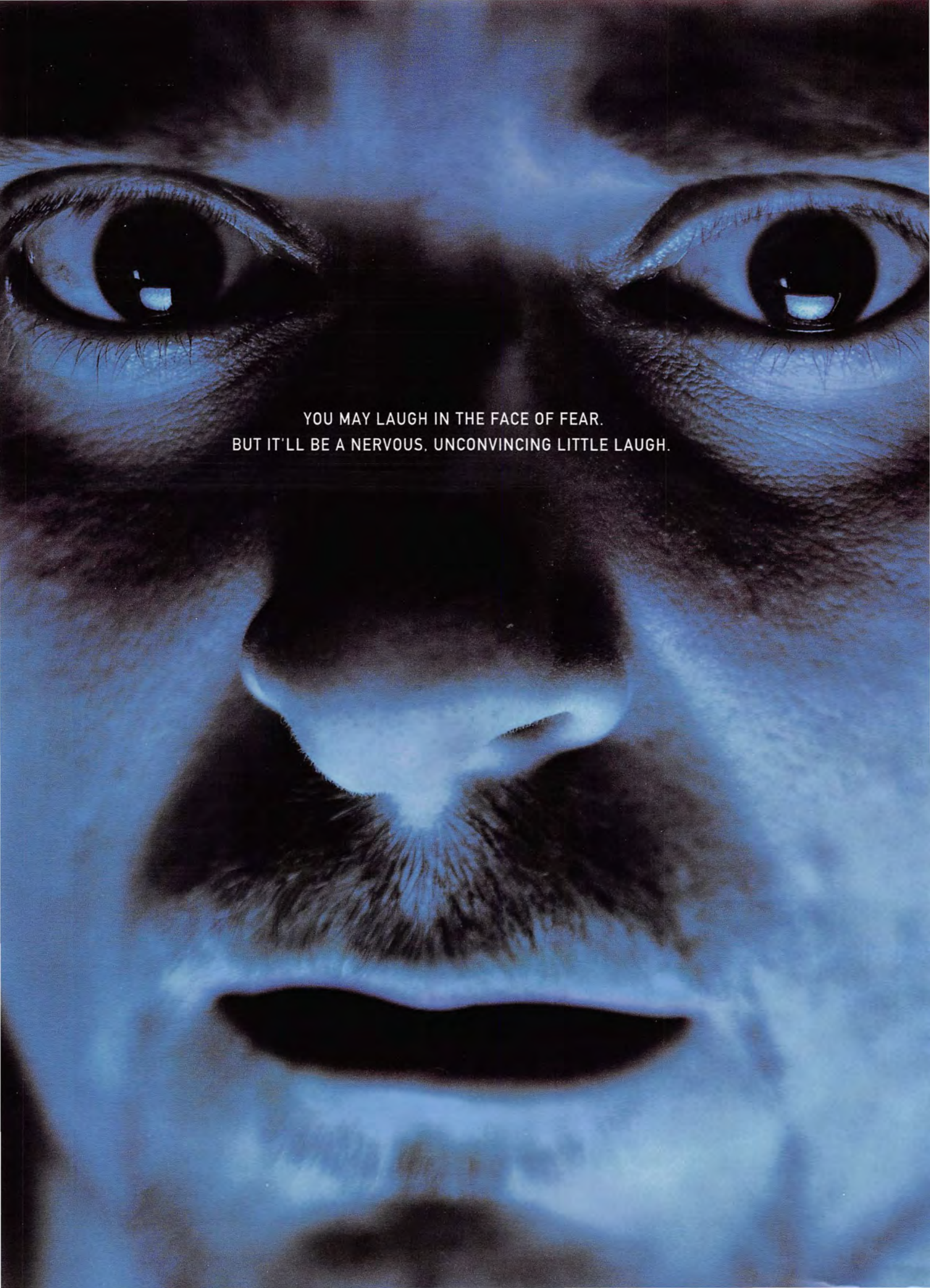
Emma Harrison sure looks fine on page 18 of "The Girls of *FHM*" supplement that came with your first issue. She's attractive, she's blond and I'll even buy the fact that she's Australian. However, she is most definitely not "blue-eyed," as you state in the accompanying text. Her eyes are clearly of a brownish color, leading me to believe that you guys must be colorblind.

Ryan Wilensky, Bloomington, IN

Rotten pumpkins

The photo accompanying the Smashing Pumpkins review in the March/April Reporter was outdated. D'arcy Wretzky was replaced on bass months ago by former Hole hottie Melissa Auf Der Maur, and it's been a long time since Billy Corgan had hair.

Aaron Brophy, via e-mail


YOU MAY LAUGH IN THE FACE OF FEAR.
BUT IT'LL BE A NERVOUS, UNCONVINCING LITTLE LAUGH.

RESIDENT EVIL CODE: Veronica

HKT-7001

ONLY ON SEGA DREAMCAST

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If you enjoy Resident Evil (you sick pup), then kill the lights and immerse yourself in two disks — over 40 hours — of the most vile, mutated, flesh-eating terror yet. New weapons, 3D graphics, and P.O.V. battles bring the horror to life like never before. Which means you'll get to see how brave you really are.

Sega Dreamcast
IT'S THINKING

MATURE M
Animated Violence
Animated Blood and Gore
ESRB

reporter

GENEROUS WITH THE TRUTH

THE FHM REPORTER GIRL

Garcelle Beauvais

Although Garcelle Beauvais' body could make even an Amish patriarch pant like a bulldog in heat, she has appeared primarily on family-oriented sitcoms, having played various love interests on *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air*, *Dream On* and *Family Matters* before landing a permanent role on *The Jamie Foxx Show*. Still, she's anything but the wholesome girl next door. In fact, she's as uninhibited as you wish your first girlfriend had been, and not at all shy in talking about her fantasies. "I'd like to play a part where I'd get to strip or do something really sexual, like *Basic Instinct*," she says.

A role, it seems, for which she'd be eminently well-suited, since underwear is the piece of apparel she prefers to omit when getting dressed each day. "There are many advantages," she says. "Most of all, it's the easy access. I like the freedom."

After arriving in the US from Haiti at age 7, Garcelle moved to New York when she was 17 to be a model. She quickly learned what it takes to succeed in that competitive world. "My very first show was with this model—I won't even say who—and we were supposed to come out together. But she pushed me out of the way and strutted her stuff by herself."

Just a few years prior to that, Garcelle first began to notice the effect her rapidly developing body was having on members of the opposite sex. "I was 15," she says. "I developed early, and while I wasn't really aware of my looks, it was around then that I became aware of why guys look at girls' butts."

So has she ever used her natural assets with anything other than good and decent intentions in mind? "I got a guy to fly from New York to Miami to see me once, and he didn't have a lot of money. Unfortunately, we didn't hit it off."

She also follows her intuition when it seems right. For instance, a dream she had about producer Aaron Spelling led to a shot at his show, *Models, Inc*. "My agent told me there was a show about models and that I would be up for it," she says, "but a month later they said they weren't seeing any black actresses. I thought that was pathetic. But that night I had a dream I was in Aaron's office talking to him, and the next morning I thought, 'Well, it's got to mean something.' So I wrote him a letter, put it with a picture and my resume, and went to his office. I didn't get to see him, but a few days later I got a call from the casting director."

One can only hope that Garcelle's next dream lets her fulfill her most *Basic Instinct*-ual fantasies, though it will probably be hard for her to top the impression that she made in last summer's *Wild Wild West*, when she shared a steamy nude scene with Will Smith. And while Garcelle is a confirmed tequila lover, it's quite clear that she needed no help from the agave plant's golden nectar to go to town with Mr. Smith. "It didn't take any tequila with Will. It would have helped me get in the mood quicker, but I would have done it anyway." **(PS)**

STYLING BY SARA ELL FOR ARTIST GROUP. MAKEUP BY PATRICK DE FONTBRUNE FOR SHU UEMURA AT PROFILE. HAIR BY LOUISE MOON FOR ARTEC PURE HAIR/PROFILE. BIKINI BY MISSONI. SHIRT BY PAMELA BARISH

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN DANELIAN

I'd like to play a part where I strip or do something really sexual, like *Basic Instinct*

NATIONAL TREASURES

No. 2: The Chandelier Tree

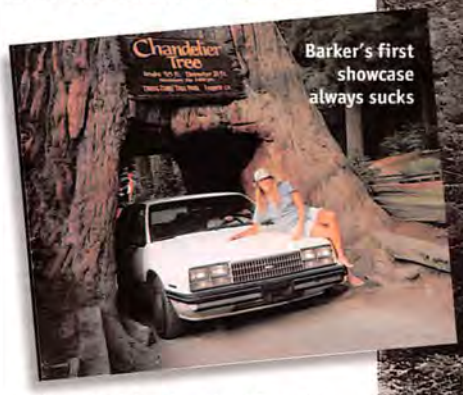
Californians roll in dough from money-making hole

Name one other country with a Hoover Dam, a Mount Rushmore *and* a Golden Gate Bridge. Yes, we Americans have always been known for our ingenuity, and nothing exemplifies that more than a giant tree with a big hole in it.

Where most people saw only a majestic redwood forest, one man dared to dream. In the early 1930s, an enterprising dairy farmer named Charles Underwood, eager to capitalize on the new breed of motor tourists, conceived of the impossible—a drive-through tree.

Ever since, people have been flocking from around the globe to visit the hole bored in the giant timber, happily forking over $3 for a carload or $1 per head to pass through in cars, on bikes and by foot. Still, the attraction's grandeur was only truly realized after the addition of a gift shop, which contains an impressive array of redwood products, including toothpick holders, key chains, redwood seedlings and 16 varieties of salt and pepper shakers.

Underwood's grandson, also named Charles, now maintains the oddity, which is advertised for miles on roadside billboards. And while it's true there are some who find the drive-through experience to be quite uplifting, others simply conclude that it's lame—the whole thing lasts only a few seconds. **(JB)**



Barker's first showcase always sucks

The Keebler elves doubled as grease monkeys

FINGER ON AMERICA

It's no wonder that a small town like Cabot, AR, has nothing truly newsworthy to report. Or that Shelby, OH, was so confused about Y2K compliance issues that they questioned the integrity of their livestock. But when *The New York Times* jumps on the bandwagon and runs its own brand of bland, un-newsworthy drivel, it's attention-getting to say the least. Should your local paper follow in the footsteps of the prestigious *Times* and report news items where nothing actually happened, forward them to Finger On America, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

◆ Y-MOO-K WORRIES PERSIST...
The Daily Globe in Shelby, OH, was on to something when it reported that cows "are all Y2K compliant" and "none are going to shut down" in this 450-word piece. Farm Bureau president Jack Laurie demonstrated his complete understanding of the situation: "The cow is going to get milked, it doesn't matter what day or millennium it is."

Y-Moo-K worries persist even as cows declared compliant

Tacking West, Near Broadway
Pedestrians on the West Side of Manhattan, near Lincoln Center, had to maneuver in strong winds yesterday to reach their destinations. Shortly before noon at Central Park, wind gusts reached 41 miles an hour.

First Arkansas Shows Support

FIRST ARKANSAS Bank and Trust recently made a $100 donation to the Accelerated Reading program at Central Elementary in Cabot. Shown here, Librarian Sharon Goad accepts the check from Gary McMillan, representing First Arkansas Bank and Trust. The money will be used to fund the reading program, offering rewards for special achievements. Goad said there has been a noticeable improvement in students'

◆ FIRST ARKANSAS SHOWS SUPPORT
When Ted Turner donated $1 billion to the UN, the First Arkansas Bank and Trust was inspired, and the *Cabot Star-Herald* made sure everyone knew. The result: Gary McMillan dug deep into the bank's millionaire pockets and scraped up a measly $100 to give to Central Elementary's Accelerated Reading program.

◆ TACKING WEST, NEAR BROADWAY
On any given day, at least a dozen wars are being fought somewhere and countless policies are debated by elected officials. Yet *The New York Times* felt a 41-miles-per-hour wind gust warranted an above-the-fold front-page picture of old people looking . . . well . . . old. **(JB)**

CARRIE BRONSTEIN; FPG; GARY HALLGREN

Send this postcard to someone who may need to be reminded of the finer things in life. (Yourself, if applicable.)

(FOLD HERE)

Margaritaville is not responsible for any jobs vacated due to the inspirational nature of this postcard.
(Objects in picture are closer than they appear.)

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PREMIUM MEXICAN TEQUILA

QUENCH YOUR SOUL BUT DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD. AND IF YOU'RE UNDER 21, BE PATIENT

PROPHECY

Toe predicts quakes

Damaged digits may soon replace the world's need for costly scientific equipment

The day after *The Day After* was partly sunny

Mr. Bill couldn't swim

Toes do much more than you may realize. Besides providing an ideal habitat for fungi to flourish, they aid in balance, assist in jumping and, in some cases, can forecast horrible disasters.

Richard Kenton's left big toe became something of a scientific instrument after repeated abuse. "I broke it once playing soccer, but the itch developed after I dropped a vice on it," Kenton explains. "In January of '95, after several itchy days, I awoke with a calm big toe. I wondered what was different."

What was different was that an earthquake, measuring 7.2 on the Richter scale, had rocked Kobe, Japan. The itch came back, only to subside again three days later when a 6.5 quake had ripped through Columbia. The evidence being indisputable, Kenton concluded that his toe, which he named "Nikitoe," is "biomechanically attuned to the geomagnetic phenomena associated with fault lines." When stress builds in the earth, so does his itch. When that stress is released—by an earthquake—the itch stops.

Sadly, Kenton never has enough lead-time to help those who will be hurt, and he seems to have cracked under the pressure, incoherently musing about Nikitoe's wisdom ("Nikitoe always says there's more to life than life"). Yet in one fleeting, lucid moment, he issues a warning for the masses. "Nikitoe's been awfully quiet lately." Brace yourself. **(JB)**

PROGRESS

AT LAST! THE BLENDERPHONE!

New appliance improves kitchen life

Tom Myers' Blenderphone merges the finest qualities of a blender (blending) and the telephone (talking and listening) into one household item. The $300 handmade appliance uses the blender's motor as the ringer, pulsing the unit when a call comes in. To answer, lift the entire pitcher off its base and hold it to your ear. While questions linger about the wisdom of combining these items, Myers insists the device is dangerous only to those who often stick their hands in blenders. (JB)

Contact: www.cycoactive.com/blender

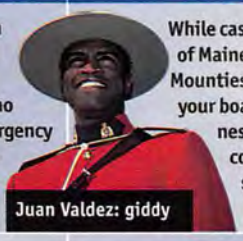
Russia's space station had to scrimp on parts

DOLLARS

Free cash

For info on getting complimentary cash, read Matthew Lesko's book, *Free Money to Change Your Life*, which has "15,000 government programs to get a better job, start a new career, get an education or follow your dream."

GOAL	GRANTS YOU CAN GET	WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO
$321,000	**$186,000** for fishermen who've had boats seized by foreign governments **$124,000** for people who feed livestock in an emergency **$11,000** for people who want to be interpreters for the deaf	While casting for halibut in the waters north of Maine, taunt on-looking Canadian Mounties so they'll kick your ass and take your boat. To get back on track, open a business that helps North Carolina farmers cope with floods by serving as a liaison between them and the deaf people who feed their chickens.
$170,000	**$100,000** for a daycare center **$50,000** for a coffee house **$18,000** to renovate homes more than one year old **$2,000** to study storytelling	Complete a class on the art of reciting legends, then convert the ground floor of a house into a Starbucks where you tell "Top of the Morning" tales to patrons every weekday from 6 a.m. to 8 a.m. Then, convert the basement into a play area where people can drop off their kids.
$56,000	**$32,000** for disabled veterans to start their own business **$18,000** for people who want to reduce crime **$6,000** for students to spend a semester abroad	Enlist in the US Army and make sure you lose a digit or two. Then spend a few months studying meditation techniques with Tibetan Buddhist monks. Upon returning, start a business that teaches prison inmates how to work meditation exercises into their daily routines as a means of relieving stress.
$44,000	**$20,000** to study international farming **$18,000** to help create new jobs **$6,000** to install storm windows	In the fall, open a business that specializes in replacing screens with glass windows. As winter sets in, travel to Jamaica to get a first-hand education on the finer points of tobacco farming. Come springtime, return home and invite your friends to work in the tobacco field you've planted in your backyard. **(SG/JB)**



Juan Valdez: giddy

Coffee: pricey

Fu couldn't find his fl

Ricky sneezed all over the media

The Franks added a crude skylight

KINDNESS

THE FHM HELPING HAND

Qualcomm stock, Pokémon trading cards and beanbag dolls have created small fortunes for many of us in recent months. There are others, however, who haven't been quite so blessed.

The background

After 12 years of futile searching for a man known simply as Lu, Chinese authorities hit paydirt last fall. Investigating a closet, they found Lu cowering in a three-foot hole he had dug beneath it. Lu had apparently been hiding in the tiny space ever since he allegedly took the equivalent of $15 from a house in the southern county of Xinyuan. He'd emerge only for occasional forays after nightfall.

The cause

While it's still unclear what Lu wanted the money for (a shovel, perhaps), he obviously cannot afford a lawyer. When we tried to get in touch with Lu, a representative from the Chinese embassy in Washington, DC, suggested we "Stay out of it!" Well, we won't.

The donation

We have sent $20 to Lu in care of the Laogai Research Foundation (an organization dedicated to Chinese prison reform). It is our hope that Lu can repay the money he allegedly pilfered and use the remaining five bucks for legal fees. We will also provide Lu with a luxurious new hole (pictured above)—should he wish to flee prosecution in his homeland. **(JB)**

Contact us if you know anyone who has been given a raw deal and could use 20 bucks to get back on their feet. Send those accounts, and any trinkets for Lu's new home, to Helping Hand, FHM, *110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. We'll note the most generous gifts in a future issue.*

THE BURNING QUESTIONS

Male milk explained

The Bible says of a strong man that "his breasts are full of milk" (Job, 21:24). Is this a figurative phrase? Or is male lactation possible?
Robert Wuthrich, CT

Yes, it is possible. Both males and females have mammary glands. A man's are less developed and typically nonfunctional, because under normal circumstances, his body produces hormones that inhibit milk production. But in cases of starvation and other severe trauma, the body stops making these hormones, thus leading to possible leakage.

In his book, **Why Is Sex Fun?**, ***UCLA physiology professor Jared Diamond cites many incidences of male lactation. In one case, a 64-year-old man produced milk for seven years after having hormone treatment for cancer. The book also documents thousands of POWs suffering from the phenomenon after World War II.***

What's more, Diamond speculates that prolonged manual stimulation of the nipples—which is known to trigger the production of prolactin, the female hormone essential for breast-feeding—can also have the same effect.

Lovett hit paydirt at his daughter's summer camp

Tipper resolved Al's stink foot

Shoeless victims puzzle

A buddy of mine claims that a person's shoes will come off if he's hit by a car or train. Is that true?
John Seals, MN

"I like to think my shoes knew what was coming and decided to stay behind," speculates Kevin Hannigan, who was hit head-on by a truck.

Louis Muffud, a forensics expert who often testifies for the FBI, offers a more believable theory. "Shoes separate from a body when the body is accelerated faster than the shoes are able to go," says Muffud. "This would seem most probable in the case of an individual who is hit by a train. At the time of impact, the shoes would stay in place not only because of the downward pressure of the person standing in them, but also due to the friction of the gravel on most train tracks. When the body is hit, it would be forced forward while the shoes would stay in place."

Headless chicken enigma

What's the origin of the phrase "running around like a chicken with its head cut off?"
Rosemary Amodio, NY

While most animals rely on their brains to control important reflex actions, a bird's reflexes reside in its spinal cord. Since the spinal cord can remain intact after beheading, chickens have been known to continue moving around for several seconds—or even years—following decapitation.

For instance, in its October 1945 issue, **Life** ***documented the story of Headless Mike, a chicken who lived for four years after losing its head. While Mike could stand and walk on his own, his owner, Clara Olsen, had to feed him by dropping ground corn into his headless neck. People were so impressed that Mike went on tour, and those willing to fork over 25 cents were permitted to witness the miracle.*** **(JB)**

Bill stuffed the turkey all wrong

Are you so preoccupied with the perplexity of certain things that you can't sleep at night, focus on your work or even remember your girlfriend's name during sex? Send your queries to Burning Questions, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. If they make the cut, we'll toss $50 your way.

FOTO FANTASIES, IMAGE BANK, CHRIS GORMAN, FPG, EVERETT COLLECTION, PHOTOFEST, JAKE BRONSTEIN, ROBERT LANDRY/LIFE MAGAZINE © TIME INC., TARA GUERTIN

SHOWDOWN

THE TEST OF TIME

This month's testosterone-filled encounter pits the follicly challenged Ron Popiel, most famous for his spray-on-hair-in-a-can infomercials, against Sy Sperling, who's not only the president of the Hair Club for Men . . .

RON POPIEL

SY SPERLING

	RON POPIEL	SY SPERLING
Would you challenge someone to a duel to save your honor?	No, I'm too practical. I've seen a lot of Three Musketeers movies—all you need is for it not to go your way once and you're history. **(0)**	In the case of an emergency, yes, and my hair would look natural if the duel ended quickly and didn't involve any heavy rolling on the ground. **(1)**
Could you build a barn in a day, like the Amish?	No, the last thing I built was the ShowTime Rotisserie and Barbecue, and that took two-and-a-half years when it was all said and done. **(0)**	Yes, but only if the wood was pre-cut. If I had to saw all the wood, probably not. It's hard to make straight cuts. **(½)**
Are you capable of taming a wild horse?	Yeah, if you have a rapport with them, and I do, it could be done. I have big dogs; they get wild sometimes, but I keep them in line. **(1)**	I saw *The Horse Whisperer*, and I used to be a good rider, and I did ride a mustang that was only half broken. But right now, probably not. **(0)**
If you did, could you ride it bareback?	No. I went horseback riding about a year-and-a-half ago. The pain afterward was unreal, and we were using saddles, of course. **(0)**	No, but why would you even want to do that? It's very hard to keep your hair looking good when your genitals are being mashed. **(0)**
Would you have been able to operate the guillotine?	Yes, if I had to—that kind of stuff doesn't bother me. But I'd call it the Guill-O-Matic, with two dashes, like the Veg-O-Matic. **(1)**	No, unless it was in self-defense, but I can't imagine a situation where I'd get in a life-or-death tussle with a guillotine nearby. **(0)**
Could you protect your family from bloodthirsty savages?	Yes. I'd probably spray them with my GLH hair spray—it might frighten them. Later, the police could identify them by their full-looking hair. **(1)**	Yes, but I'd want something like an M1, air-cooled, shoulder-carried, magazine-fed, semi-automatic rifle—and hair like Rambo. **(1)**
Should we have nuked the Germans?	Sure, if it would've ended the war faster. I would have opted to do the same thing we did with the Japanese. **(1)**	If we had the option and it meant saving thousands of American lives, yes—as long as the fallout didn't affect other nations. **(1)**
Are the Swiss cowards?	No, I don't perceive them as cowards. Maybe they're just a little smarter than the rest of us . . . and they've got really great chocolates. **(0)**	There are some Swiss who were complicit in the plunder and booty of innocent people. Those people are worse than cowards—they're evil. **(1)**
Would you be able to sacrifice your child to an angry god?	No. I just had a youngster about four months ago, so that kind of hits home. Plus, I had a hard enough time giving up soda. **(0)**	Yeah, if it's a god that I believe in. What choice would I have? I might argue a little, but I bet it's hard to change a god's mind. **(1)**
Could you manage years away from your wife?	Sure, I just got back from a trip where I took 25 guys on a cruise for 10 days. It was fun, but hard. **(1)**	Yeah, I could; I've been on cruises, and when I'm running out on the deck and wind is blowing, my hair looks great—really natural. **(1)**
FINAL SCORE	**Ron scored a Five-O-Matic while referring often to the products he pushes on TV. Sadly, the infomercial master lacked the right answers.**	**Sy's 6½ was more than enough to win this duel. And nothing Ron said or did could prevent Sy's hair from looking natural in the process. (JB)**

"I ain't gettin' on that plane, Hannibal"

ESPIONAGE

POLICE YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Toy plane aids in quest to squash communism

With no real military competitors left in the world, many Americans find themselves longing for the Cold War days of yore. Such patriotic souls are finding refuge in the form of the Recon Spy Plane. Cleverly disguised as a kid's toy, it's an ideal tool for exposing the subversive forces that continue to threaten our free society.

Buzzing along benignly through clear American skies, the Recon has a hidden, remote-controlled camera that can be activated from up to 1,000 feet away. Thus, a few anonymous sorties around your neighborhood lets you keep an eye on those disgraceful pinko hippies across the street.

However, like most Cold War spy gear, the Recon has its limits. You can't control the plane—simply point it in one direction and hope it goes that way—and the only means of landing it is to wait until it runs out of fuel. Also, as it only takes one photo per flight, a roll of film takes hours to finish. While this may test your patience, take comfort in knowing you are protecting God's country. **(JC)**
Price: $119.95. Call 800-543-3366 or go to www.hammacher.com.

CRACKPOT CONSPIRACY THEORY OF THE MONTH

TELEVISION NETWORKS GROOM NEW HITLERS

Those who watched TV on New Year's Eve may have noticed that New York City looked slightly different from one network to the next. That's because CBS digitally superimposed its logo over an NBC-sponsored video screen located in Times Square during live news coverage. Some believe such deceit to be only the tip of the iceberg. "We've started to realize that the way the government controls people and creates the Adolf Hitlers and high school shooters is by altering our perception of reality," explains Beverly Westbrook of ACHES-MC (Advocacy Committee for Human Experimentation Survivors-Mind Control). "How do people get to the point of overtly or covertly serving a small sect of the government's devious purposes? They do it by having their perceptions of reality altered in this way." In other words, perhaps Ted Koppel's rug really isn't as ridiculous as it appears on TV. **(JB)**

Television: addictive

EVERETT COLLECTION

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I COULD DO THAT . . .

Mister Bourbon

Chris Morris travels around the world, schmoozing with bigwig bartenders as Jack Daniel's director of consumer development. The toughest part of the job? Trying not to get plastered

"Another Mad Dog 20/20? Certainly, Ms. Minelli"

Is getting hammered every day just a part of your job description?
My job is to develop a consumer market. But the ultra-premium niche brands I work with—Old Forester and the high-end varieties of Jack Daniel's—are so small that the company can't invest a lot of money in advertising and promotions. So I have to do what they call "guerilla marketing." I sit down with people and have a taste with them. It's not a bad way to make a living.

THE DETAILS
AGE: 39 **SALARY:** $145,000
HOURS: 10 am–5 pm **PERKS:** Drink for free, travel extensively, eat in the finest restaurants and go to the best bars.

Whose ass did you kiss to get this job?
Actually, both of my parents worked in a distillery, and so I started working as an assistant in the quality-control lab while I was in high school. I was working for the master distiller, just setting up the drinks for testing. Eventually I wound up where I am, teaching people about the whiskeys and sharing my love of them.

How do you go about sharing that love?
I do a lot of traveling. Right before Christmas we went out to New York and threw the world's biggest Bourbon-tasting party. Next week I'm going to Las Vegas. It's always the same: meet, greet, talk, drink. In Vegas we'll be buying drinks for more than 12,000 people. That's fun, but I prefer the smaller sessions where we go into a bar with only a handful of people and have a drink with them one-on-one.

Do you get preferential treatment from moochers trying to get free booze?
People treat us like celebrities when we're in town. I remember this one time I was in Nagano, Japan, and we went to this huge temple next to the hotel where I had just hosted all of the bartenders. Tons of people were there because one of the biggest Japanese female movie stars was doing some sort of photo op. She was all dressed up and photographers were just snapping away when, all of a sudden, one of the bartenders I was with dragged me out and said, "This is Chris Morris. He's Mr. Bourbon." Next thing I know, I'm being treated like a star too. The next day, there I was in the newspaper.

Has David Letterman or Conan O'Brien ever called you to be on their shows?
People often invite us on the local news. This one time I was in Australia, and they asked me to do a morning radio show. I'm thinking it's going to be another dull morning, but it turns out this guy is a local Howard Stern type. He's taking live calls from people saying, "Hey, I'm Johnny Blow, and you should come out with me and my friends."

What's the highest number of bars you've stumbled through in one day?
Probably eight. After that, when my friends want to go out, I've got to bow out gracefully.

So are you always pie-eyed when you clock out?
I try to stay sober, but if it can't be avoided, I'll take a cab. When I'm tasting, I don't really take a big glass of whisky and gulp it down—I sip. We're talking about fine alcohol; it's best to savor. You wouldn't swallow a good steak down whole. That's the way I look at it. **(JB)**

. . . BUT I'M GLAD I DON'T DO THAT

THE GERIATRIC-SITTER

Thing couldn't watch *Bridges of Madison County*

Kosmo Kokiosmenos is a mental health associate at a small, in-patient psychiatric facility

THE DETAILS
AGE: 27 **SALARY:** $8 per hour
HOURS: 40-50 hours per week
PERKS: It's kind of funny when a patient calls the police to say the nurse stole their baby, or the White House to threaten the president.

The people you look after, are they older than dirt?
My facility has patients of all age ranges and psychiatric diagnoses. Many patients have Alzheimer's and are also on assault precautions—they physically assault others and sometimes themselves. They need constant assistance, so we feed them, bathe them, take them to the toilet and change their diapers.

What on earth made you want to do this?
I needed a job, and a friend who worked there told me to apply. It was in my field of study, so I figured it would be good experience.

What sucks the most about dealing with crotchety old farts?
Nobody considers old people to be aggressive or a threat, but they can actually be very strong. One day, in the first 15 minutes of work, I got kicked, punched, had apple juice spit on me and had my hair pulled.

Ever rumble with some of the really old ladies?
We had this 87-year-old lady who was as cute as could be, but you had to watch her when she went to the bathroom. If she was in there too long, she would pick her shit out of the toilet and play with it and eat it and just get it everywhere. You'd have to try to get her to drop it, but she'd swat at your face and scratch you. I had to get a hepatitis test because she scratched me on the face and had shit under her fingernails.

So did you put the old bag back in her place?
You get very frustrated. It's like you're in a boxing ring with a 10-year-old, and you can't do anything because you're bigger. So they just beat up on you. A nurse started to choke a patient once. There were six people holding down this one old lady. I was changing her diaper, and the woman just turns and spits on my mouth. All of a sudden the nurse picks this woman's dress up over her face and starts pulling at it before she realized what she was doing. It's very depressing. **(JC)**

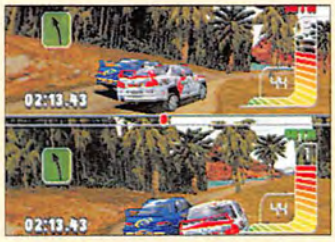
CHRIS GORMAN

FOUR HOURS OF SCORCHING HEAT AND BLIND TURNS WEREN'T A PROBLEM. THAT SOGGY UNDERWEAR FEELING, NOW THAT WAS A PROBLEM.

COLIN McRAE RALLY

Colin McRae, the Flying Scotsman. World Rally Champion. Two-time British Rally Champion. Youngest champion in the history of the sport. Blatantly disregards "Road Closed" signs.

Far beyond the cushy confines of asphalt, a select breed of driver is pushing the limits of man, machine and sanity. The rally racer. Why not join in on the fun? Colin McRae Rally. For starters, you've got 11 elite rally cars to utterly abuse. Like the Subaru Impreza WRC, Audi Quattro and Mitsubishi Lancer E4. Performance specs are factory-direct. Tire type, steering and suspension are yours for the customizing. A reassuring thought since you'll take on the hairiest driving conditions in eight different countries. From frozen mountaintops to deep dark jungles. Each track is riddled with blind turns and surfaces that'll have you double-clutching all the way to the finish. Strip away almost all visibility and you've got the night-driving stages. Beat Colin's best times in the Time Trial stages. (Good luck, mate.) Or go mano-a-mano in the 2-player Super Special Stage Rallies. Luckily, you've got Nicky Grist, Colin's real-life co-driver, feeding you directions as you navigate every high-speed turn. If common sense still hasn't taken over, you may have what it takes to be one of the few, the proud, the extremely uncomfortable.



THINGS TO AVOID:

EVERYONE E CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

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It's your ex-girlfriend!

When there's no other alternative, *FHM* offers revenge for girls in need

Most guys would waste no time sticking New Jersey native Hilary Van Ness into the dream-girl category. She's down-to-earth, independent and fun. Plus, she makes plenty of money and parties like a rock star. Kind of makes you feel sorry for three pathetic chumps who flopped miserably on the boyfriend front.

The first slouch was a self-absorbed scientist who became obsessed with his work, which, for the record, was cutting open rat brains and dosing primates. "He stopped living a full life and eventually stopped caring about what he looked like," Hilary says. "He couldn't even keep track of his keys, wallet or glasses without help."

Bachelor No. 2, a high-maintenance model, spent a ridiculous number of hours primping himself in front of the mirror. "Quite frankly," she recalls, "I didn't want to be in a relationship with a man who was more interested in what he was wearing than what I was wearing."

Completing the trifecta was some sharp-as-a-marble dweeb who worked behind a deli counter. "Let's just say his idea of a great movie was *The Nutty Professor*." Not only that, his puny brain didn't even have the capacity to remember Hilary's 30th birthday. Her glowing opinion of the whole lot? "They just don't get it, do they?"

Pathetic as they may be, the floundering of these three bozos have ultimately pushed Hilary back to the open market. If you're interested in taking advantage, here are a few tips:

GO FOR A BOYISH LOOK

"I definitely have tastes that are specific: I like very, very young guys. I'm 30, and typically I date 19- or 20-year-olds, guys who need me to support them. I'm a sugar momma."

TELL HER WHAT YOU WANT

"You never know what you can get until you've tried. I like people who are really straightforward. I'm one of those girls who doesn't mind if a guy walks up and whispers something nasty in my ear."

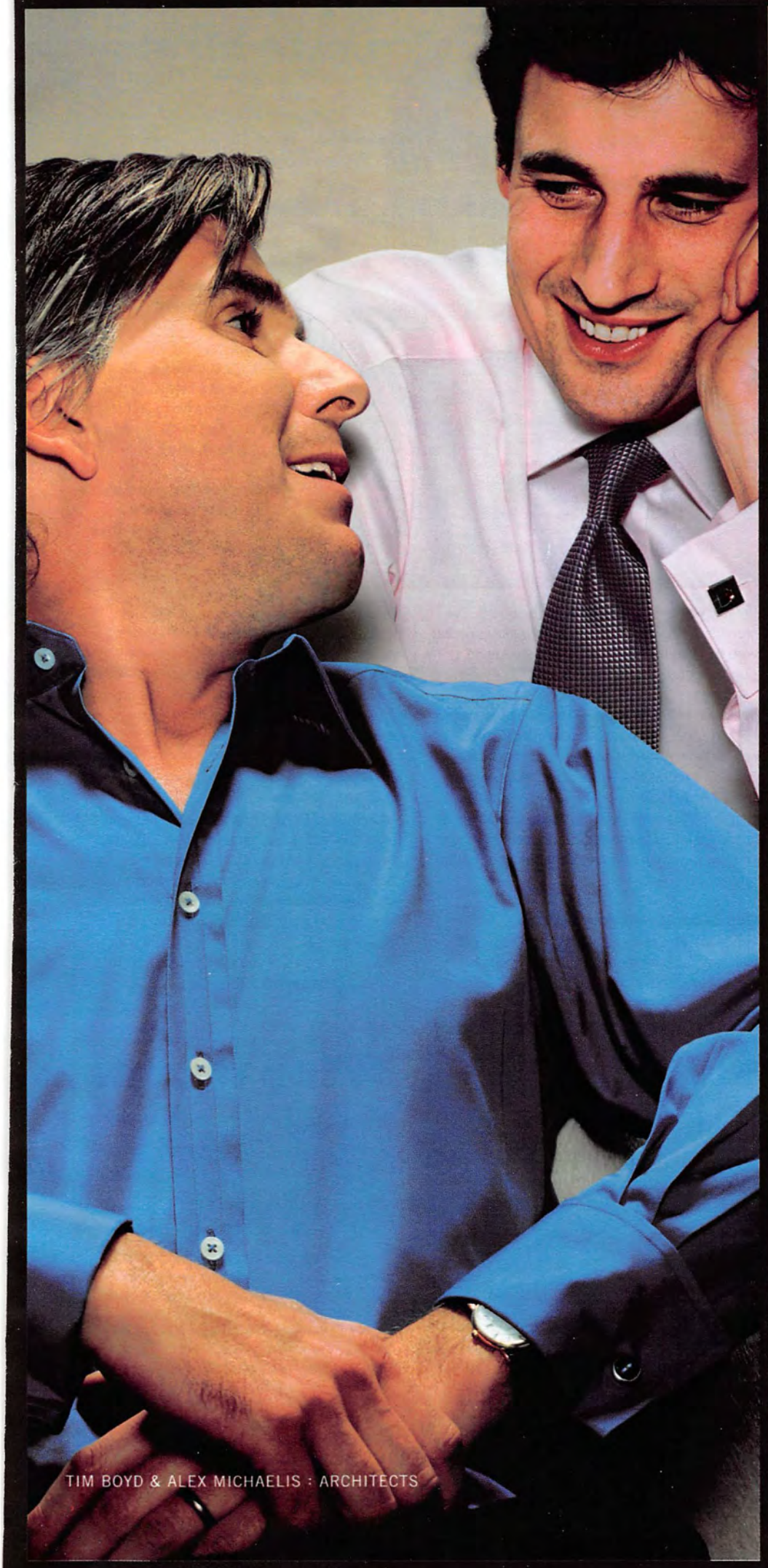
LEARN TO TALK DIRTY

"Sex is in the brain for me, so a guy who can just play fun, sexy little mind games is extremely desirable. As much as I like a nubile young body, what's really sexy is what's going on in your head."

DON'T CRAMP HER STYLE

"I don't want anyone depending on me or waiting for me to call them. It's a hassle. I want to do what I want, when I want, how I want and with whom I want."

Ladies! Is there a man in your life that you want to put to shame by appearing on the pages of *FHM*? Please send your letters (and pictures) to Trouble, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.



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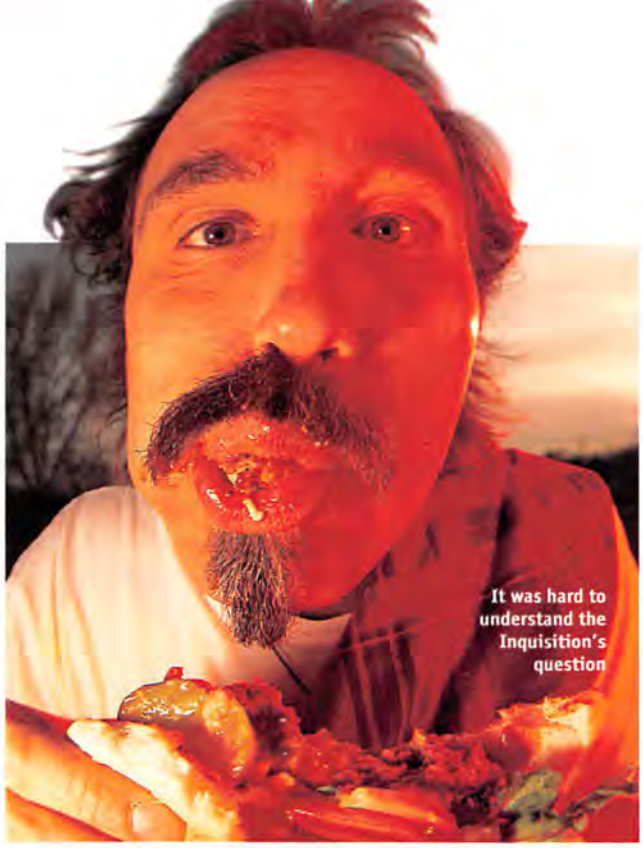
IGNORANCE TODAY

Fast food is the new crack

Society increasingly threatened by Americans' addictions to hyper-processed sustenance



It was hard to understand the Inquisition's question

Football star throws tantrum at border
Dion Rayford, 25, a 260-pound defensive end at the University of Kansas, went ape-shit after Taco Bell screwed up his order. He rammed his head through the drive-through window opening and demanded a chalupa with such force that employees locked themselves into an office and called 911. The incident has put his pro career in serious jeopardy. Terry Allen, Rayford's coach, speculates that at the NFL draft, "some teams could say 'Let's take this other guy, because Dion is the chalupa man.'"

Mother squirrels away McGarbage
By saving every McDonald's item she has come across since 1978, Pat Longeran, 58, now has more than 3,000 pieces in her collection. She even hoards paper wrappers that she stuffs with plastic bags to make them look as if they contain hamburgers. She sank to even lower depths in 1990, accepting a job as a hostess at her neighborhood McDonald's in Melrose Park, IL, so that she could get insider information on collectibles before they became available to the public. Even more pathetic are the vanity license plates on her van: MC MOM 8. "As long as it says McDonald's," says Longeran, "I've got to have it!"

Woman stands up to stingy restaurant
Gina Bracken, 39, was charged with disorderly conduct after backing up traffic at the drive-through window of a Burger King restaurant in Orland Park, IL. Refusing repeated requests that she drive away from the window, Bracken launched into a tirade about a coupon for a free chicken sandwich that restaurant management refused to accept.

Cop demands quicker service
Police officer Bradley L. Sebastian was sick of waiting for his food order at Denny's, which serves fast-food quality grub without the speedy service. So he stormed into the kitchen, held his gun to the cook's head and indicated he would blow her brains out if she didn't hurry up.

Man expresses love for plastic jailbird
At a McDonald's in Somerset, PA, a 25-year-old loser named Ali Burke squirted ketchup on the nose of a Hamburglar statue before licking it off. He was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct.

Hungry pedestrian picks fight with workers
Raymond Kalahan, 35, walked up to a Taco Bell drive-through in Vancouver, WA, and tried to place an order at 2:07 a.m. When the night manager informed him that pedestrians could only place orders from inside the restaurant, Kalahan pounded on the windows and challenged employees to a brawl. He was arrested on suspicion of second-degree burglary after allegedly reaching his hand through an opening in the drive-through window.

Spendthrift blows savings on crappy trinkets
Pat Sentell, a 50-year-old marketing representative in Sanford, FL, spent more than $30,000 over a three-year span on McDonald's toys she thought were cute. Alan Dundes, an anthropology professor at the University of California at Berkeley, theorizes that such collectors see "McDonald's as a nurturing place to get your meals. The arches, if you want to look at it that way, could be breasts." **(SG)**

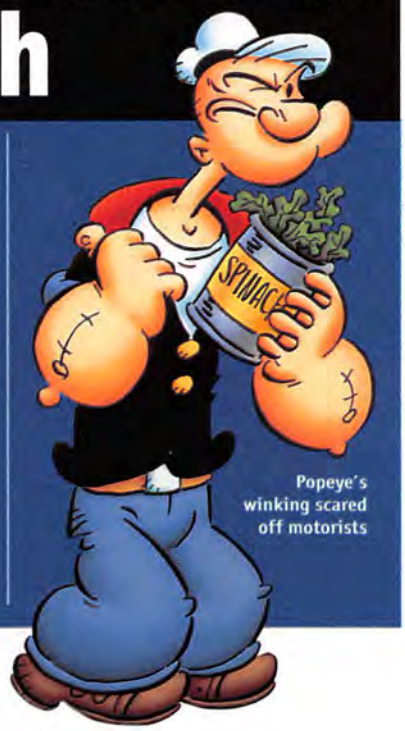
EVERYTHING YOU LEARNED AT SCHOOL WAS WRONG

Spinach

As children, leaf after leaf of the soggy stuff was shoved down our gagging throats. And we endured countless lectures from teachers and parents about its almost mystical virtues. "Eat your spinach—it's chock full of iron," they'd say. "Don't you want to grow up big and strong like Popeye?" If only it were true. . . .

The claim: Nearly 100 years ago, it was discovered that spinach contained almost as much iron as red meat, a fact helpful to the diet-conscious during the meatless days of World War II. Popeye helped propel the myth further by repeatedly chugging cans of spinach to instantly gain bulging biceps. His good example boosted consumption by 33 percent.

The truth: Now we learn that the scientist who calculated the vegetable's iron content had put the decimal in the wrong place. In doing so, the amount of iron was exaggerated tenfold, revealing that spinach contains no more iron than any other green. If more iron is what you're after, you'd be better off eating the can. **(JB)**



Popeye's winking scared off motorists

KNOWLEDGE

Wise words

It seems old folks do everything better—wear hats, make oatmeal, pet cats . . . and now, predict the future

Years from now, will traffic be getting better or worse?

I don't see why it could be any better. Traffic is always getting worse and worse—as more and more people buy cars, the road just gets more and more congested. I remember when driving was pleasant; it used to be very much different. Maybe someday it will all get better. Things do get better, but I don't see how, especially if the unions are involved. They're very powerful. They say the unions have all been cleaned up, but how do we know that's true? Just look at what happened in Seattle; it's all the news lately. My son, he teaches at the University of Washington, so I go to visit him. He's in a union, but a union of teachers is more intelligent. ***—James Stumpfig, 83***

EVERETT COLLECTION, CHIP SIMONS/FPG, FPG, ARCHIVE

Knickers off.
of what Rick could have seen at a sex club.
Only blocks away from where the photographer found Rick, are a number of hard core sex clubs.. It's a face of the city that decent people never get to see. Behind closed doors naked women perform wild dances. These establishments especially attract men whose wifes are out of town; men who can sneak away without being caught in th
WHEN JOANNA IS OUT OF TOWN
HER BOYFRIEND IS OUT ON THE TOWN
DIESEL
FOR SUCCESSFUL LIVING
Is this only the beginning o
The Luxury of Dirt Terror?
by KEITH REINHARD
Country-rock star Joanna, who reached number one on th world's country-rock charts with "Dirty Country Girl " las summer, has had a remarkable career. Her new CD "Th Luxury of Dirt" has been climbing the charts rapidly. Bu everything seems to be falling to pieces. IT'S REAL has th full story. Wednesday night as Joanna was trying to enter th club The Twitty Twit, she was denied entry. "She was wearing dirty clothes", the bouncer Mikey Bündefeldt explains According to anonymous witnesses, Joanna then argued that dir has become a luxury in this shiny, flashy world.
The not overly dressed waitress is handling a note to Joanna's Rick. Is it a phone number, cleverly hidden on a restaurant bill?
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TOMORROW'S TRUTH TODAY

FURNITURE

"My chair tingles!"

Women's interest in men hits an all-time low

The spider had a way with the ladies

If the Nautilus machines you find at the gym send waves of fear up your spine, the Auto Erotic Chair might drive you into permanent hiding. Combining sexual play, electrical impulses and something that looks like a dentist's chair, this intimidating package claims to be "the pinnacle of modern bondage." It lets pleasure-seekers sit back and relax while an intricate pneumatic-rod system does the work of making sure all parts are nestled snugly in their proper places. The power box then takes over, sending low-frequency electrical currents through the device to give abrupt wake-up calls to previously dormant nerve endings. And although the $3,500 retail price would put a major dent in most people's bank accounts, chair inventor Dante Amore ("Not my real name," he says) promises that fans of "electro-stimulation" will consider it a bargain.

You must be a smart dude to create this.
I don't have any MIT degrees or anything like that. I've just been blessed with a talent in certain aspects of engineering. You're talking to the granddaddy of erotic electro-stimulation.

So you've been juicing genitals for a while?
I invented a penile ring back in 1985. I marketed it in 1986. Right after that, I said, "What's good for the goose is good for the gander," so I made a device for women. I now hold more patents in stimulating living tissue for sexual response than anybody in the world.

Is it just weirdos who buy these things?
I have clients ranging from the highest levels of government to the lowest levels of being whatever you want to say low is. People who come in are usually businessmen, CEOs, actors and politicians. They have a certain intellect and want more out of sex. Intellect brings people into the fetish arts.

Does your stuff work?
The results have been extremely positive. I have been to the top of the mountain and I have seen the glory. When you can give a human being an orgasm, or help them have a stronger orgasm, it's a very potent Pandora's box.

Do people taunt you for being a freak?
I'm very middle class. I've been married 20 years to the same woman, and I have a 10-year-old son. People think that I'm out partying all night with blondes tied up on the ceiling. But I don't have the time to do that. I've dedicated my life to human sexuality. **(SG/LK)**

To order the Auto Erotic Chair, contact Paradise Electro Stimulations at 702-474-2991 or log on to www.peselectro.com/product.

INCHES

MONSTER APPENDAGES AVAILABLE TO ALL

Scientific breakthrough lets men customize their franks

Dr. Myron Murdock of the Impotence Institute of America has peered into the future, and if what he sees is correct, it won't be long before we're all hung like whales.

Murdock is convinced that the science of tissue engineering will be so advanced in 25 years that we'll be able to mass-produce penises grown from human cells. Because cultured tissue tends to grow to the size of its mold, 12" models will yield like-sized results.

Tissue engineering has already advanced way beyond the theory stage. "This isn't just pie-in-the-sky wishing," Murdock says. "It's a reality that has occurred in the lab already with animals."

Now those cursed with a hypoplastic penis—more commonly known as a micro-dick or thumbkin—are also sure to benefit. It will allow such unfortunate souls to not only compete with the big boys, but also become one of them. **(JC)**

Jerry poisoned Stella's Fribble

Lipinski showed Kwan her muskrat

SQUIRRELS

HILLBILLY WANTS SEX FOR DEAD RODENTS

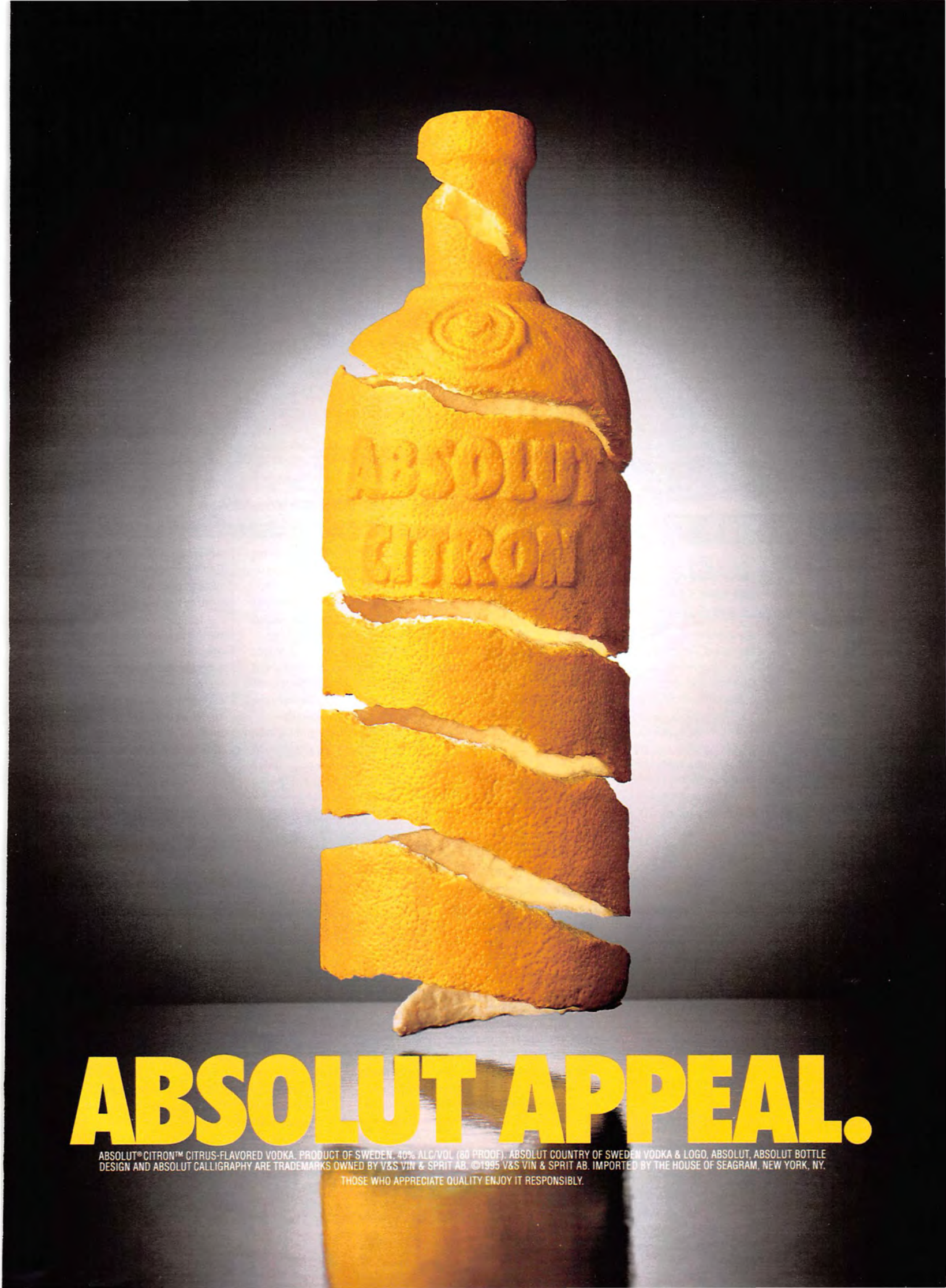
Southern police lieutenant makes ruling on what sex is really worth

The world's oldest profession got a shock in the small town of Dothan, AL, where a hillbilly in a pickup asked two undercover policewomen posing as prostitutes to pleasure him in exchange for two dead squirrels he was holding in his hat. When they refused, the man drove off, only to return later with a broken washing machine and a new offer: the dilapidated appliance *and* the two dead rodents for sexual favors. Rejected again, the persistent bumpkin made his final offer of $6 in cash.

The man was neither arrested nor charged. "We didn't want to take dead squirrels into evidence," explains Lt. Steve Parish, who ran the operation. "Plus, when someone offers a strange amount, we have to worry about his motives. It wasn't a fair trade."

Parish's logic begs the question, if a broken washing machine, dead squirrels and six bucks aren't an even exchange for sex, what is? A blender, perhaps? "A blender, huh? They can be expensive," Parish responds. "I don't know. I'd have to see it." **(JB)**

FOTO FANTASIES; EVERETT COLLECTION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IARA GUERTIN; EVERETT COLLECTION; FPG; AP WIDEWORLD; CHRIS GORMAN

THE MATH

Behold the universal power of the number

- Two rats can be the progenitors of 15,000 rats in less than a year.
- **Worldwide, more people are killed each year by donkeys than by plane crashes.**
- Snails mate only once in their lifetime, but their lovemaking session may last a nod-worthy 12 hours.
- **Nearly 43 percent of convicted criminals in the US are re-arrested within a year of being released from prison.**
- On US interstate highways, one mile of every five must be straight, so that in times of war or emergencies they can be used as airstrips.
- **A cow produces about 200,000 glasses of milk in its lifetime.**
- It's possible to fit the entire human population of the planet into a cube with sides measuring just one kilometer in length. **(JC)**

CONTEST!

MYSTERY MACHINE 1

Guess what this is and win a Handspring Visor Deluxe personal digital assistant

Stare at wall paintings while wandering through deserted hallways of pompous museums and it won't be long until you're muttering, "What the hell is *that?*" And since there is no incentive to figure out such hideous pieces of "art," you quickly realize that a) museums suck and b) your legs are throbbing with pain from having not sat down for hours.

Not only can *FHM* be viewed with one's ass planted in a chair, but those who identify this machine to the left can win a Handspring Visor Deluxe. We'll determine the winner of this prize with a random drawing among people who send in correct answers before July 1, 2000. Write to Mystery Machine 1, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, and make sure your answers are as specific as possible. Wise-guy responses along the lines of "It's a machine" will quickly end up in our paper shredder.

Here's the Handspring Visor Deluxe. It's a hand-held personal digital assistant that fits in your palm and is armed with an address book, date book, to-do list, memo pad, calculator and world clock. You can also access e-mail messages depending on the program you use.

Off camera, Boyd Matson showed his ugly side

GERMS

Turds save Earth

Modern medicine's future is in your crapper

Your high school gym teacher didn't have a clue at the time, but his mindless, steak-headed taunts were actually correct: what doesn't kill you will make you stronger. Unfortunately, the same can be said for the millions of disease-causing bacteria that inhabit the air we breathe, the food we eat and the things we touch. The good news is that these pumped-up bacteria may meet their match in the tons of waste, excrement and filth we humans happily make every day.

For decades, scientists in the decrepit Soviet republic of Georgia have been developing an alternative means of fighting the world's lethal diseases. Of course, nobody cared about backwoods Russkie meds until it became clear that Western science's standby cure-alls—antibiotics—were quickly losing the battle against a new breed of invincible superbugs. Only recently has the rest of the world paid attention to the Georgian scientists' discovery of tiny "good viruses" that destroy these bacteria.

Because these good viruses hang out where filthy bacteria are born, pitiable squads of American lab assistants are busy galumphing through smelly pools of raw sewage in search of these bacterial arch-enemies. With millions of samples needed, they're ensured of a crap-taculous time until cures can be made in the lab. **(JC)**

NUISANCE

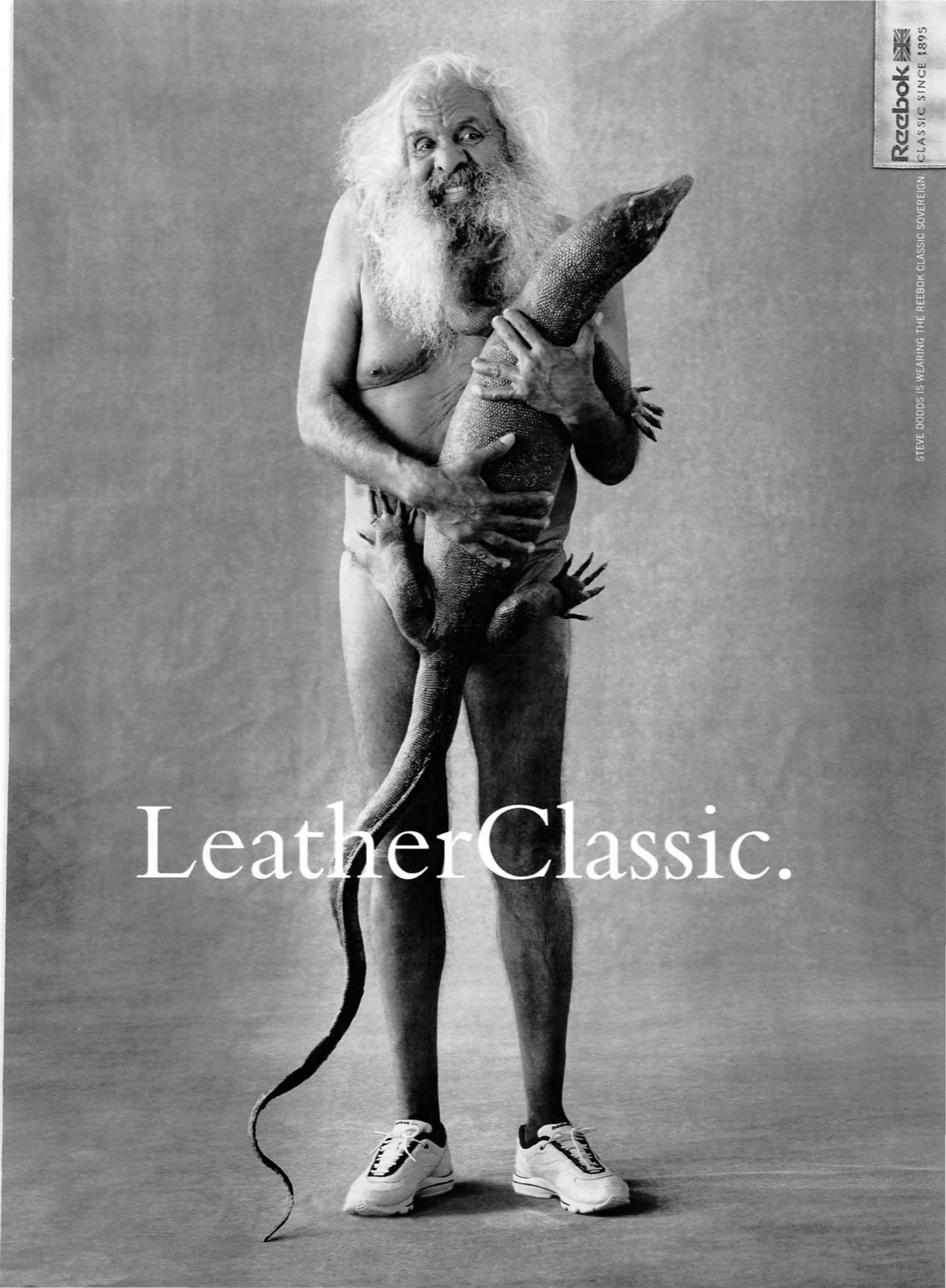
KILLER CUBE

Shipping threatened by a giant iceberg making surprise bid for freedom

A hunk of ice floating toward the southern tip of South America is threatening to inflict severe damage on international trade. Since breaking away from an Antarctic glacier in 1992, the iceberg, affectionately named B-10A by scientists, has been barreling northward at the blistering rate of approximately eight miles per day, according to the National Ice Center in Washington, DC. As it enters the shipping lanes between the Antarctic Peninsula and South America, it poses an increasing danger to both cargo boats and those who've laid out five grand for a week of Antarctic "adventuring" aboard a luxury cruise liner.

Gibraltar baffled Captain Stubing

While most large blocks of ice tend to flow either around Antarctica or into the warmer Atlantic waters before gradually melting, the rebellious B-10A continues to defy conventional berg logic by heading toward the Pacific. Measuring an impressive 340 square miles, the iceberg is about 13 times the size of New York's Manhattan Island. So far, however, it has failed to cause any deaths or inspire any romance movies. **(LK)**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Reebok
CLASSIC SINCE 1895
STEVE DODDS IS WEARING THE REEBOK CLASSIC SOVEREIGN.

Sparky thought Captain Red hogged the "Panty Scope"

TRICKERATION

Scoundrels!

Sports stars laugh at the rule book

Peeping coach pilfers signs
In the 1950s, sleazy White Sox coaches bought a WWII submarine periscope, which they used from the scoreboard to steal catchers' signs. The periscope was so powerful, former Sox pitcher Bill Fischer says, "You could see whether the catcher's fingernails were dirty or not."

Krauts filled with hot air
Before the 1976 Olympics, German swimmers pumped 1.8 liters of air into their colons to improve buoyancy. "It helped crawl and backstroke specialists," says W.G. Thompson, author of *Gut Reactions: Understanding Symptoms of the Digestive Tract*, "but a breaststroker claimed that the gas-filled gut made his feet stick out of the water."

Literate umps not duped
When Albert Belle's illegally corked bat was confiscated by umpires during a 1994 game, Jason Grimsley tried to save his Cleveland Indian teammate's sorry ass. Armed with a flashlight and a cork-free bat, Grimsley crawled through the drop ceiling that ran from the clubhouse to the umps' locker room to swap bats. However, the umps weren't fooled because the new bat bore Paul Sorrento's name instead of Belle's. Grimsley had no other choice—all of Belle's bats were corked.

Sticky fingers aid b-baller
Former Celtic Don Nelson would cover his hands with gobs of Stickum, an adhesive substance, so he'd have better control of the ball. "He'd jam the ball in his hand and make moves like Dr. J," says Lakers coach Phil Jackson, who played for the Knicks. "He couldn't tie his laces because his shoes would get stuck together."

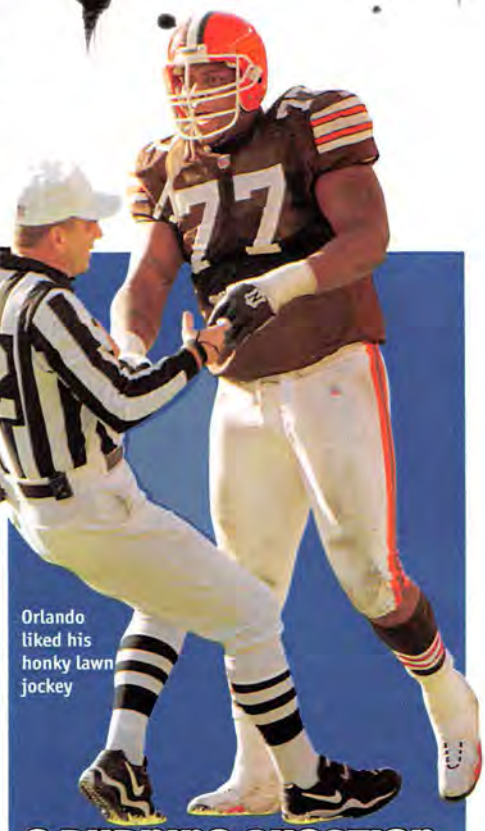
Pinstripes: thinning

Gritty-mouthed player caught on camera
Tim Leary was busted for scuffing baseballs in 1992 when a TV cameraman caught the Yankees pitcher putting his glove up to his face and cramming an object—probably sandpaper—into his mouth. Leary was later caught coughing something up in the dugout. "It was dry out there," was his pitiful excuse. "I was putting saliva on my fingers."

Jockey jolts horse to finish
Valhol won the 1999 Arkansas Derby as a 30-to-1 long shot, but was ruled electrically aided when officials found that jockey Billy Patin carried a battery during the race. Applied to Valhol's neck, the battery provided a charge that zoomed him to the finish line.

Pitcher manicures nails
During a game in 1987, Twins pitcher Joe Niekro (*left*) was suspected of scuffing baseballs. When asked by umps to empty his pockets, he pulled out a five-inch emery board and pathetically flipped it toward a teammate. "Being a knuckleball pitcher, I have to file my nails between innings," Niekro pleaded. "So I carry an emery board with me to the mound."

Goalie plays superhero
Former Blackhawk goalie Tony Esposito sewed a piece of netting, shaped something like bat wings, into the crotch of his uniform. When he crouched down, the puck couldn't get through his legs. "He saved quite a few goals that way," teammate Stan Mikita says, "until they caught him." **(SG)**



Orlando liked his honky lawn jockey

A BURNING QUESTION

Hard Headed

I always see old, feeble refs get run over by big goony players. Why don't referees wear helmets?
Jennifer Carriker, Maplewood, NJ

When a referee gets leveled, it's usually from the side, so he's not likely to fall back on his head. "We've looked at a number of things, from a hat insert all the way up to any type of helmet," says Al Hynes, NFL supervisor of officials in charge of equipment. "But officials haven't asked for a helmet, we haven't had any injuries to the head and we haven't been able to find the appropriate piece of equipment."

Send your burning questions to FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or by e-mail to FHMquestions@emapUSA.com.

APPENDAGES

COMPANY FOR LONERS

When watching games alone, sports fans' revelry is limited to shouting at the TV and dancing solo jigs. Now you can also share your joy with a big fleshy arm.

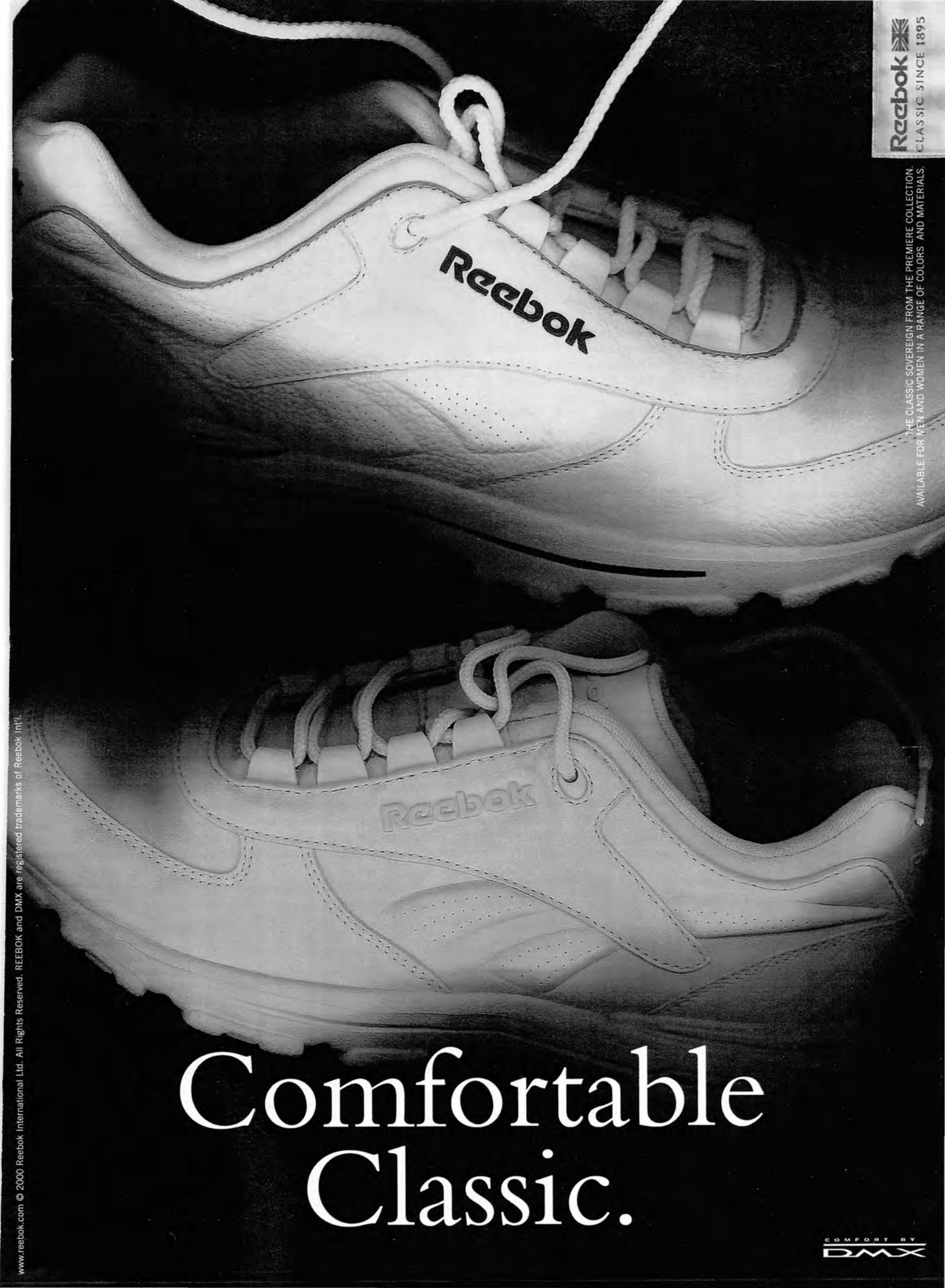
The artificial limb, named HI-5, responds to friendly slaps by realistically recoiling before returning to its awkward, 90-degree standby position. Strike it with the strength of a frenzied gorilla, and comments such as "Nice move!" and "Way to go!" resound from a speaker buried within its biceps.

Hi-5 Inc. suggests dressing the one-armed bandit in your favorite team's colors, but you may instead want to disguise your bionic friend with an oversized oven mitt. **(JB)**

Contact: www.hi5arm.com
Price: $99.95

Blind Jerry loved his new friend

TARA GUERTIN; HORACE BRISTOL/CORBIS; AP/WIDE WORLD; RICK WILSON/FLORIDA TIMES UNION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REMEMBRANCE

High-tech tombstones

Honor deceased loved ones on tiny video screens

As soon as you've finished setting up your new computer, it'll be obsolete—any basement-dwelling computer geek will tell you that while he stares awkwardly at his own shoes. However, the people at Leif Technologies promise the View-logy will be the last computer you'll ever buy.

The dead speak

View-logy, the visual eulogy, is a computer that installs into any gravestone, somberly displaying photos and text about the dead. The basic unit costs $4,995 (stone not included) and features a weatherproof enclosure for the 4" x 5" screen, decorative bronze cover and enough disk space for 20 pages of cherished memories. An extended-life replaceable battery (with a 9-volt terminal for back-up) operates the unit—which can also be modified to accept solar power—ensuring everlasting tributes. The unit's limited archive can also be upgraded to 256 pages should the corpse be long-winded.

Sammy Hagar's band rested in peace

A frugal option

For a mere $1,295, grave markers can be fitted with the "In Memory Plaque." While the plaque isn't equipped with its own screen, it does provide a USB port so mourners can solemnly hook up their laptops and download the contents for an informative graveside viewing.

Buyer beware

Although technology may help keep loved ones alive, sick-minded vandals can take advantage. A hacker with a sense of humor may be able to change things so that your father, the valiant policeman who saved a busload of children, is memorialized instead as the Village People's policeman who shaved a butt-load of children. **(JB)**

For ordering information, log on to www.leif.com.

Koresh cowered behind the shower curtain

HEALING

Dirty Band-Aid turns profit

Christ, famous for making his presence known by appearing in grains of wood and on plates of spaghetti, seems to have stooped to an all-time low when choosing his latest canvas—a used Band-Aid.

The bloodstain on the strip that came from the niece of Edward Krakowiak's landlord, "clearly shows the image of Jesus Christ," according to Krakowiak. So impressed was Ed that he made postcards showing the blessed bandage, which are available for $1 each. Go to www.FHMus.com for a link to Crazy Eddie's web site of bloodstained holy trash. **(JB)**

The Menace was awe-struck by Mr. Wilson's scrotum

SALVATION

GOD ANSWERS PRAYERS

Lives preserved by strangers muttering into their hands

"Put on your pajamas, brush your teeth, say your prayers and go to bed," your parents would insist during your futile attempts to postpone the dreaded hour known as bedtime. Kids who skipped the tooth-brushing portion of that ritual are now paying for it with fillings and root canals. Those who dissed God will be kicking themselves once they review the results of a recent study done at the Mid-America Heart Institute in Kansas City, MO.

"The observations that we've made are consistent with God answering prayer," says William S. Harris, the lead author of the study. Of 990 patients admitted to the coronary care unit at Kansas City's St. Luke's Hospital, half were prayed for by community volunteers who pleaded with God for a "speedy recovery with no complications." The other half was completely ignored. After four weeks, the prayed-for patients had suffered about 10 percent fewer complications.

While the religious community rejoices, certain party-pooping naysayers seem bent on putting a damper on the festivities. Such cynics point out that the results don't account for people outside the study who might have been praying for patients in the "non-prayed-for" group. Even more anal are Harvard Medical School's Dr. Herbert Benson and other sticklers who discount the findings because the patients and controls were not equally grouped according to gender, level of disease or other factors. ("We still need more data to make it as scientifically valid as possible," Benson gripes.) Odds are that such curmudgeons are simply jealous because God doesn't give a rat's ass about them. **(SG)**

IMAGE BANK

100% original www.op.com

THE GUY AT THE END OF THE BAR...

GETS GIRL-DRINK DRUNK

Mr. Van Patton loved getting sauced with half of his clan

Struck by a revelation, *FHM*'s resident soak tests his aggression-free drinking theory

"Gin makes men mean!" rumbles a mountainous guy behind me in the deepest baritone I've ever heard. I swing around on my stool to see this troglodyte pin his "buddy" to the wall. It strikes me that men, who are responsible for the majority of bar fights, swill whiskey, gin and beer by the gallon. Women daintily sip colorful, fruity drinks and get all giggly.

Is it the different varieties of alcohol that cause guys to act like Neanderthals? Realizing an opportunity to eliminate danger from drinking environments, I put my theory to the test by rating girly drinks on a five-point scale according to how belligerent they make me feel.

Draino revised its marketing campaign

Toasted Almond

Tasting remarkably similar to the 30-cent ice-cream bars made popular by Good Humor, one sip of the Kahlua-amaretto-milk concoction makes me feel as if I'm nine years old again. I suck it down through a thin red straw more quickly than a heavyset kid inhales a Friendly's Fribble, polishing off four 12-ounce glasses in a span of just under nine minutes. I'm fueled with enough of an adrenaline-charged buzz to strongly consider pummeling some moron who argues that Darryl Strawberry is a "victim."

Belligerence factor: 3

Fuzzy Navel

Realizing that my brilliant experiment would be short-lived at its current pace, I decide to tap the brakes. "This is as soft as it gets," mutters the bartender as he pours two ounces of peach schnapps into a glass of Tropicana and ice. Just as I'm thinking that it tastes like one of those fruit-laced Smoothies health-conscious yuppies drink to wash down their Mediterranean veggie-and-couscous wraps, some young klutz dressed as an insurance salesman bumps into me. He pours half his Guinness on my favorite jacket, but I remain surprisingly calm. With the experiment taking a turn for the better, it's time for me to try one of those triangular pink drinks ladies seem to enjoy so much.

Belligerence factor: 1

"This drink might look pretty, but a few of these will knock you flat on your ass"

Cosmopolitan

"This drink might look pretty, but a few of these will knock you flat on your ass," the barkeep warns. Its ingredients—Absolut Citron, Triple Sec, lime, cranberry juice—are unimpressive. The design of its glass, however, greatly perturbs me because each sip leads to liquid rolling down my chin. A baby's fingers aren't small enough to hold the glass's puny stem. "Put my next one in a pint glass," I growl.

Belligerence factor: 4

Bluebird

"It's a Bluebird. Leave me alone," says the girl next to me, clearly unamused by my remark that Windex bottles warn against ingestion. As she rolls her eyes and turns away, the guy behind the bar tells me it's Blue Curacao, Galliano, peach schnapps, lemon juice and soda water. "Make mine a biggie," I say with slurred speech but enough volume for the lady to hear the agitation in my voice.

Belligerence factor: 4

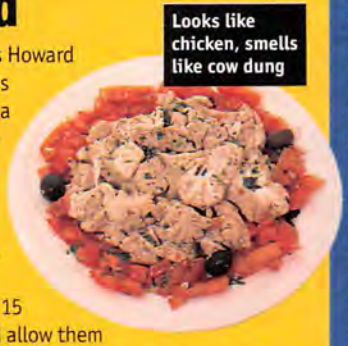
Jellybean

The bartender whips up a grenadine-Sambuca-Galliano cocktail before cutting me off. My next recollection is being scrunched up in the fetal position, battling a terrible hangover and stomach cramps. None of it, however, hurt as much as the black eye that ultimately signaled the failure of my experiment.

Belligerence factor: 5 (SG)

THE CRAP THEY EAT ABROAD

Turkish brain salad



Looks like chicken, smells like cow dung

Turkey's preposterous inflation rate allows Howard Stern to dole out a million Turkish lira (less than two American dollars) to winners on a game-show segment of his morning radio program. It also forces that country's natives to find food wherever they can, including inside the skulls of sheep.

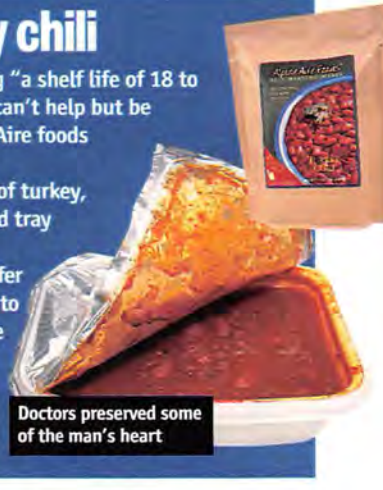
Whipping up tasty brain salad requires removing the thin skin from sheep brains before boiling them in salted water. After 15 minutes, take the brains off the stove and allow them to stand for half an hour. Then cut them vertically and place in a serving dish. Some recipes suggest sticking olives between brain strips, but that's a weak attempt to disguise the substance as something edible. **(SG)**

THE CRAP WE EAT AT HOME

Self-heating turkey chili

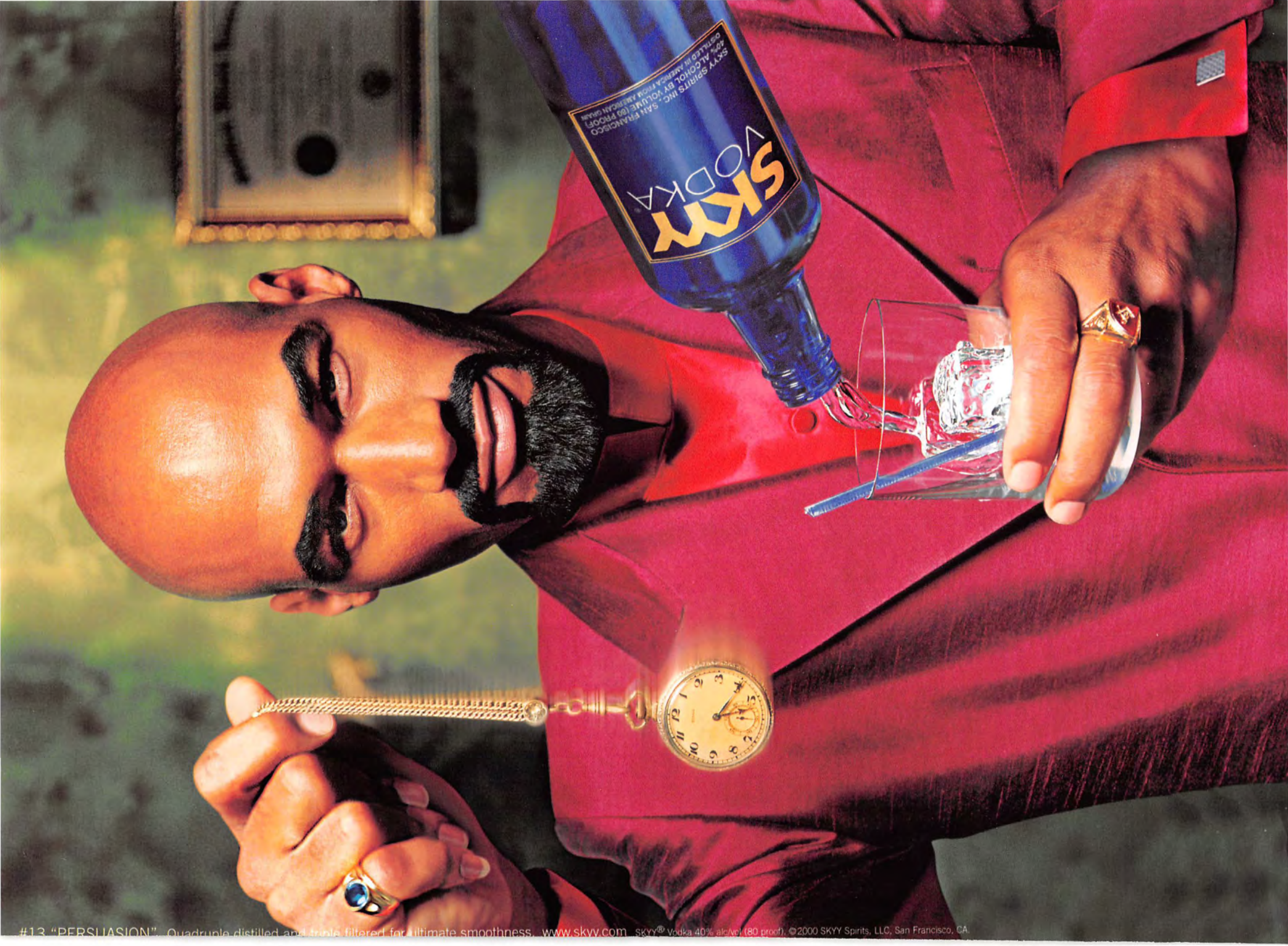
When packaging brags about food having "a shelf life of 18 to 20 months, without refrigeration," one can't help but be suspicious. Well, that's the claim AlpineAire foods makes about its self-heating meals.

Alpine's turkey chili, a conglomerate of turkey, spices and pinto beans, comes in a sealed tray enclosed in a bag along with a delicious "water/saline bladder and magnesium wafer (non-toxic)." By pulling a string attached to the bladder, the saline is released onto the magnesium wafer. The ensuing reaction creates steam, which heats the food that had been sitting on a grungy grocery store shelf for a year and a half. (SG)



Doctors preserved some of the man's heart

BRENNAN CAVANAUGH (3); CHRIS GORMAN (3); CLOTHING: EARLY HALLOWEEN; LOCATION: 13-BAR-LOUNGE



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Chandler made new friends in Key West

OBSESSION

Catching fish

Mark Hoppus, front man of power-pop trio Blink 182, reveals the finer points of mastering the hook, line and sinker

Do I need to squander my life's savings to buy a huge fishing boat?
I know people who go out on really crappy boats and come back with beautiful fish. Then there are the guys with all the money in the world, who've bought all the equipment there is, and still don't catch a thing. It's just a matter of knowing where the fish are.

Should I at least use a fancy lure?
Tackle companies just sell rumors: "You've got to have the oatmeal bait, the purple bait." I'd be wary of that sort of advice. We use live bait on the boat, but sometimes it gets in the tackle box. Then a week later I'll be looking in the box and find a rotten anchovy. That's no good. You can't get the smell of bait off your fingers for a good while. The best thing you can do is just go out and say, "I'm a masculine man, I'm a macho guy, and the reason I smell like this is because I do tough-guy things."

Aren't there certain kinds of tropical fish you're supposed to leave alone?
I'm pretty clumsy, so I just go out and kill anything I can. I don't care what it is. It could be an endangered species or a tropical fish, I'll still go after it.

Ever have a disastrous "three-hour tour" like the *Gilligan's Island* crew?
We once left San Diego and went into Mexican waters. We ended up getting hassled by the Mexican Navy, who were just bored and decided to mess with the Americans in the small boat. They threatened us a bit, but in the end they left us alone.

Give me one good reason to take up fishing.
If you're having an affair, it's definitely the way to go. You just tell her you're going fishing for a few days, then when you come home smelling bad, it'll all add up. **(RB)**

ALBUMS

The ratings: ★★★★★ Blair ★★★★ Tootie ★★★ Jo ★★ Edna ★ Natalie

Blood of Abraham
EYEDOLLARTREE
MASTER GRIP/SUBPOP

Before Jay-Z's hit "Hard Knock Life," rap and Broadway had already collided with BOA's sample from *West Side Story* on their '94 debut album. The world wasn't ready for the Jewish rappers' "stick to your own kind" rhetoric, but much has changed since then—and so has BOA. They're still white as snow, but the duo returns with a sound that's part Pharcyde, part Beck, and sure to make an impression. ★★★★ **(JB)**

Cypress Hill
SKULL AND BONES
COLUMBIA RECORDS

After seven albums dedicated to weed, Cypress Hill, the band who taught frat kids how to pack bowls, has finally switched it up on their double album, *Skull and Bones*. Disc one, *Skull*, is Cypress at their best, only this time topics include how tough and well paid they are, and how tight their rhymes are (not very creative, but at least it's not all ganja talk). Produced by Muggs, it sounds damn close to Dr. Dre's new stuff (and that's a good thing). Disc two, *Bones*, is Cypress transformed, sounding like a rap-metal crew. Old school fans will like it if they can handle the change, and haters may even end up becoming fans. ★★★ **(JJ)**

Control Freq
FREQ SHOW WARNER BROS.

White, the mastermind behind Control Freq, should thank whoever smuggled his tunes out of the studio midway through the recording of this album. Response was so positive when the songs ended up on radio stations that the label released the leaked material as *The Sweetest Day EP*. White promptly got back in the studio and *Freq Show* now offers more of his Chemical Bros.-inspired beats and Bowie-inspired vocals. It's good, but the best songs were already heard on the EP. ★★★ **(QR)**

Doors Tribute Compilation
STONED IMMACULATE
ELEKTRA

Tribute albums tend to be soft because the bands involved tend to bring no feeling to the studio when performing songs they didn't write themselves. *Stoned Immaculate* is the exception to that rule. From Creed's rendition of "Riders on the Storm" to cuts by Smashmouth, The Cult, John Lee Hooker and Bo Diddley, the diverse group of artists packs a wallop with both style and soul. The pinnacle of the project is the late beat icon William S. Burroughs' rendition of "Cancer City." With his gravelly voice, Burroughs is the perfect man for the job—you can almost hear the disease festering in his throat. ★★★★ **(BB)**

Veruca Salt
RESOLVER
BEYOND RECORDS

Vocalist Nina Gordon ditched the band in '98 because fellow vocalist Louise Post was screwing her ex-boyfriend. But he had dumped Nina because she was involved with the band's female drummer, Stacy Jones. This makes Veruca just one grain of salt (Louise), and the three musicians she rounded up after everyone else left. Still, their angry lyrics and Veruca punk-pop are solid as ever. ★★★ **(EH)**

JUSTIN STEPHENS

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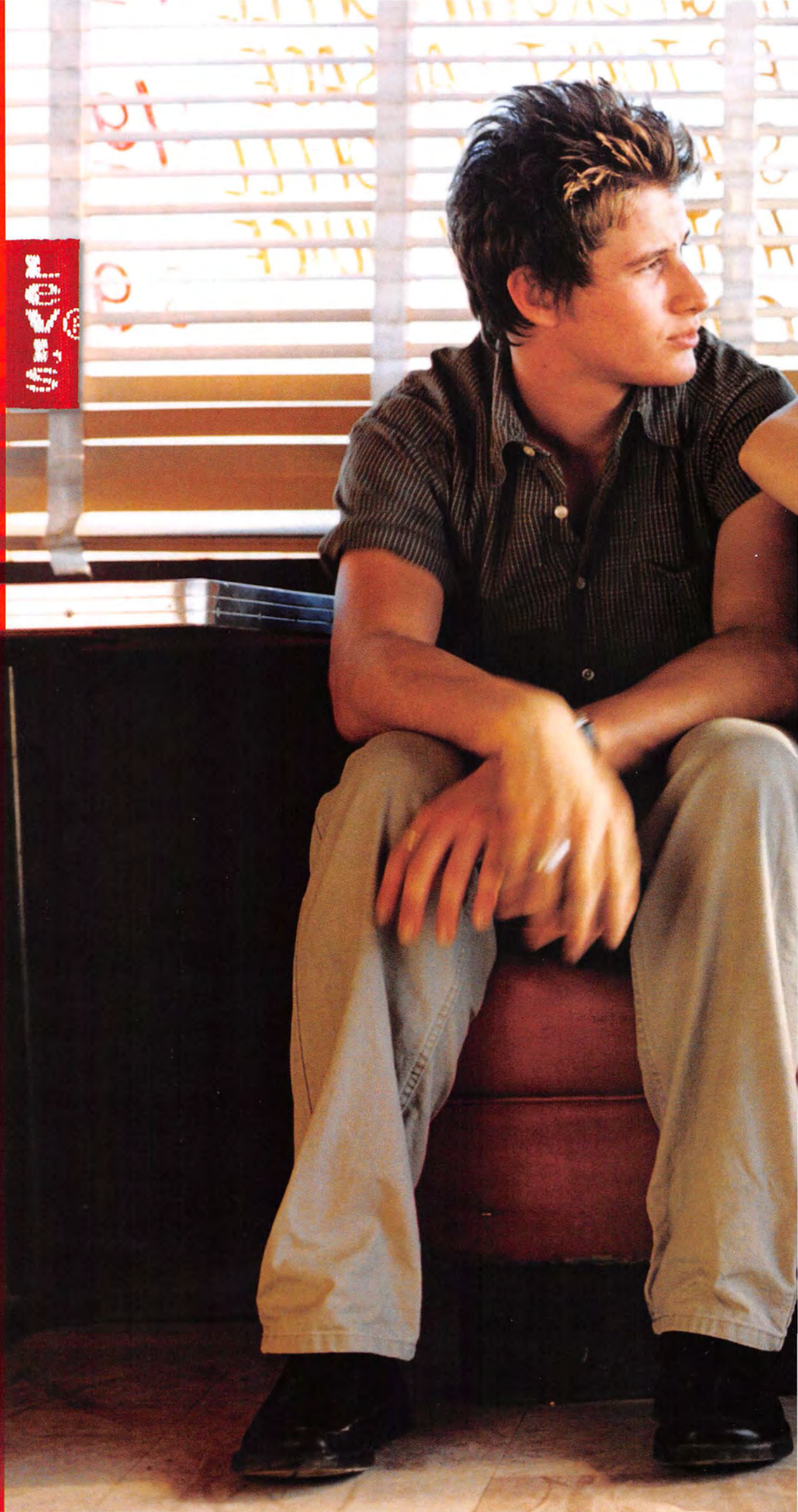

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EXPLANATION

Box-top breakdown

Like Stonehenge, the Aztecs and canned meats, album covers have always been something of a mystery

Hurdles to cross
Record executives might have opted to call the album *Over Delay*, as Beck's trouble deciding on a cover repeatedly postponed the album's '96 release. Lee, Beck's girlfriend, found this photograph in a book of dog breeds on the absolute final date the cover was due. He settled on it almost out of desperation.

Flying Shammy
What some people thought was a flying bathmat, is in fact a Komondor, a Hungarian sheep dog known for its dreadlock-type hair.

Misunderstanding
From the very beginning, Beck had decided the album would be called *Andale*. But when a careless engineer misspelled the name on a box, the typo was somehow appealing, and thus *Odelay* was born.

Highway robbery
Using "pickup art" (images bought from someone else) can cost loads. This image cost an estimated $12,000 to use for the album.

A better way
A bargain-savvy Beck could have simply gone to the Westminster Kennel Club Dog Show. The cheap seats are only $32, and you're encouraged to take as many pictures as you'd like. **(JB)**

ALBUMS

Rah Digga
DIRTY HARRIET
FLIPMODE/ELEKTRA

When considering her near-genius SAT score of 1460, it's no wonder Rah Digga is capable of the kind of intricate wordplay and complex flow that bought her a place in the infamous Flipmode Squad. Sounding like a hardcore Lauryn Hill, Digga cranks it up to 12 on the track "Imperial," with its "Pass The Dutchie" knockoff and Busta Rhymes cameo. On "Just for You," she holds her own against six male MCs without resorting to the thug-chick style adopted by so many other females. And although Rhymes shows up in plenty of other places, he somehow never overshadows his female protégé. ★★★★ **(JB)**

Pimpadelic
SOUTHERN DEVILS
TOMMY BOY

"We're gonna be Jenna Jameson-screwin' rock stars!" Pimpadelic's Easy Jesus exclaims, sounding an awful lot like Kid Rock. The band takes steps toward their goal with this, their major-label debut. Merging rock and rap, *Southern Devils* alternates between angry and silly, yet remains obnoxiously loud all the while. If Limp Bizkit's *Significant Other* smelled good to you, pick up this designer imposter. ★★★ **(JB)**

En Vogue
MASTERPIECE THEATER
ELEKTRA

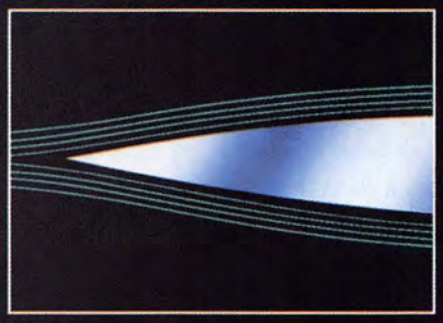
After the weak *EV3* (the group's last album), it's good to see En Vogue still has what it takes to produce the soulful, upbeat, harmony-laden hits that made them so popular in the past. Still a group of three (Dawn Robinson left just before *EV3*), the girls have apparently figured out how to manage the loss. Tracks like "Riddle," and the slowed-down "I Love You More" bring to mind En Vogue's "Never Gonna Get It" early days. The weakest link is "Latin Soul," in which the threesome jumps on the Latin bandwagon. It's kind of sad to see the multi-platinum, tried-and-true group think they need to croon Ricky Martin to make a hit. ★★★ **(QR)**

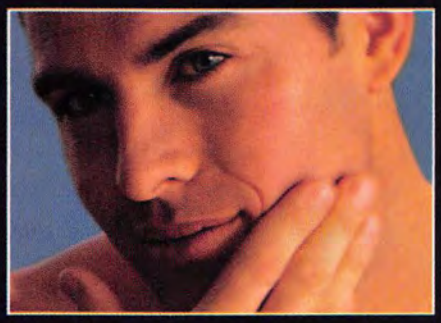
Supergrass
SUPERGRASS ISLAND

Looking to take advantage of the band's hijinks, Spielberg supposedly tried to make a *Monkees*-like series about Supergrass. Nutty as they may be, they take their tunes seriously enough to deliver a solid effort while revealing influences such as the Stones, David Bowie and the Smiths. The result is an album of mind-blowing singles. The band's sound has certainly matured, even if its derelict members haven't. ★★★★ **(EH)**

ROBERT PEARCY/ANIMALS-ANIMALS; BILL DAVILA/RETNA

Less Drag. Less Pull. Less Irritation.





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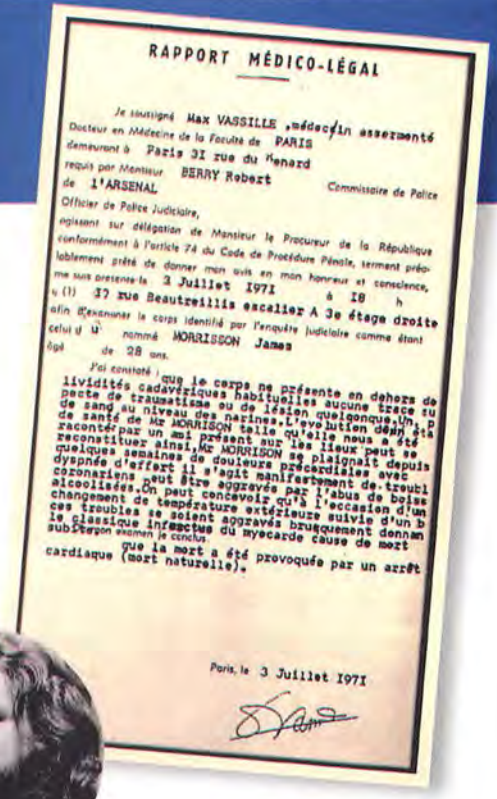
CONTEST

WIN!

JIM MORRISON'S CORPSE

His lease is up and he needs a place to stay



RAPPORT MÉDICO-LÉGAL

Je soussigné Max VASSILLE, médecin assermenté
Docteur en Médecine de la Faculté de PARIS
demeurant à Paris 31 rue du Renard
requis par Monsieur BERRY Robert Commissaire de Police
de l'ARSENAL
Officier de Police Judiciaire,
agissant sur délégation de Monsieur le Procureur de la République
conformément à l'article 74 du Code de Procédure Pénale, serment préa-
lablement prêté de donner mon avis en mon honneur et conscience,
me suis présenté le 3 Juillet 1971 à 18 h
au (1) 37 rue Beautreillis escalier A 3e étage droite
afin d'examiner le corps identifié par l'enquête judiciaire comme étant
celui d'un nommé MORRISSON James
âgé de 28 ans.
J'ai constaté : que le corps ne présente en dehors de
lividités cadavériques habituelles aucune trace su
pecte de traumatisme ou de lésion quelconque. Un p
de sang au niveau des narines. L'évolution dans ét
de santé de Mr MORRISON telle qu'elle nous a été
racontée par un ami présent sur les lieux peut se
reconstituer ainsi. Mr MORRISON se plaignait depuis
quelques semaines de douleurs précordiales avec
dyspnée d'effort il s'agit manifestement de troubl
coronariens peut être aggravés par l'abus de boiss
alcoolisées. On peut concevoir qu'à l'occasion d'un
changement de température extérieure suivie d'un b
ces troubles se soient aggravés brusquement donnan
le classique infarctus du myocarde cause de mort
subite. Son examen le conclut
que la mort a été provoquée par un arrêt
cardiaque (mort naturelle).

Paris, le 3 Juillet 1971

Patchouli: stanky

Is your lawn lacking that special something to set it apart from the rest of your neighborhood? Does your poodle need new toys? Then maybe you need Jim Morrison's bones—and here's your chance to win the greatest prize ever awarded. Simply write a detailed letter explaining what resting place you can offer the former Doors front man when he's evicted from his current site. The best letter will determine the winner.

As rumors circulated after Morrison's mysterious death on July 3, 1971 ("Was it an overdose or high cholesterol?"), Pamela Courson had him buried in the prestigious Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris. The plot soon became a mecca for wayward fans and French derelicts eager to etch a word on neighboring stones, drop a cigarette butt, and urinate on the hallowed ground. Each year, on the anniversary of Morrison's passing, rock enthusiasts commemorate the day by crashing the cemetery's gate, rioting and whining about how "Mr. Mojo Risin' bucked the system."

Not surprisingly, French authorities don't appreciate the attention Morrison brings to this final resting place and plan to evict the decomposing legend when his 30-year lease expires in July, 2001. At that time, *FHM* will do its best to commandeer what's left of this American icon from the ungrateful French and see that his remains safely find their way to our most deserving reader.

Help bring Jim Morrison home by writing a letter stating exactly what you can do for his carcass. Write to I Want A Dead Rock Star, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. All entries must be received by June 15, 2000. We'll announce the winner in a future issue and try to award the corpse (or a substitute prize selected by *FHM*) sometime in 2001.

ALBUMS

Starling

SUSTAINER
TIME BOMB/ARISTA

"We're like MacGyver in the studio," singer/guitarist Ian LeFeuvre boasts, "Give us a basement, a mic and a banana peel, and we'll make a great record." Try again. Starling did record this debut album themselves, but the band's weak songwriting is painfully evident on most of the cuts. Perhaps they would have been better off buying a Swiss-army knife to go with that banana peel. ★★ (BB)

Mighty Mighty Bosstones

PAY ATTENTION ISLAND

You've got to love guys who willingly pull an entire trailer filled with suits behind their tour bus. If only the Bosstones were as concerned about music as they are with fashion. *Pay Attention* is more of the dreck they've been serving up for years, only this time there's not even a solid single to fool people into buying it. It's the same mutilated ska, idiotic lyrics and lack of soul that seems to be the foundation of their operation. You're better off jumping on your Vespa and picking up a copy of the Specials, the Skatalites or the first Fishbone record—then you'll be skankin' to the beat of something worth skankin' to. ★ (BB)

On

SHIFTING SKIN EPIC

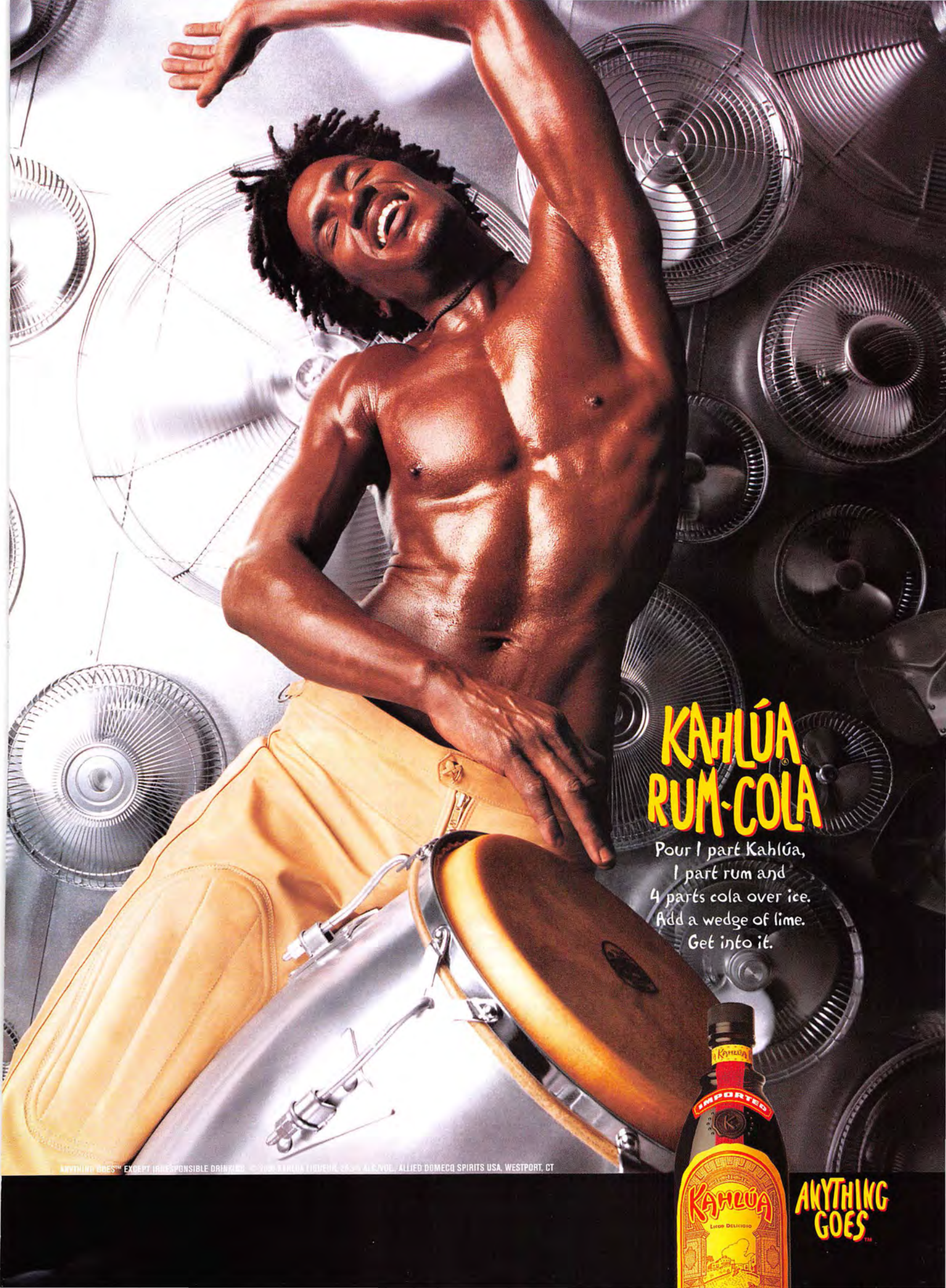
Front man Ken Andrews really has a flair for coming up with names. He bolted from his group Failure, to found On—a preposition not a name. Regardless, the first song seems promising, with Ken's smooth voice, rock/pop guitars and funky synthesizers. But the second song sounds just like the first. Third song, same thing: full pop-rock sound, little excitement. Nothing stands out as anything you'd put on your answering machine. ★★ (EH)

Chumbawamba

WYSIWYG
UNIVERSAL RECORDS

The first single off *WYSIWYG*, "She's Got All the Friends," has been compared to a rotten mackerel—shiny but stinky. The same can be said about Chumbawamba and their mock-pop sound, regardless of the nearly four million copies sold of their last album, *Tubthumper*. Almost everything is built around a pun, from the irritating track "Hey, Hey, We're the Junkies" to the Shabby Road Studios in which *WYSIWYG* (acronym for "What You See Is What You Get") was produced. The vocals were recorded on a $4 mic purchased at an office supply store, so at least they didn't waste too much money on this wretched effort. ★ (QR)

J.B./GLOBE PHOTOS; TEXT BY JAKE BRONSTEIN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Gummi Bears: aggressive

BIG PUN

YEEEAH BABY
LOUD RECORDS

Will this late rap behemoth's legacy live on?

When he was asked about the name of his latest album, Pun responded ecstatically, "After every song was done, I felt like, 'Yeeeah, baby!'" sounding every bit as poetic off the mic as on. Sadly, his tragic death came only days after completion of the project, his follow-up to the twice-platinum *Capitol Punishment*. Too large to stand on his own, Pun had to record the album's vocals from a mattress he brought to the studio. Still, the effort he put into *Yeeeah Baby* paid off. On it, he crams every beat with rapid-fire lyrics, huge audible breaths and never-ending stanzas of rhyme. The first single, "Leatherface," features an eerie sample from the chainsaw scene in *Scarface*. Next, Pun and Fat Joe pair up to form a half-a-ton duo for "It's OK," a masterpiece sure to be one of the many Pun will be remembered for. From there, it's one hardcore hit after another, featuring artists like Cuban Link on the angry "We Don't Care," underground legends M.O.P. on "World Famous," and Tony Sunshine on the heart-felt "Laughin' At You" and tragic "It's So Hard." Even if Pun hadn't left us, this record would have been big; as a post-mortem tribute, it's huge. ★★★★ (AJ)

GIRTH

Heavyweight bout

Exceeding 600 pounds when he died in February, Big Pun's passing should be a warning to music's other wide loads. Here's a look at who needs to hop on the treadmill, with each guy's peak weight measured in terms of Kid Rock's sidekick, 3-foot-9, 48-pound Joe C.

MICHAEL SCHREIBER/RETNA; BILL DAVILA/RETNA; STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA (2); NICKY J. SIMS/RETNA; JAY BLAKESBERG/RETNA; KATRINA DEL MAR/IPOL; JOHN ATASHIAN/RETNA

I SURVIVED ROCK!

Like many hair bands, Skid Row hit it big in the '80s before fizzling in the '90s. But that didn't muzzle lead singer Sebastian Bach

Corporate mind control
You hear that grunge took over for rock. There were about 20 guys at corporations in New York who had a hell of a lot more to do with that than some sort of uprising from the masses. You'd be surprised at how few people control the music business. The power of corporations like Atlantic Records and MTV is unbelievable. They're the only reason that someone like Jewel or the Backstreet Boys is even considered rock-and-roll.

Team T-shirt designing
Once you've sold millions of albums, there are so many people that have their piece of the pie. You have to have a board meeting—and I mean B-O-R-E-D—for every tiny little thing. You get eight guys in there giving their opinions about the back of a T-shirt.

Bogus record-making
I don't think a band that has three-and-a-half CDs has any right doing a greatest-hits record. It's silly. They asked me, "Do you want to do this Skid Row's Greatest Hits?" I said, "No, I think it's a rip-off." They said, "Well, screw you." I had nothing to do with that record.

Late-night horrors
It drives me mental when I turn on the TV at three in the morning and see commercials for compilation CDs called *Crank It Up!* Every day it's a new record—"*Crank It Up!* with Loverboy, Skid Row, REO Speedwagon"—and I'm going "Who is doing this? I want nothing to do with these records!" That's what happens when you sign things when you're 18 years old.

VH1's *Where Are They Now?*
That show is crap. If you're in a rock band, you're supposed to be an entertainer. What the hell is entertaining about being pathetic? I'll never go on that show.

Van Halen's job opening
If you talk to Eddie, give him my number and say, "Dude, Sebastian wants to try out." I can do the David Lee stuff and the Sammy Hagar stuff. I do it in my car all the time.

Boozing in public
I like drinking and walking around New York City, but I got busted twice, so I don't do that anymore. I got a $500 fine! Let that be a word of caution. (SG)

Sebastian Bach and Friends' **Bring 'Em Bach Alive** *is in record stores now. Check out www.sebastianbach.com for info on their current tour.*

Only dogs could find Bach's hidden zucchini

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Q&A

Trent Reznor

Nine Inch Nails' 34-year-old front man on life in a funeral parlor, impersonating women and demented Circus tricks

You once lived in Sharon Tate's house, where the Charles Manson murders took place, and your new pad is a former funeral parlor in New Orleans. What's up with that?

I'm always getting the old, "You used to live in the Tate house, now you live in a funeral house. Now you hang upside down at night and sleep in fresh earth." The reality was we had to build a studio from scratch, because there wasn't any in New Orleans with technology past 1975. The place we used just happened to be available.

Still, a funeral home is good for your miserable "darker-than-black" image.

I'm always portrayed as a gloom and doom guy—and that's understandable from what I've written about. But I read about myself now and I think, "This isn't really me." It's something to hide behind—a slightly altered past, something a bit more intriguing.

Are you trying to say you're a practical joker? Do you ever get so rowdy that the pigs have to be called in?

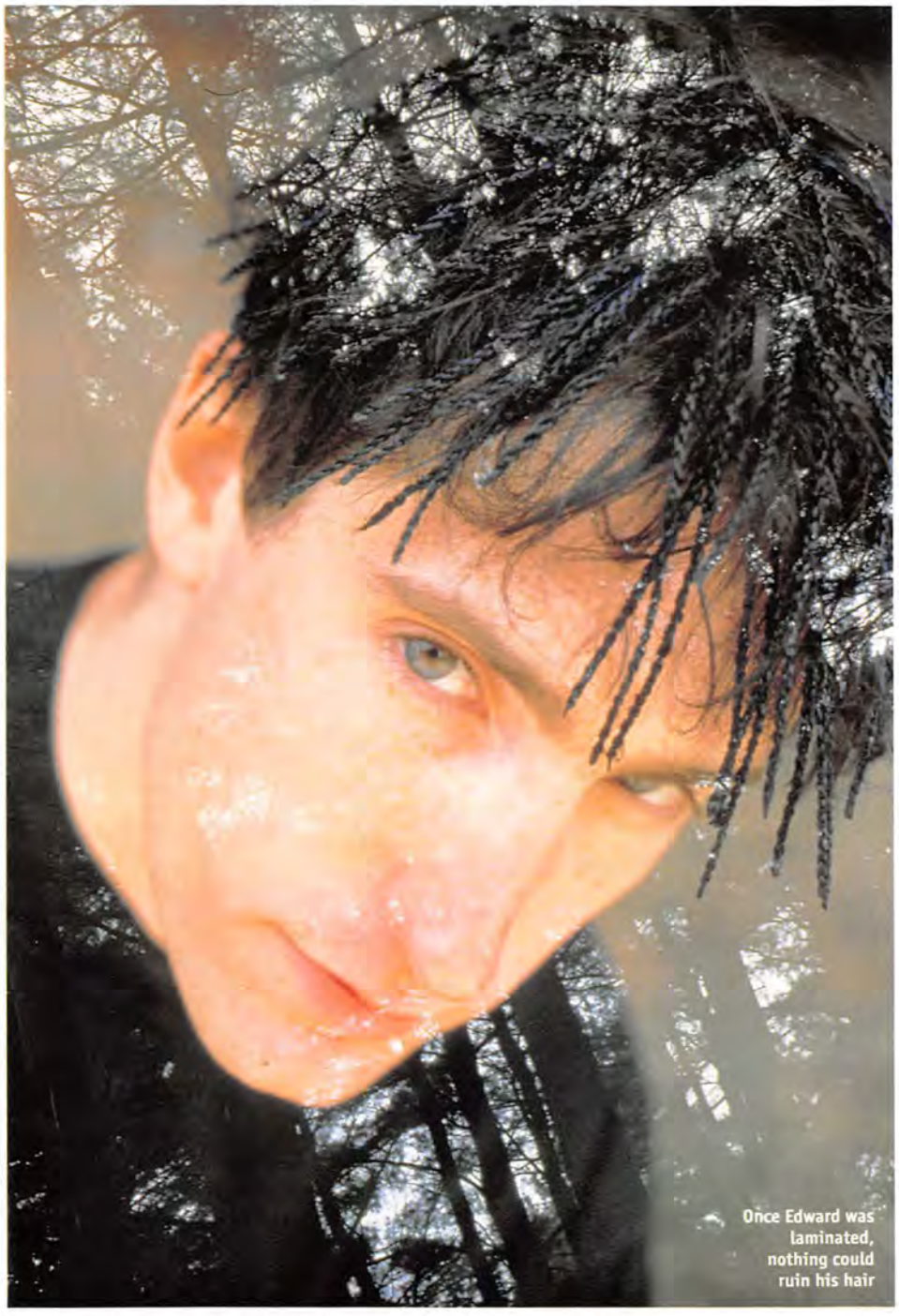
Yeah, a couple of times. Last year, I had an insane fan who was stalking me. She was doing weird things, like listening to or erasing the messages on my answering machine. We found out that she'd worked out my machine access code simply by dialing a hundred different numbers until she found it. She'd even found my credit card number, called the phone company and pretended to be my wife.

So what did you do?

I don't know how much of this I should be saying. But I found this software on my computer that pitch shifted my voice—not like Mickey Mouse, but so I sounded like a woman. I called up my manager and pretended that I was her, the insane fan. I was screaming, "The shit's really going to hit the fan now! I'm not happy with what you're doing!" I thought for sure he'd know it was me, but he put the phone down and called the FBI. They went around to arrest the woman, and I had to call them up and explain. There's nothing like telling the cops, "It was just me fucking around!"

Your manager must've been pretty pissed off.

Oh, we get him like that all the time. Once, I bet a friend that I could get my manager to go out into the middle of an algae-filled Louisiana swamp at midnight. I pretended I was looking at a house to rent, but the bridge was out. So we found these two guys, who were actually park rangers, but we paid them to act like serious rednecks. "Yeah, we'll give y'all a ride out," they said, and rowed us right out into the middle of nowhere in a tiny Cajun boat, and stopped. "Now let's talk about an exit fee, boys," they said. My manager went fucking white, and he was like, "Hold onto your beer bottles. We're going to have to fight our way out."



Once Edward was laminated, nothing could ruin his hair

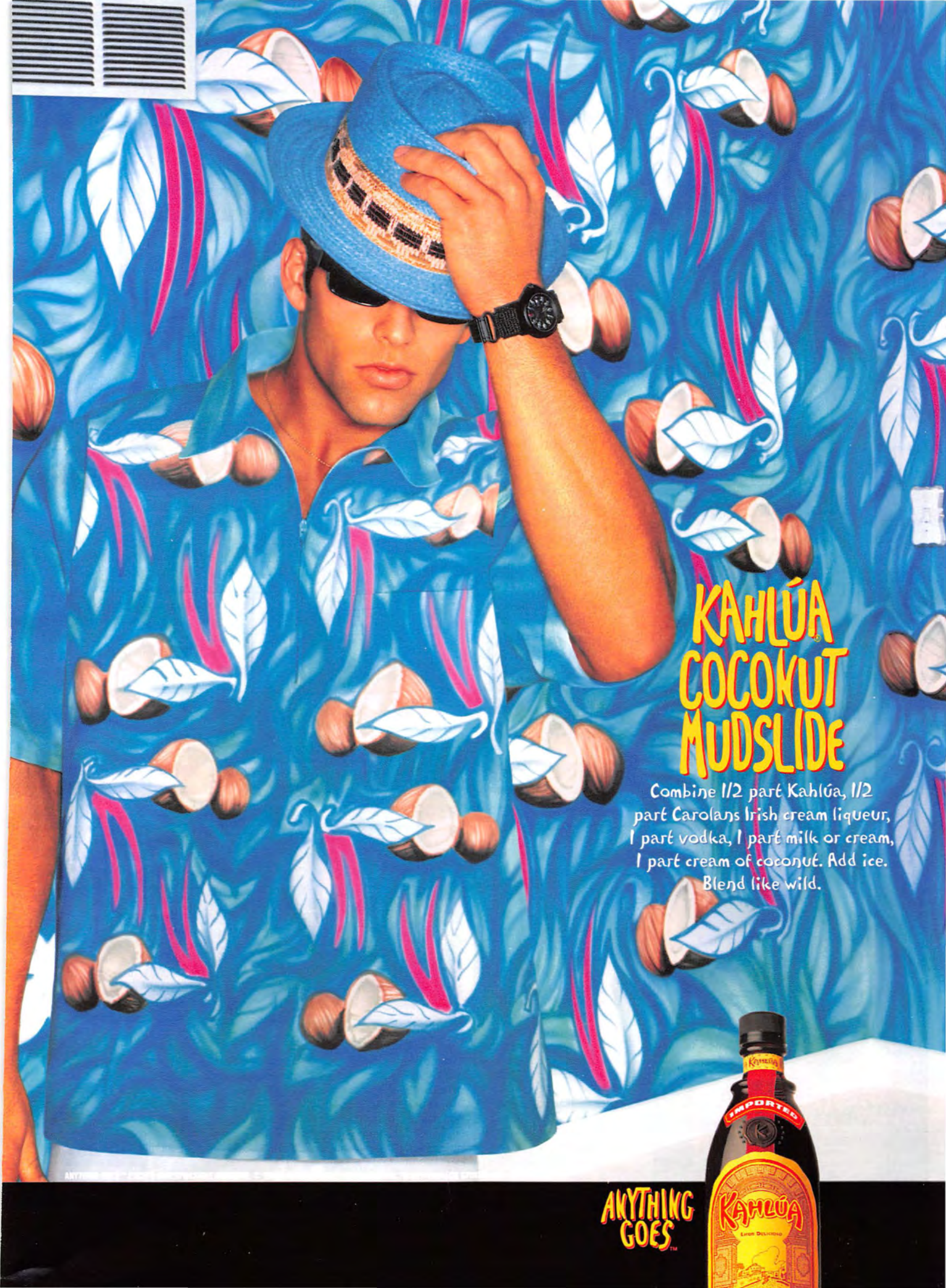
HARRY BORDEN/RETNA

Goth rocker Marilyn Manson—whose album *Antichrist Superstar* you produced—said in his autobiography that your antics on tour were utterly depraved.

Hmm . . . some revisionist history definitely went down there. But it's difficult to describe our tours out of context, because that context is madness. On the last tour, you'd have us, the Marilyn Manson guys and the Jim Rose Circus—an even higher level of freaks. Anything goes when you get an extreme bunch of people like that together, but there was morality to it all.

What kind of morality?

There was never any raping, drugging or taking advantage of people. It was more everybody's feeling ridiculous, how can we outdo each other? So I'd take a stun gun, line people up and see how many guys down the line it would shock. It was those kinds of things, but I was rarely the guy involved. Normally, there'd be Mr. Lifto from the Jim Rose Circus, once again out to prove that he could lift more with the ring in his cock than anyone else. So he's lifting a folding chair, standing on a table, swinging it around—then it rips, blood pours out and everyone's like "Oh my God." But then the next man has to outdo him somehow. It goes downhill from there. **(CB)**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BLOCKBUSTER

Me, Myself and Irene

After a slew of serious roles, Carrey once again thrives on booger jokes and potty humor

A pushover Rhode Island cop battles his belligerent alter ego over a hottie named Irene, who is utterly baffled by the whole ordeal.
With Jim Carrey, Renee Zellwegger, Chris Cooper, Robert Forster, James Gandolfini and Lin Shaye
Is it something about a dumb, lying mask? This flick oozes with the physical yuks and bathroom jokes you'd expect from a film by the Farrelly brothers (*There's Something About Mary*, *Kingpin*), who worked with Carrey on *Dumb and Dumber*. Carrey, whose two previous leading parts in huge films were more dramatic characters in *The Truman Show* and *Man on the Moon*, returns to the kind of comedic roles he plays best. His split-personality character (pansy Charlie/violent Hank) will remind you of *The Mask*, in which bank clerk Stanley Ipkiss is transformed into a manic, mask-wearing superhero. It's also similar to fast-talking attorney Fletcher Reid, who goes to war with himself as he struggles through a fib-free day in *Liar Liar*.
Get this While filming, Carrey looked so much like a serious, straight-laced copper that the rent-a-cop on the set refused to let him into his own trailer.
Release 6/23

Gulliver's wedding was a tense affair

FILM PREVIEWS

American Pimp 5/5

The Hughes brothers (*Menace to Society*) take to the hood to document the lives and exploits of pimps like Fillmore Slim and Bishop Don Magic Juan, and the ho's that keep them monied.
With Real-life pimps!
Pimpin' is easy Although there's nothing quite as jaw-dropping as genuine, Caddy-driving, gold-wearing pimps strutting their stuff, the topic was pretty well mined in last year's infamous HBO documentary *Pimps Up, Ho's Down*. Then again, when they're not busy abusing their women, pimps can be pretty funny.
Get this The Hughes brothers are reportedly hoping to remake the greatest urban-angst flick ever, *Planet of the Apes*.

Mission Impossible: 2: handsome people win

Mission Impossible: 2 5/24

Agent Ethan Hunt leads the Mission Impossible Force in a race to recover a lethal virus before an evil ex-agent does.
With Tom Cruise, Anthony Hopkins, Ving Rhames, Thandie Newton and Dougray Scott
Woo clan Even though the first *Mission* made absolutely no sense and the stunts, while memorable, were often laughable, it still thrilled audiences and made a ton of cash. Take that bankability and add director John Woo to the mix, and you've got a valid reason to spend a sunny summer day in the theater.
Get this After his salary and profits were tallied, Cruise made approximately $70 million from his first *Mission*.

Dinosaur 5/19

A young iguanodon makes it his quest to bring his lemur friends to safety when he learns that Earth will soon be hit by a giant asteroid.
With (voices) D.B. Sweeney, Julianna Margulies, Joan Plowright and Alfre Woodard
Dinosaur juniors Like every Disney project, *Dinosaur* is aimed at the shorties. But with a $200 million price tag, Disney has created the most technologically advanced film to date, combining ridiculously lifelike, computer-generated dinosaurs with live-action backgrounds and scenery.
Get this Though this is Eric Leighton's directorial debut, he was the supervising animator for Tim Burton's *The Nightmare Before Christmas*.

GLENN WATSON/20TH CENTURY FOX (2); CHRISTIAN LANDRY/2000 TBS CO.; JASIN BOLAND/PARAMOUNT

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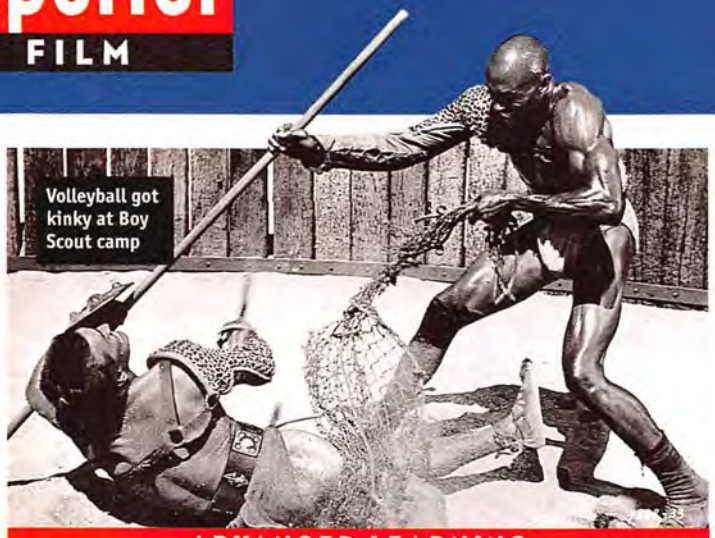

Volleyball got kinky at Boy Scout camp

ADVANCED LEARNING

FIGHT LIKE A MANLY MAN

Beyond their botched history lessons and countless homoerotic scenes of topless men grappling, gladiator flicks provide valuable wisdom that's useful for defeating everyday foes.

Play dirty Chuck some sand in the other guy's eyes or kick him in the goolies—they're all standard Mad Max moves and the reason he lasted for three movies. As Jim Carrey spouted mid-battle in *The Cable Guy*, "Necessity breeds invention."

Trust no one In *Spartacus*, Draba broke with gladiator rule and spared Spartacus' life—and all it got him was the business end of a spear. Unless the emperor is a porky schlub like Dom Deluise in *History of the World Part I*, do as you're told.

Don't be too cocky In *Fall of the Roman Empire*, Caesar's overconfidence led him to fight a duel on his own, earning a lethal pair of pierced kidneys. If you're the H.M.I.C, let your armies sweat the small stuff so you can concentrate on the pesky Vandals and rebellious Middle East.

Know your enemy Like poor Blaster from *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome*, no matter how good the odds seem or how well you kick the other guy's ass, you'll always lose to the leading man. Period.

Wear something subtle Sure, the gals may fall for your flirtacious mini-toga, but as Kirk Douglas learned in *Spartacus*, standing out only makes you a target for the lusty eye of the emperor's wife—which means hurtin' for certain. **(JC)**

FILM PREVIEWS

Gladiator 5/5

The new emperor of Rome, comically named Commodus, condemns his deceased father's favored general to fight for his life in the bloody ranks of the gladiators.

With Russell Crowe, Joaquin Phoenix, Richard Harris, Derek Jacobi and Djimon Hounsou

Déjà vu *Gladiator* seems a modern version of epics like *Spartacus* or *Ben Hur* (see above), minus the Bible-lessons or contrived passion of Charlton Heston. The producers have gone whole hog to make this action-drama as realistic as possible, using 28,000 extras and reconstructing most of the Coliseum on a set in Malta.

Get this In a creative casting move, the filmmakers put in an order for a number of "prostitute extras."

Shaft: cool guy beats bad guys and lays girls

Shaft 6/16

Velvet-smooth super-cop Shaft tries to catch a murderer before he kills the only remaining witness to a crime.

With Samuel L. Jackson, Vanessa Williams, Jeffrey Wright and Busta Rhymes

Black is back Despite the rumors—and the title—this isn't a remake of the '70s blaxploitation classic, but an "update," with Samuel L. Jackson playing the nephew of the original John Shaft. You can expect more of the bad guy-killin' and lady-thrillin' that made Shaft the baddest mutha in Manhattan.

Get this Richard Roundtree reprises his role as the original big private dick.

QUIZ

Do you know your blaxploitation?

Besides being a steady source of material for Quentin Tarantino to repackage and resell, most blaxploitation flicks are revered for their daring anti-establishment attitudes, killer soundtracks and ultra-cool superheroes. And the rest? Well, they're utter B-movie tripe. Test your memory of '70s stereotypes and cinematic fumblings, and try to work out which of the following are real films and which are the ramblings of our overactive imaginations.

1. Cotton Comes to Harlem
(1970) Roughneck Harlem detectives Coffin and Grave Digger are hot on the trail of a cotton bale stuffed with cash, a gang of masked honky thieves (they can tell they're white because "they run white!") and a corrupt minister preaching the Back-to-Africa movement.

2. Cornpone Jones Strikes Black!
(1971) After a heroic tour of duty in Nam, Cornpone returns home only to find his once-proud neighborhood under the ruthless control of a jive-talking mobster, Cracker Jack. Using the guerrilla skills he learned back in the shit, Cornpone's ready to "jam that peckerwood" one last time.

3. Honky
(1971) When a chance meeting at the high school pep rally leads to romance, a poor Midwestern whiteboy ditches his racist parents, goes in on a kilo of grass and heads on the road with his foxy soul sister—only to find a bunch of redneck Jim-Bob's looking for trouble.

4. Slaughter's Big Ripoff
(1973) Ex-Green Beret badass Slaughter is ready for some R&R after single-handedly taking out a South American crime syndicate. But after helping the cops infiltrate a nefarious LA mob, his girlfriend is kidnapped, forcing Slaughter to break out his own special brand of whup-ass.

5. Savage Sugar's Sweet Revenge
(1976) After doing hard time for a crime she didn't commit, Savage gets revenge on Lucky Lucius, the man who had her sent away. Her old connections gone, Savage must rely on the help of her new prison girlfriends—and her rockin' bod. **(JC)**

Answers 1) Real, 2) Fake, 3) Real, 4) Real, 5) Fake

EVERETT COLLECTION; CHRIS GORMAN (5); ELI REED/PARAMOUNT

RE-RELEASES

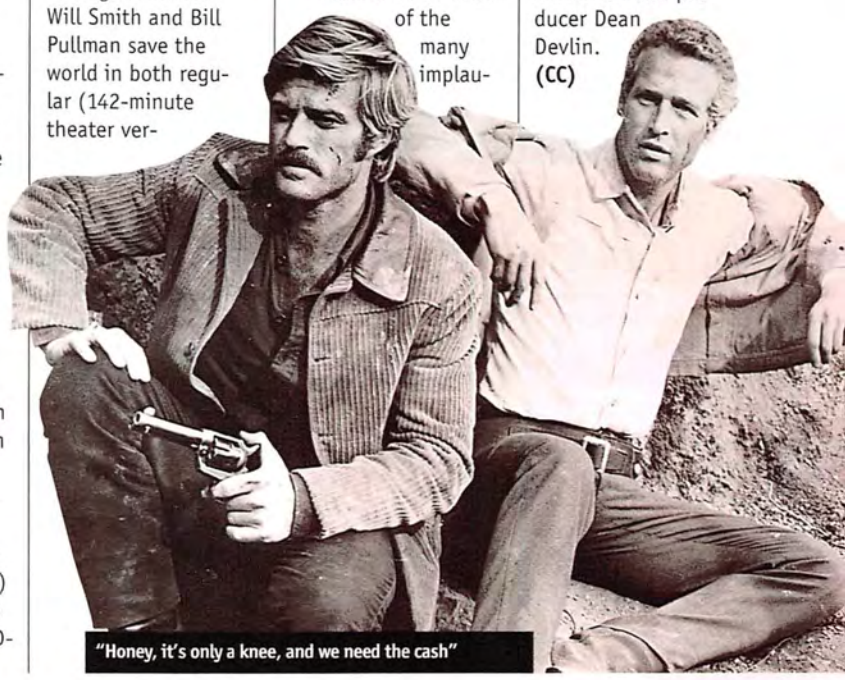
DVD SPECIAL EDITIONS

Conan the Barbarian
(APRIL; UNIVERSAL STUDIOS, $29.98)
Big roided-out muscles, really long swords and an impenetrably thick accent in the movie that made pre-*Terminator* Arnold Schwarzenegger a star and gave emerging screenwriter Oliver Stone a paying job. In widescreen and digital stereo, complete with commentaries by Arnie and director John Milius.

Spaceballs
(APRIL; MGM, $24.98)
Borscht-belt blowhard Mel Brooks waxes nostalgic—and long—about the making of his parody of *Star Wars* (and *Alien* and *Planet of the Apes* and . . .) that explained the mysterious powers of the Schwartz and how a big helmet looks like your knob.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid
(MAY; FOX, $34.98)
The best buddy Western ever—according to your mother anyway—with all of the extras from the 1994 laser disc bumped over (interviews, documentaries, running commentary by the crew) and then some, such as an interactive DVD-ROM history of the original dynamic duo.

Independence Day
(JUNE; FOX, $39.98)
Average Americans Will Smith and Bill Pullman save the world in both regular (142-minute theater version) and extra-strength (11-minutes-longer "special" cut). The added scenes make a little sense of the many implausible plot turns, as does the added commentary track by director Roland Emmerich and producer Dean Devlin. **(CC)**


"Honey, it's only a knee, and we need the cash"

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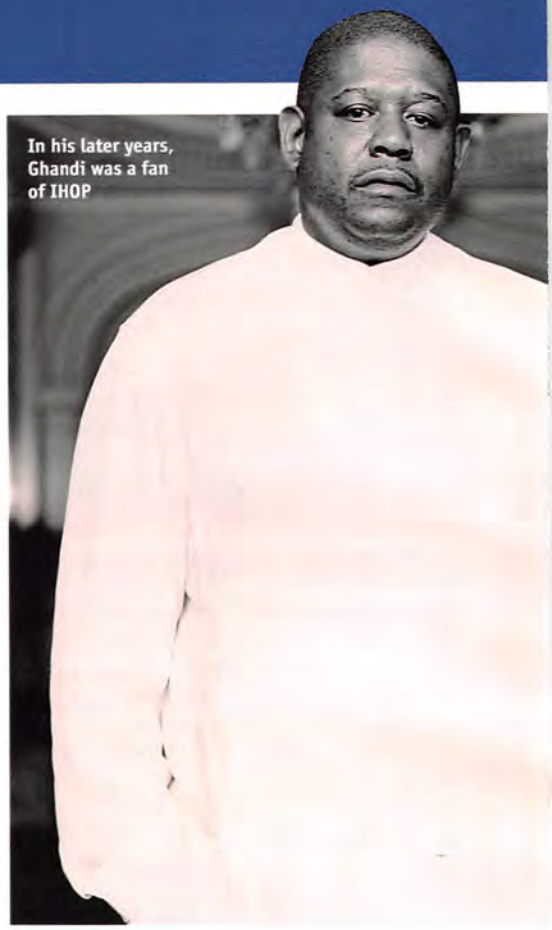
Q&A

Forest Whitaker

Dissed for major awards over the past 20 years, the gargantuan actor resorts to a stealthy disguise in *Battlefield Earth*



In his later years, Ghandi was a fan of IHOP

This being your first real sci-fi role, did you get to dress up like a mutant alien?
Yeah, it's the first time I've ever had prosthetic makeup. My character and John Travolta's are about eight feet tall. We have phosphorous green eyes, a structure on our heads and dreadlocked hair. We're very warrior class and enjoy inflicting pain on humans.

Do you have any real-life experience pummeling people?
I was on scholarship for football in college, but then I got a scholarship for music and acting. So I stopped playing ball and studied classical voice and opera.

FILM PREVIEWS

Gone in 60 seconds 6/9

Nicolas Cage plays a car thief and gangbanger who, in order to save his brother from the clutches of the mob, must steal 50 cars in one night.

With Nicolas Cage, Giovanni Ribisi, Delroy Lindo, Robert Duvall, Scott Caan and Angelina Jolie

The Bandit returns Relentlessly over-the-top producer Jerry Bruckheimer (*Top Gun, Days of Thunder, Armageddon*) and *Kalifornia* director Dominic Sena mine the past for a return to the days when a car could be the main character. It's a hepped-up-on-goofballs, frantic caper where Cage and company must battle rival gangs and the cops. Taking its cue from *Smokey and the Bandit, The Wraith* and *Death Race 2000, 60 Seconds* brings back the bad boys who like to drive muscle cars, steal stuff and get laid.

Get this The film is a remake of the 1974 cult classic of the same name.

Battlefield Earth: aliens mistreat humans

Battlefield Earth 5/5

After 1,000 years of enslavement at the hands of evil alien invaders called the Psyclos, the subtly named Johnny Goodboy searches out other surviving humans to help take on their oppressors.

With John Travolta, Forest Whitaker, Barry Pepper and Kelly Preston

God is an American This ambitious pet project of Travolta's is based on the 1,000-page science-fiction tome by Scientology founder and self-proclaimed demi-god L. Ron Hubbard. Some skeptics have noted the obvious potential for the film to be nothing more than a preachy, two-hour public service announcement for Scientology (Travolta is a Scientologist and one of it's more outspoken proponents). Travolta and the cast, however, have all downplayed any such associations between Hubbard's novel and his philosophical leanings, and instead point out that the book is widely considered a modern sci-fi classic.

Get this As a child growing up in the rough streets of L.A., Forest Whitaker was teased about his name, and given the nickname "Little Bush."

Titan A.E. 6/16

Years after Earth has been destroyed by alien invaders in 3028, a teenager using a secret map passed on to him by his father tries to find a mysterious ship that is the saving grace of mankind.

With (voices) Matt Damon, Bill Pullman, Hank Azaria, Drew Barrymore, John Leguizamo, Jim Breur and Janeane Garofalo

Us vs. Them We earthlings never seem to tire of fighting the good fight against our myriad alien conquerors. That's good news for the makers of *Titan* as, per Hollywood custom, another humans vs. aliens epic, *Battlefield Earth,* will beat them to the theaters a few weeks earlier. *Titan* is spectacularly animated, however, and will undoubtedly entice sci-fi and animation fans out of their dark basements and into dark multiplexes.

Get this The screenwriter, Ben Edlund, is also the creator of bumbling comic superhero *The Tick.*

WILLIAM LAXTON/OUTLINE; 2000 FRANCHISE PICTURES, LLC; EVERETT COLLECTION; ABBOTT GENSLER/PLYWOOD PRODUCTIONS, INC.; MPTV

A senile Dylan hated "the hip-hop"

Carl Lewis failed his driving test miserably

Did you ever dole out any nasty beat-downs before you went soft?
Yeah, I've knocked a few people out I guess. I was always the guy that people came and bothered. You see, when I was young, I beat the wrong guy up. There used to be the notion of "the king of the school." And when I beat that guy, I always had to defend this unstated title. So I'd be in the middle of school, sitting with my books in the corner somewhere, and then all of a sudden a crowd would form around me, and I'd think, "Oh, here we go again."

Did that help prepare you for your many on-screen bullying roles?
Nah. I don't ever consider my characters to be a bully or a bad guy. Like when I played Jefferson in *Fast Times*. I didn't see him as a bully; I saw him as a guy who was wronged and who wanted revenge.

That reminds me, did Jefferson ever get those concert tickets from Damone?
Uh, no, I never got 'em. What were they for anyway? Oh yeah, it was Earth, Wind & Fire.

You've played everything from a hustler to a gay guy to a hit man. Are there any roles you avoid?
I don't like films that are dark just for the sake of darkness. David Lynch once asked me to play a role—and I think David is an amazing filmmaker—but he wanted me to kill somebody, and then have sex over the body! I was so fascinated, because he said when he wrote the part, he thought of me. I was like, "Where did that come from? How is that like me?"

Is there anything else you fear besides sex in the presence of dead people?
I used to have a fear of heights. When I was doing *Strapped*, it was my first directing job and I didn't want to be afraid of anything. My apartment in Times Square was on the fourth floor, so I would sit out the window on the ledge to do my writing. Later, after we finished shooting, I bungee-jumped over the Hudson River. It was a good lesson to learn, taking the plunge.

This time, Latrell finished off PJ the right way

Are you pissed that you've never won an Oscar?
I've never even been nominated. A lot of times I'll do films and people will always say, "You're going to be nominated, you're going to win." But, you know, I don't even think about it anymore.

Ever think about playing someone retarded or slow? They always seem to win.
Maybe I'll look for that. Slow, huh? Yeah, slow is good. **(JC)**

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FHM VELVET ROPES

Launch Party

FHM Cover Girl Rachael Leigh Cook and *Sunset Beach* and *The In Crowd*'s Susan Ward at the FHM Launch Party in New York City.

FHM President and Executive Publisher Dana Fields, Tommy Hilfiger and FHM Editor-in-Chief Ed Needham in New York CIty.

Calvin Klein's Ted Stafford, FHM's Daniel Ou and DKNY's Keith Shore wax on in Las Vegas.

"Are you on the list for the FHM party?" was a phrase heard across New York City in early February in anticipation of FHM hitting newsstands on February 15th. In a city where fabulous events and premieres are commonplace, hundreds of party people ventured to downtown Manhattan and stood outside the Pucci Loft in 20 degree temperatures just for a chance to rub elbows with FHM cover girl Rachael Leigh Cook, LL Cool J, Susan Ward, Jennifer Esposito, John Stamos and Tommy Hilfiger.

Just days before the New York City Launch Party, the FHM Party Task Force was busy throwing an event at the fashion industry's MAGIC Show, featuring the likes (or likeness) of Elvis, Frank Sinatra, Madonna and Sammy Davis Jr., among others! Well, it actually was their wax figures at Madame Tussaud's Celebrity Encounter at the Venetian Hotel in Las Vegas. Fashionistas from across the country were able to take a break from the booth-hopping and air-kissing and enjoy dancing, cocktails and exclusive photo ops with their favorite "celebrities."

TOYOTA

For the second year in a row, Toyota is a proud sponsor of the Gravity Games — an extreme sports event featuring street and vertical in-line skating, skateboarding, wakeboarding, motocross and downhill luge. The weeklong extravaganza will be held in Providence, Rhode Island, from July 15 to 23 and also includes music, style and fashion shows, lively demonstrations and expositions. Highlights will be broadcast on NBC in October. For more information on Toyota and the 2000 Gravity Games, visit *www.isthistoyota.com.*

Lucky Brand Dungarees of America

Look who is getting Lucky...Lucky Brand Dungarees has just opened two new stores in San Francisco, in the San Francisco Center and at 2301 Chestnut Street. The two stores are the latest in a series of new openings for Lucky Brand, makers of classic, all-American denim and sportswear for men and women. Check out *www.luckybrandjeans.com* for more details!

BILLABONG

Billabong and Streaming Media Technology will once again allow Internet users worldwide to watch the world's best surfers competing live at the Billabong Pro on *www.billabong.com* from June 29 to July 9. The event will be held on the wild coast of South Africa at the famed point break wave of Jeffrey's Bay. The Live Webcast will give Internet users a totally interactive experience, offering streaming footage, audio and text commentary, up-to-the-second heat scores, interviews with the surfers, along with chances to be winners of the daily Billabong prize packs.

FILM PREVIEWS

Dogma (MAY)
Like every other film made about religion in the past 20 years, *Dogma* was protested by the blindly religious before it even hit the screen. What proved to be most offensive about the film, however, was that it lacked much of the comedy and insight that made successes of director Kevin Smith's *Clerks* or *Chasing Amy*. The labyrinthine plot has Ben Affleck and Matt Damon as earthbound angels who see a chance to get back into heaven by exploiting a Biblical loophole. ★★ (JC)

Sleepy Hollow (MAY)
Tim Burton's arch take on Washington Irving's classic tale has squeamish New York constable, Ichabod Crane, traveling to Sleepy Hollow to investigate a series of mysterious beheadings and find the culprit among the town's corrupt and skittish populace. The intensely choreographed fight scenes with the Headless Horseman—who slices through the bumbling local gentry like a regular Ninja—and Burton's trademark moody, fantastical sets are a thrill. But the addition of some oddball sexual intrigue, confusing magical dabblings and a contrived whodunnit ending make *Sleepy* feel cluttered. ★★★ (ED)

The Talented Mr. Ripley (JUNE)
We all suspected he was evil, and finally golden-boy Matt Damon shows his true colors in this utterly dark thriller. Damon plays—a little too convincingly—Tom Ripley, a wannabe social climber who is sent to Italy to convince an upper-crusty rich kid to come home to poppa. Damon weasles his way into the lush life only to become obsessed with his new chum, eventually going to extreme, bloodthirsty lengths to keep what isn't rightfully his. ★★★★ (ED)

Man on the Moon (JUNE)
Sure the academies may have slept on it come award time, but that doesn't mean you should. The movie, which put the name Kaufman back on the tongues of pretentious film students and suburban housewives alike, already has something of a cult status. Known for inviting the audience out for milk and cookies, challenging women to inter-gender wrestling matches and never breaking character, Kaufman is expertly re-created by Jim Carrey at his post-*Pet Detective* dramatic best. The film's only shortcoming, however, is that all of those re-created scenes can easily be found in any Kaufman documentary, leaving die-hard fans feeling slighted. ★★★ (JB)

EVERETT COLLECTION (3); PHIL BRAY/PARAMOUNT PICTURES & MIRAMAX FILMS

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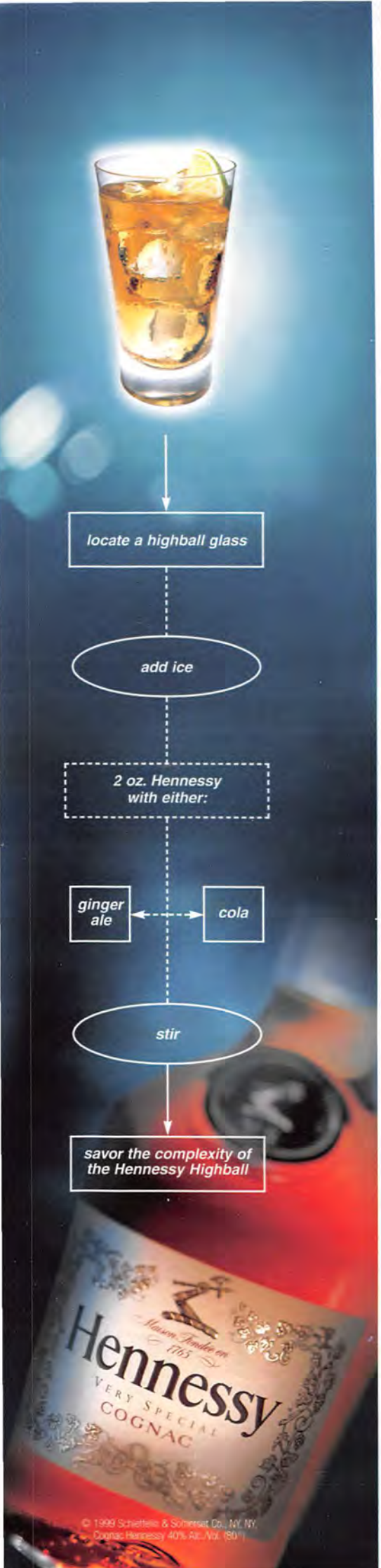

VIBRATION

Electric dream chair

The perfect excuse to sit on your rump and stare at a screen all day

Unless you're one of those delusional, convention-hopping Trekkies who has long given up hope of moving out of his parents' basement, it's not often that you get the chance to feel as cool as Captain Kirk. Loved ones will surely give you cockeyed looks as you smugly command your electronic universe from the helm of your Battlechair. But you haven't lived until you've felt that once mundane phrase "You've got mail!" liquefy your innards as it sends 100 watts boring through your nether regions.

Pleather made the electric chair inviting

Sitting in the Battlechair can be a pretty intense experience, since it's essentially a balls-to-the-wall speaker system mounted in a comfy bucket seat. A pair of three-way speakers bookends either side of your noggin, positioning your head perfectly in the sonic "sweet spot," so you don't miss a single whisper or ricocheting bullet. And so you'll remember to dodge those explosions in the future, a glass-shattering eight-inch subwoofer is aimed directly at the base of your spine.

Although it's intended as a grand gaming accessory, the Battlechair can easily be hooked up to your entire entertainment system, including a DVD, VCR, TV, PC, Mac or a gaming console. And to make the whole Kirk experience complete, optional arm-mountable platforms hold your joystick, mouse, remote control and just about any other accessory, and drop away discretely when not in use—or on the slim chance that a girl pops by. **(CC)**

Contact: www.battlechair.com
Price: $399, plus $80 per tray

VIDEO GAME REVIEWS

Mobil 1 Rally Championship

ELECTRONIC ARTS PC: $39.99

Despite the minor fact that Americans don't know what the hell rally racing is (for the record, it's a cross-country car race with loads of checkpoints in between—a little like *Cannonball Run*), *Mobil 1* is one of those rare winners that's great even if you don't know the rules. It's realistic without being too tough for uncoordinated novices, and if you go all out and buy a steering-wheel controller, you'll feel every bump and wall as you barrel along at ball-shriveling speeds.

★★★★★ **(TK)**

Shenmue

SEGA DREAMCAST: $44.99

When Yu Suzuki, creator of the *Virtua Fighter* series of beat-'em-ups, spends four years and millions of dollars perfecting the next generation in role-playing games, you expect something that's going to kick some ass. And that's what you get with *Shenmue*. It's 1986, you're in a small Japanese town and you're on an epic quest that has you opening sock drawers, looking after a small cat, winning *Sonic the Hedgehog* dolls, playing old arcade games and basically interacting with every single entity in an utterly believable town. Sure, you get to fight bad guys in real-time battles, avoid rogue soccer balls and locate an evil Chinese gangster, but frankly, that all just gets in the way of rooting through the cupboards like a nosy aunt. Like a *Quake*, *Metal Gear Solid* or *Final Fantasy*, *Shenmue* is a quantum leap in gaming.

★★★★ **(DH)**

This month's reporters *(in order of how old they were when they got chicken pox)*: Liza Koppelson (14), Chris Bell (13), Quincy Roscoff (13—"For my Bar Mitzvah"), Tasos Kaiafas (10), Paul Semel (10), Jon Chase (9), Jimmy Jellinek (8), Ross Brown (7), Chris Chiarella (6), Amy Ciauro (6), Ari Jeremiah (6), Elisabeth Dick (5), Esther Haynes (5), David Hodgson (5), Scott Gramling (3), Jake Bronstein (2), Ben Bailes ("never had 'em").

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appropriately complex

EVERETT COLLECTION

Close encounter

The entire universe runs in terror from the scary Klingons. Except Jonathan Watt. He humiliated their sorry asses

There have only been two occasions in my life when I have been faced with a beating. The first happened in the junior-high schoolyard when some of the bigger 12-year-old boys pummeled me after I accidentally kicked their football onto the roof. The second happened more recently—last year, in fact—when a friend and I found ourselves surrounded by six extremely violent-looking men. And although it seemed they were about to inflict far worse injuries than the cut lip and bruised leg my classmates had given me all those years ago, I couldn't help laughing anyway. You see, they were all dressed as Klingons.

My buddy David and I were on a yearlong vacation, and we'd arrived on the West Coast with the names of some of our parents' friends and the hope that one of them would let us crash on their sofa for free. Fortunately, Michael (an unknown actor who had worked with David's mom in the '80s) had an apartment in West Hollywood, so we actually each got a bed and free use of his swimming pool. Even better, he informed us that he had some voiceover work to do at Paramount Studios and suggested that we tag along and have a look around. When we arrived, he explained that while we wouldn't be able to go on to any of the sets, we should be able to peek around doors and see some of the backdrops not in use. "Just be polite," he said, "and don't push your luck."

Within an hour, we had managed to walk through the '20s Little Italy of a Mafia movie, slide down the base of a volcano and wander around a giant hangar that was filled with World War II fighter planes. Finally, in one of the larger warehouses, we stumbled upon a rare prize: the *Star Trek* set, utterly deserted. We seized our rare opportunity to take some amusing photos, barking imaginary orders to each other from the captain's chair and pressing buttons on the disappointingly plastic control desk. We even tried to make the lift doors work, but in real life they clearly needed a props man tugging at them. Everything was going fine until a technician discovered our unsanctioned antics and tossed us out via the rear of the set.

Our flight through the back door led us smack into the middle of a posse of smoking Klingons. This wasn't something you saw every day, and it certainly wasn't something you'd catch on the official studio tour. In short, it was immediately clear to us that we'd been presented with a prime novelty photo-op. But no sooner had we raised our cameras than the head Klingon (clearly distinguishable by his golden sash) informed us that the studio prohibited unofficial photographs. If we wanted pictures of Klingon characters, we could purchase them from the gift shop or contact the *Star Trek* web site. Perhaps we would've done just that if it weren't for the pompous and arrogant way in which he had explained it to us. That, and the fact that the chance to snap a grown man with a cigarette in one hand and what appeared to be a giant walnut on his forehead was simply too good to pass up. One glance between my friend and I confirmed our plan of action. We duly hung our heads and turned away from the alien group in mock disappointment. Then, about 10 yards away from the group, we turned, snapped our pictures and ran.

The Klingon's prop weapon snapped with a gentle "ping"

Our cunning plan would have been a success if it hadn't been for the intervention of a dead end, which our panicked flight had unfortunately led us to. "Give us the camera!" barked the chief Klingon, suddenly acting more like his ferocious and unforgiving space character. We shook our heads—an act that conveyed more confidence than either of us felt.

This was a bad move, especially as one of the Klingons was armed with a weirdly futuristic blade. This prop weapon, which I now know to be called a Bat'leh, is apparently used by Klingons when they need to settle a dispute to the death. And faced with an opportunity to put his expensive method-acting classes to the test, the actor raised his weapon above his head, screamed "Ghogh Habn" and rushed the two of us. (Note: if all space creatures have weapons that are made as shoddily as this example, we earthlings have little to worry about.)

The scuffle had been in progress for all of five seconds—involving little more than the minor grappling that old ladies engage in at a half-price white sale—before the Bat'leh was jammed between my shoulder and the alley wall, causing it to snap in half with a gentle "ping." Still dodging the blade, I looked around to see David in a hair-pulling battle with another of the mighty warriors. With a sound like the separating of Velcro, David tumbled to the ground with a large piece of walnut-head in his hand, the hair hanging off in matted clumps.

The deadlock was finally broken by a shout from the far end of the alleyway and the approach of two gun-toting security guards. Far from relishing the taste of hand-to-hand combat, the fearless intergalactic warriors sulkily stared at their shoes and whined pathetically about how we had tried to mess them up. "He broke my Bat'leh," mumbled one. "And he pulled my head off," the other added. We were immediately escorted off the premises, and the incriminating film was removed from our cameras.

Of course, this minor detail made the story much harder to prove when we got back home. For months, our friends insisted we were full of shit. Then David had the bright idea to go to Blockbuster and rent the most recent *Star Trek* extravaganza, which we all gathered around to watch. We never did manage to pinpoint our assailants on the screen, however, and although we lost a bit of credibility, I suppose, in retrospect, this was a lucky break. After all, if the Klingons had given us a serious beating, and we needed to identify them in an LAPD line-up, we probably would have been thrown in jail for wasting valuable police time. That's the trouble with aliens. They all look alike. **FHM**

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Fire in the hole

When his good-for-nothing friend began talking about careers, Ross Brown should have expected the worst

Carried by the current, the burning gasoline rolled lazily downstream, sending wildlife running for cover as the little waves of flame ignited the lush green ferns growing along the banks. Even from my position of relative safety, the inferno's furnace-like heat forced me to raise an arm to shield my face as I struggled to make out the lone figure standing smack-dab in the middle of the stream. With his back to us, he was blissfully unaware of his predicament, and unless he got a move on, the fool with the fishing rod was going to fry. Next to me, laughing insanely, was the owner of the match that had started this nightmare.

If you want my opinion, I blame Malcolm Bracknell, the sanctimonious little shit who blew into our school one miserable autumn afternoon in 1985 under the guise of career counselor. These purveyors of dreams are supposed to seed fertile young minds with the joys of saving women from house fires and performing heart surgery with Bic pens on airplanes at 30,000 feet. But instead, this imagination-free dolt spent two hours entertaining us with the threat of a life filled with the tedium of spreadsheets, number-crunching and office politics. Unfortunately, out of every jock, nerd and bully present, the only guy his words had any effect on was my then-best friend, Chris Straw.

"I learned something from that moron," Chris told me later that evening. "The office life isn't for me, but I want to make good money and wear half-decent threads—not live on welfare watching daytime talk shows." I was impressed. In the four years I'd known him, Chris had never before shown an interest in anything and only turned up at school to bum cigarettes off the older kids. Then he stood up, turned to me and solemnly explained his vocational calling. "I'm going to become an arsonist," my friend beamed.

The reason for his career plan was simple enough. First, according to Chris' twisted reasoning, arson could pull in $800 a job, which obviously beat both of our paper routes combined. Second, unlike other criminal activities that require guns and the ability to drive a getaway car, arson needs little more than a bit of fuel and a pack of matches. It was a stupid idea, but as Chris' house was in the middle of nowhere and surrounded by fields, I figured we wouldn't be razing anything too important.

One of the fields did, however, contain a large dilapidated barn, nestled beside a picturesque stream, which Chris deemed perfect for practicing various arson techniques. As the barn had been empty for as long as either of us could remember, there seemed little chance anyone would bother us, and so every Saturday for a whole month we took my dad's red gas canister to the local station and filled it with fuel. Then, in the dark recesses of Chris' garage, we transferred the gas into plastic water bottles before lugging them through the field to a metal drum. By the end of the month, our inventory looked like this: 34 neatly stored bottles, one barn to be burned to cinders.

That Saturday was a scorcher, and the sweat poured off us as we stood nervously at the barn door surveying our goods. One thing quickly became clear even to our juvenile brains: we could talk up a good blaze, but going through with it was another matter. Even two imbeciles like us knew it wouldn't take an FBI agent to connect a burning barn with two local kids who had spent four weeks buying more than 50 gallons of gasoline. Time for a smoke by the water to steady our nerves.

"I'm going to become an arsonist," my friend beamed

And so, on the afternoon of July 15, 1985, we sat side-by-side in the long grass, drawing long puffs on our grubbed cigarettes and taking an interest in anything and everything, as long as it didn't come under the headings "barn" or "fire."

It was then that I noticed that we weren't alone. About 80 yards downstream stood a fisherman, and there was no avoiding the fact that he was pointing his rod directly at us.

"You two are trespassing!" he shouted.

"We're only having a smoke," Chris hollered back, holding up his butt as proof.

"I don't care what you're doing," the enraged man shouted. "Get the hell away before I call the police. You're scaring my fish."

Now, had he known he was talking to two of the county's most promising young criminals, he may have been a little more courteous, but the damage was done, and by the time I had turned to speak to Chris, he was storming off through the field bubbling with rage. Flicking the man my middle finger, I headed off after my furious friend who I found at the drum, squirting copious amounts of highly flammable liquid into the river.

What he was doing was so, so wrong, but I was pretty pissed myself, so I gave him a hand. And then, as the last empty bottle joined the pile of plastic at our feet, Chris gave a demented little smile and threw a lit match onto the oily water.

What I didn't know then, but most certainly do now, is that ignited gasoline will propel itself along quite nicely, in whichever way the current is flowing. In effect, Mr. Fisherman was about to have his nuts singed by a waterborne scud crafted from flame. I suddenly thought of things like my father, belt buckles and a sore ass, and decided I wasn't going to let that happen.

I was still picking up momentum as I raced past the blaze, and when I caught up to the man I had reached my top speed. It all happened at once. He felt the wave of heat and turned around just in time to see my boyish body flying through the air, straight at his head. Direct hit. We both went under, and then there was a mad scramble for the bank as the fire sailed harmlessly past.

"Sorry, sir," I gasped, as the man climbed out of the water, only for Chris to come by, push him back in and run off. This time I didn't bother with the finger; I just ran, pausing only to look back once I had reached the gate—and relative safety.

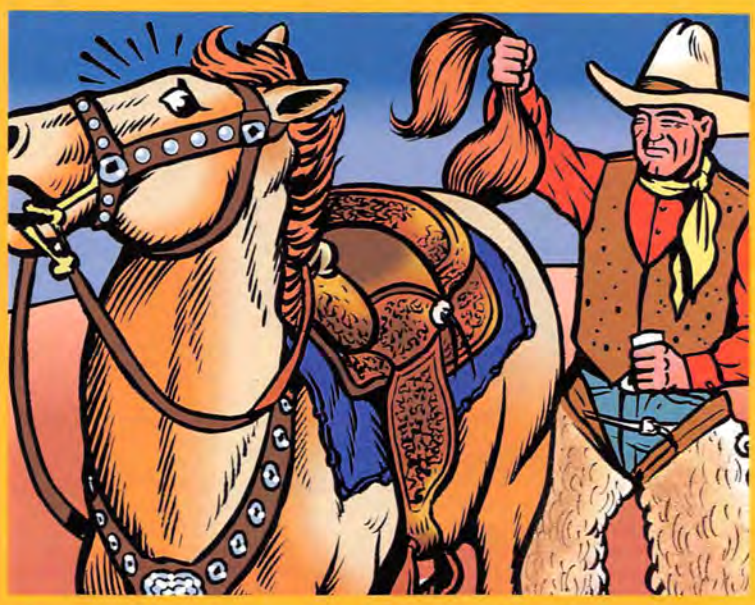
Thankfully, that was the end of Chris' arson career—I believe he's a nurse now—but years later I actually saw Malcolm Bracknell on the street, and you couldn't help but notice his mild surprise at hearing a passing young man grumpily mutter, "Malcolm, you shit." **FHM**

POPPERFOTO/ARCHIVE

FHM BAR ROOM JOKES

It probably wasn't long after Neanderthal man first learned to speak that he awkwardly crowed the crowd-pleasing "Pull my finger!" before letting go with a prehistoric burst. While some things never change, *FHM* rewards those who have evolved enough to craft sidesplitting bar room jokes. We'll reward your comic contributions with a crisp Andrew Jackson. Joke of the Month gets to walk away with a cool $200. Write to Bar Room Jokes, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011, or via e-mail to FHMjokes@emapUSA.com.

JOKE OF THE MONTH



A cowboy walks into a saloon and orders a whiskey, which he then throws back in one quick gulp. Immediately he rushes back outside, lifts his horse's tail and gives it a huge smacking kiss square on the hole. He then goes back into the bar and orders another whiskey. The bartender slides it along the bar, and once again the cowboy downs it, rushes out of the bar, goes to his horse, lifts its tail and gives it a huge kiss. By the time he goes back into the bar and orders his third shot, a number of other patrons are looking at him with a fair bit of interest. The bartender decides he'd better ask what's going on before the cowboy gets too drunk to answer.

"Say, partner, why is it that every time you order a whiskey you go out and kiss your horse on the ass?"

The cowboy, in his best drawl, replies, "Chapped lips."

The bartender says with some surprise, "Oh, does that cure them?"

The cowboy says, "Nope, but it sure stops my lickin' 'em."

Gary Brent, Mobile, AL

Seeing a brand new shiny Porsche in a dealership window, Morris saunters in, sits down in the car, adjusts the seat, adjusts the mirrors and begins to grin from ear to ear.

After a moment a salesman approaches, confident he's about to make the sale, and says, "I see you're thinking about buying the car."

"Oh, I'm definitely buying it," Morris says. "But I'm thinking about pussy."

K. Cooper, St. Paul, MN

The coroner is brought a man who died in a horrible fire. He thinks it might be a guy named George he met once, but the body is so badly burned that he needs somebody to make a positive identification. That task falls to George's two best friends, Joe and Al. Joe comes over to the body and says, "He's burned pretty bad, all right. Roll him over." Joe looks at the dead man's butt and says, "Nope, that ain't George."

Thinking the incident strange, the mortician says nothing, and then brings in Al to examine the corpse. Al takes a look at the body and says, "Wow, he's burned to a crisp. Roll him over." Again, the same reply, "Nope, that ain't George."

"How can you tell?" asks the mortician.

"Poor George had two assholes," explains Joe.

"What? How could he have two assholes?"

"Everybody knew George had two assholes. Whenever the three of us would go into town, everyone always said, 'Here comes George with those two assholes!'"

Eric Weintraub, Carlsbad, CA

An elderly couple arrives at the doctor's office for their yearly physicals. One at a time, the doctor brings them into the examining room, starting with the husband. "Well, Mr. Smith, you're in great shape for a man your age," says the doctor.

To which the man replies, "Well, Doc, I don't smoke, I don't drink and the good Lord looks out for me."

"What do you mean?" asks the doctor.

The old man replies, "Well, for instance, last night I got up from bed to use the bathroom, and it was the good Lord who turned on the light for me so I wouldn't fall down."

"That's nice," says the doctor, somewhat confused. "Would you please send your wife in now?"

The wife comes in and the doctor says, "Mrs. Smith, you're in great shape for a woman your age."

To which she responds, "Well I ought to be. I don't smoke, I don't drink. . . ."

The doctor interjects, "And the good Lord looks after you, right? Your husband just said the same thing."

"What are you talking about?" asks the bewildered woman.

"Your husband was just telling me that very same thing. He said the good Lord looks out for him. For example, last night when he got out of bed to use the bathroom, the good Lord turned on the light for him."

"Damn it!" she yells. "I *thought* he was pissing in the fridge again."

Sam Jacobs, Kansas City, MO

Three convicts are on their way to prison. They were each allowed to take one item with them to help occupy their time while incarcerated. On the bus, one turns to another and asks, "So, what did you bring?"

The second convict pulls out a box of paints and states that he intends to paint anything he can get his hands on. "I'll be the Grandma Moses of jail," he says, before asking the first, "so what did you bring?"

The first convict pulls out a deck of cards, grins, and says, "I brought cards. I can play poker, solitaire, gin, and any number of games."

The third convict, seeing what was going on, began to smile to himself. The others, taking notice, ask him, "Why are you so smug? What did you bring?"

The guy pulls out a box of tampons and smiles. "I brought these," he says.

Puzzled by his choice, the other two ask, "What can you do with those?"

Grinning, he points to the package and says, "Well according to the box, I can go horseback riding, swimming, roller-skating. . . ."

Frank Washington, by e-mail

Ninety-year-old Hester charges into the rec room at the old-age home and announces, "Anyone who can guess what's in my hand can have sex with me tonight!"

"Is it an elephant?" a somewhat senile old man asks.

The old woman looks around the room, thinks for a moment, then replies, "Yeah, close enough."

Phil Patrick, Bristol, TN

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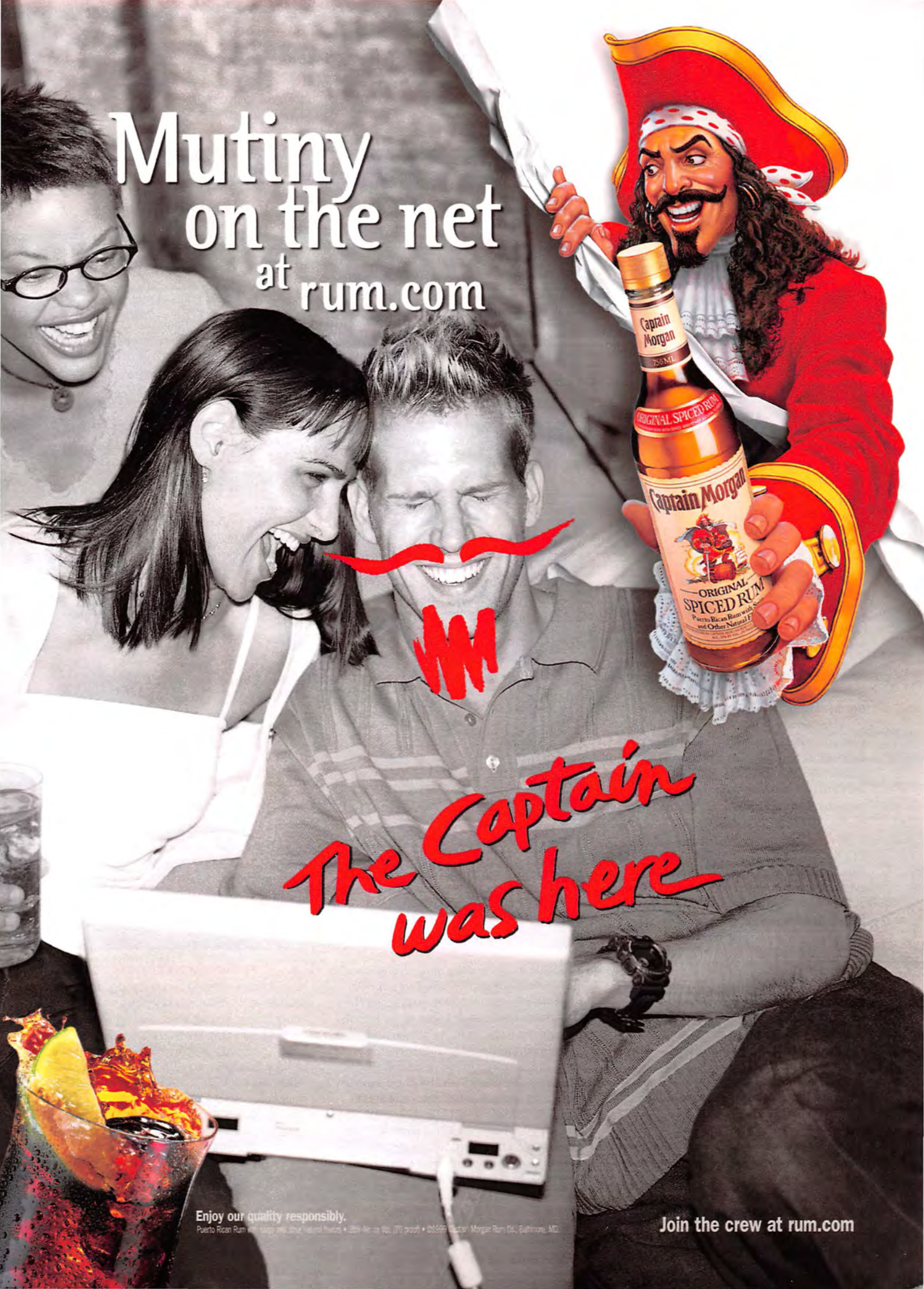
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Shock treatment

This month, our man adds some perverted spice to a faltering love life

There's an old Jewish joke about the Ten Commandments and it goes something like this: As he reaches the bottom of the mountain and meets the children of Israel, Moses shrugs apologetically and says, "Boys, I've got good news and bad news. The good news is there's only 10 of them. The bad news is adultery's in."

Yes, adultery is in—but let's be honest, that doesn't stop most of us having a crack at it sooner or later. Whether it's your best bud or Bill Clinton, after a few years of monogamy a man's eye begins to wander. Marriage guidance counselors might come up with all sorts of mushy liberal reasons for this, ranging from pressures at work to not getting enough hugs as a kid, but the truth is that infidelity is an inevitable, preternatural condition in us all. It goes back to the baboon in our DNA. As novelist Jay McInerney so neatly summed it up, "Men in the wild require only four things to survive: food, shelter, pussy . . . and strange pussy."

Given this somewhat shabby state of affairs, it strikes me that the only sporting thing to do is to delay the moment you act like a bastard for as long as possible. A good way of managing this, of course, is to keep your sex life fresh and exciting. With this end in mind, I've spent the last month experimenting with four really extreme sexual practices, none of which I'd ever attempted before (or, frankly, even knew existed). I'm not saying that they'll keep you faithful to your lover until you both cash in on your 401(k)s, but they'll certainly be a change from the tired routine you may be slipping into.

After about two seconds, I swiped it off with a pathetic schoolgirl's shriek

ADAM LAWRENCE

1. FORMICOPHILIA

This is disturbingly close to the torture techniques used by secret policemen. Nobody who's ever heard of the interrogation method known as "The Bath of Flies"—in which a suspect is tied up and blindfolded, then smeared with honey on his mouth, armpits, genitals and anus before being locked in a room filled with stinging insects—could really relish it, but apparently it has its adherents on the wilder shores of perversion. According to Brenda Love, author of *Encyclopedia of Unusual Sex Practices*, the fear and disgust felt by the "bottom" (the passive one in an S&M relationship) heightens adrenaline, making sexual sensations even more vivid.

The usual trick is to let some disgusting insect crawl all over your naked body, and as my cleaning lady hasn't been to my place since just after Christmas, my apartment has become host to all kinds of creeping, crawling things. I managed to lure a fairly big spider into a jar, and come bedtime, my partner brought the trapped arachnid with her. Once she got me undressed and tumescent, she placed the jar upside-down on my belly. Now, this was no dinner-plate-sized spider like I'd seen on a recent trip to Australia, but I still found the little fellow freaky. As it began to tentatively descend down the glass, my stomach muscles began to shake violently; and when its first leg made contact, my hard-on instantly fell. So unsettling and unsexy was the whole experience that I only lasted two more seconds before swiping it off with a pathetic schoolgirl's shriek as it scurried away. To say my girlfriend was unimpressed would be akin to suggesting that JFK slightly regretted buying a convertible. **RATING 0/10.** Remember John "Ten Dinners" Goodman in *Arachnophobia*? Well, I'd rather have him crawling over my nuts anytime.

2. SIDERODROMOPHILIA

I've always suspected that train spotters had a dark secret. I mean, it's clear that no sane man would spend all that time standing around just to write down the number of a passing locomotive. There must be something else to it, some hidden pleasure they keep from the rest of us with Masonic zeal. And, having tried siderodromophilia, I think I've discovered it. You see, this kink is practiced by those who get off on making love on trains, standing naked in the window as the express rattles past crowded platforms.

In the old days, of course, this would've been a breeze. Just book a private car, pull down the shutters and bang away on the tweed-covered seats. But since the cutbacks set

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in, you just can't guarantee that sort of privacy anymore. While hard-core enthusiasts might claim this added risk of discovery enhances the pleasure (and it's instructive to note that the Catholic church had to warn priests about travelling on the early subway trains, because some of them experienced uncontrollable orgasms as they were not used to the crush of so many warm bodies around them), I didn't like the idea of being wrestled to the floor by an outraged conductor. As a result, my partner and I compromised and decided to join the Yard High Club in the train's restroom, protected only by the door and a sheet of frosted glass.

After admiring the countryside for an hour or so, we snuck off giggling to the first vacant facility, oblivious to the stares of sweaty businessmen and students. The interior of these lavatories, of course, is hardly prepossessing, and sure enough, ours was filled with the customary tang of Lysol, aftershave and urine. However, as we weren't planning to lie down on the floor, we figured we could cope with this and soon set to it, with her bracing herself against the window while I entered her busily from behind. Yes, it was cramped, and there wasn't much time for foreplay, but the vibrations and the gut-lurching fear that someone would knock on the door gave the act a certain piquancy you just don't get in bed. Her only complaint was with the quality of the toilet paper as we cleaned ourselves afterwards. And I could see her point, because—while I'm aware paper is made from trees—I feel someone should tell the rail operators that it's customary to pulp it into soft tissue form, rather than merely settle for dispensing sheets hard enough to have been made from the original bark.

RATING 7/10. It's a pricey habit to get into, with two return tickets costing the same as a reasonable hotel suite. But that said, it sure beats doing a crossword puzzle for making a long journey fly by.

3. ELECTROPHILIA

Electrophilia refers to the use of electricity by S&M fans to induce "titillation or light torture" by passing voltage through their private parts while having sex. And as someone who never managed to pass high school physics, I was understandably nervous about giving this a crack. My girlfriend, however, assured me she'd "done science," and guaranteed that I was in no personal danger as long as I stuck to a small battery, like the kind used in a Walkman. Accordingly, once she'd trimmed some wire and smeared two patches of contact fluid—baby oil with a pinch of salt—I agreed to let her send some juice through my thigh. The result was slightly disappointing. There was no sudden jolt, no spasm of pleasure rocking from me from ankle to eyebrows, just a faint local tingle for about a half a second, a sensation no more exciting than being tickled with a feather.

Emboldened by this, I agreed to let her place the wires a bit closer to my scrotum, but no sooner had she rubbed the oil on than I began to panic. She seemed to find my fear amusing, going on and on about how people could survive lightning strikes, but as far as I was concerned, my balls had already made the deciding vote by retreating in terror to an altitude uncharted since my days as a choirboy.

RATING 3/10. Not a good game to play if your girlfriend's ever been employed by a South American government.

4. HYBRISTOPHILIA

Of all the odd things women do, none are half as weird as hybristophilia. You see, this kink is centered on their innate sexual attraction to criminals. Even if they're vicious homosexual cannibals like Jeffrey Dahmer or high-volume murderers like John Wayne Gacy, cons can expect to receive dozens of proposals of marriage as soon as the judge's gavel has come down. Even Richard "the Night Stalker" Ramirez, whose idea of sweet romance involved sodomy, thumbscrews and the removal of his dates eyeballs with a razor knife, still gets sackfuls of perfume-scented mail. (I know this because he wrote to a pal of mine from San Quentin, where Ramirez is currently awaiting his appointment with Old Sparky—or rather, Old Injecty, given that California favors the syringe.)

However, as I don't even own an razor knife, let alone a set of thumbscrews, I settled for committing a minor crime to gauge whether it made my lover any hornier. I considered, then dismissed, shoplifting (too clumsy) and drug dealing (didn't want to take a trip to the inner city), before opting for a traffic offense. Again, as the only vehicle I'm legally allowed to drive is a bicycle, this promised to be relatively consequence-free. As she watched from her window, I pedaled the wrong way up a one-way street, occasionally shouting stuff up to her like "Brekkin' the law!" and "You'll never take me alive, copper!" My little production didn't exactly have her hurling her panties at me, but it did put her in a good mood.

RATING 6/10. Girls love the idea of being Bonnie to your Clyde, while scientists have proved that no one's ever swooned over a prison guard. You do the math. **FHM**

MASTERCLASS

Sex tips that work for novices and swordsmen alike

Q: My girlfriend and I recently tried to make love in the shower, but it didn't really work. Can you suggest a technique?

A: The mistake most couples make in this situation is to merely get under the spray and try to have standing sex. Even if you're lucky enough to be exactly the same height as your partner—and thus able to do it without throwing your back out—you're going to have lots of trouble keeping your grip with all that soap and water splashing around. A far better trick, and one which can be attempted by partners of any size, is for the lady to lean her back against the wall and to brace her feet on the opposite rim of the bath. She can then safely lower herself to the required altitude while you both hump away "sideways on" to the faucet.

Q: My partner likes me to go down on her, but I'm turned off by the taste of her (and any girl's) pussy. Can she flavor it?

A: It could be that you fall into a group known to scientists as supertasters. Basically, this means you have a higher concentration of taste buds on your tongue (as many as 1,100 per square centimeter), and if this is indeed the case, then you probably find things like coffee and curry unpalatable too. According to a *Playboy* survey, as many as 10 percent of men suffer from this condition, and there are really only two things you can do about it. The first is to numb your tongue with an ice-cube before cunnilingus, and the second is to put a substance with a powerful, pleasant flavor on her clitoris. Perhaps the most democratic choice would be sherbet—not only will this mask the natural womanly taste you dislike so much, but it'll also give her a saucy tingle as it froths.

Got a sex query? Then send it to* FHM, *110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY, 10011.

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ANDY RICHTER

The *Late Night* sidekick on quitting Conan, prison life and barbecuing puppies

In the new Robert Altman movie, *Dr. T and the Women*, you play a real jerk.

I'm one of Richard Gere's hunting buddies. In pretty much every scene, Richard is with women because he's a gynecologist. So it's sort of the testosterone break when I'm around. I play the lunk-head who ignores his wife.

Speaking of your wife, I was in Billy's Topless and in strolls Andy Richter with a couple of hot chicks.

Yeah, they were! The one was my wife. We go to Billy's because it's a cool bar. There aren't enough old shitty neighborhood bars in New York. They're friendly at Billy's. More importantly, I hate fake tits. Even when real ones sag, they're sexier. They're as real as they come over there. You get the bruises . . . the tattoos. When I look at big inflated tits, I'm reminded of stuff in a *Popular Mechanics* article—you sort of marvel at the construction. It's funny to see my wife go; she has her favorite girls. She's very loyal with her dollars. It's fun because it's silly, and the fact that there's somebody dancing naked.

Q Is there a makeover in store?
A No makeover. The only thing I've considered is getting lyposuction on my big man-tits.

Who else would you like to watch strip, other than your wife or Conan?

Any one of the presidential candidates. They're all very male, so any one of those guys. That would be good. I'd throw money at them. It would be worth it—it would be great. It wouldn't be sexy, but it would be fun.

We're doing a story on barbecuing. Without getting yourself in trouble with PETA, got any tips for grilling, say, a puppy or a bunny rabbit?

A puppy, I don't know. I can speak more to bunny rabbit. I got no problem with rabbit. I would definitely marinate it first in something herby, maybe rosemary or something. It could probably use a little par boiling, too, which is cooking it in water and bringing it just to boil. I wouldn't put the sauce on it while it was grilling though. You have to be careful because it would dry out quick.

Have any family recipes?

On the backside of pork ribs there's a membrane call meniscus. If you pull that membrane off, which can be quite difficult, it makes for a much better barbecue experience. Pull it off, throw it away. With it on, the flavor won't soak in.

After you eat your rabbit, you end up on the toilet, and there's only one square of toilet paper left. Your voice is shot, so you can't holler for assistance. Do you take a chance on that one square, or do you write a note on it and pass it to the guy in the next stall?

Those are my only choices? I would take the sheet and I would apply it to my dirty ass to create sort of a shield. I would pull my pants up, buckle them and walk a few stalls over to one with paper. Sit down, remove the shield and continue. It's like when you're at home and the phone rings and you have to answer it.

You claim you're lazy. What would Andy Richter consider an extreme sport?

For me, lots of stuff, as a smoker. But golf—with crosschecking like in hockey. Lots of checking. Even when you're driving in your cart. Golf with checking.

How hard is it to come back with those witty responses on *Late Night*?

There are times when I don't. You can't bat a thousand, especially when you're put on the spot. Conan or a guest will go, "What kind of tree would you be?" Sometimes I surprise myself with a good one, and then other times I go, "I don't know." The key to being in front of people is that they just want to see you like, "Uh, I fucked up and . . . oh well."

God—or whoever—says, "You have one minute to change the world, for better or worse." Do you stack the planet with free hookers or get rid of crime?

I would make everybody pick up and move. And they'd have to move on their own, just to shake it up. I'd break up the family. The husband moves to Norway, the wife moves to Peru. Grandma is going off to the Yukon, and Grandpa goes to Akron. That seems like a good plan. It seems like it would make them think outside of their own spheres. Maybe I'd let them move back in a week or two.

Word on the street is that Conan's a little . . . "funny." Has he ever made a pass at you?

He broke up with his longtime girlfriend, and he's kind of dating somebody new . . . so, nope, no passes. If he had made a pass at me, I'd probably notice because he's not that good at making passes. He can be a good actor and liar when he needs to be, though.

How well would you survive in prison?

I've never been in a fight in my life, but I think I'd be all right. I'm adaptable. I think I'd do pretty good. . . .

How about a women's prison?

I'd probably do better in a women's prison because it's more keen to my style of fighting. There's a lot of hair-pulling and stuff. I'm also very good at sleeping. So I'd probably, you know, like a possum, play dead a lot.

Did it ever bother you that you were someone else's sidekick?

I don't give a shit about being a sidekick or what it means. There's no shame in being a supporting player. They give awards for it. I didn't come here because it was my dream to be on a talk show. I came here because I was looking for a job in comedy. And I got it—a great job.

Which guest treated you like crap or didn't shake your hand?

G. Gordon Liddy. Just being around him is kind of creepy. I used to get people making jokes. Then the audience would turn on them, and the guest would learn quickly. This is my fuckin' crowd, don't be making fat cracks about me. Geraldo did it a couple of times. There's no difference making a fat joke from a racist joke. I'm not one to restrict people from making jokes, but fat jokes are just so easy. It's a hurtful thing to say, but it also is just stupid.

You're making the leap into movies. Is there a big Hollywood makeover in store?

I'd like to lose a few pounds. I slouch in places . . . paunchier. It's loosening up instead of congealing. But no makeover. The only thing I've considered is getting lyposuction on my big man-tits. I'd like to get rid of these—that would be nice. I don't think most healthy people look in the mirror and go, "Get a load of me. I am hot." You know? Everybody goes, "Oh, Jesus, look at those freakin' buttocks" or "How does anyone ever fuck me?"

You were looking like a stud when you were voted prom king in high school, though.

Um . . . the catch is that there are five people who get picked for the homecoming court. And then they can't get picked for prom too. So I was sixth most popular. The crown they put on me was made out of a ricotta cheese tub. They glued fake jewels and slapped fur and velvet on it.

What's the strangest thing you've ever stolen?

I was never much of a lawbreaker. I've never really stolen anything. I'm more into victimless crimes. Things other than prostitution . . . if you know what I'm talking about. I'll indulge in that.

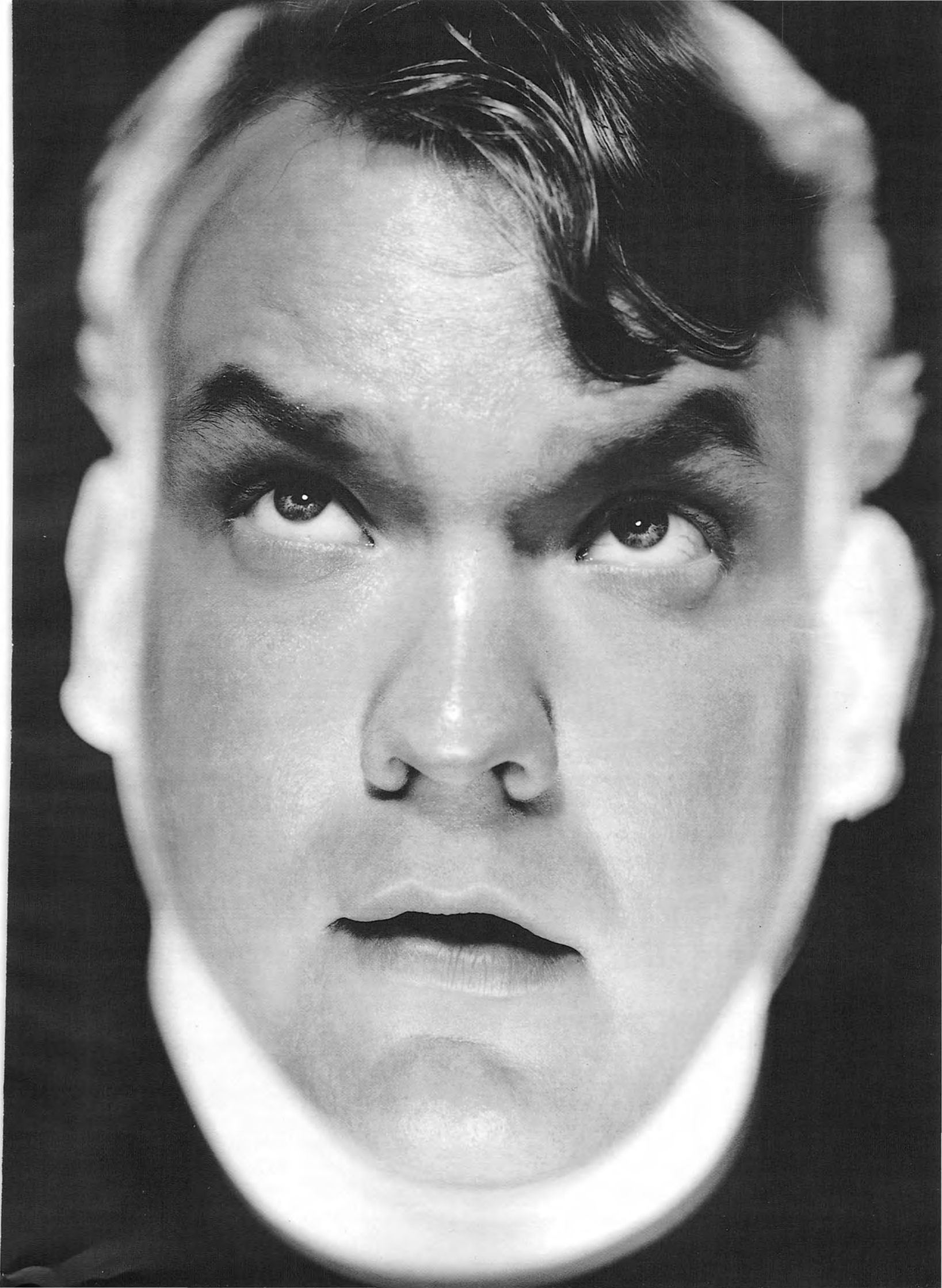
We're doing a story in this issue on women's secret fantasies. Do you think your wife has any about you?

One night being her slave and one night being her master—alternating nights. There's this couple we know who used to be into S&M, and they'd say, "Who's the dominant one in your relationship?" It's like, who wants somebody groveling at your feet or who wants someone telling you what to do all the time?

Like on your skit "In the year 2000," finish this: Andy Richter's globe-shaped head . . .

Andy Richter's globe-shaped head will set the trend for cranial enhancement. It's the hot new plastic surgery technique—"cranial enlargement." **FHM**

Interview by Tony Romando
Photograph by Len Irish



"The tattoo on my arm is for my cousin Paul who killed himself"

10 things you didn't know about... Kid Rock

Few men in America have dared to combine the bright red warm-up suit with the white fur coat. And hat

INTERVIEW BY TONY ROMANDO • PHOTOGRAPHY BY DANNY CLINCH

As a kid, I had only been to hip-hop shows and there was always some ignorant motherfucker up in your face dickin' with you," announces the self-appointed Voice of the Trailer Park, Kid Rock. "Then I went to a Hank Williams Jr. concert, and there was none of that." Driven by this revelation, Rock envisioned a new type of music that mixed rap with rock, white with black, city with suburbs. And it worked: the 1998 release, *Devil Without A Cause*, has sold more than six million copies. But before Kid Rock mutated into the fur-wearing, arena-filling king pimp of today, he was plain old Bob Ritchie, a middle-class punk from the suburbs of Detroit who did yard work, went on family vacations and created plenty of action for the local police force. And that's not all. . . .

1 He discovered a market for oregano cigarettes when he was eight years old
I was in the third grade and I had this neighbor friend. I saw older kids roll joints, so I figured I'd give it a try. I rolled a joint with oregano—a big, fat one. But I was like, "I'm not smoking this," so I sold it to the kid next door for four dollars. He took it home and tried to smoke it, and his old man busted him. His dad was a guidance counselor. He came over bitching to my folks, but they couldn't care less. I eventually smoked a real one, but you know, a kid's got to make a buck or two, right? I had a legitimate scam and I knew it.

2 He employed a crack tester
When I was selling crack I would, well, when you first get your rock, you have to check it to make sure it's good. I didn't smoke the stuff back then. It was a sin to touch it, it wasn't cool at all. So I used to test it on this guy David. He would come to the parking lot where my friends and I were hanging, and he'd break someone's car antenna off and check the crack for me. He'd be jacked up and work me for hours and hours trying to get some for free. And I'd let him work me because it was so entertaining. He was so screwed up. I'd break off a piece for him every now and then just because he was keeping me entertained. He was such a character; he was the chore boy. I never had any deals go bad, though. It was me and my friends standing around in the parking lot—you know, churning out bullshit, drinking 40s—and I was making some cash.

3 He uses his money to taunt his dad
My dad always worked his ass off, and I do too. I get that from him. But there was a time when he was driving me crazy. He wanted me to sell cars with him, and I didn't want any part of that. So every million-dollar check I get now, I photocopy it and send it to him. I'm like, "What do you think of that one?" Then, "Whoa . . . here's another one. And look here, here's another one. Oh man, what's that now? Six of them in the last month?" He used to do that crap, too, though. I remember when I was about seven, he whipped out this check for a pretty good amount of cash, like $200,000, and I was impressed. Now, I pull one out for three mill and I'm like, "What do you think of that one?" I don't sell cars, man. He was always going off on his own goofy trip.

4 He pretends to know strangers
I've never had one of those traumatic experiences or life lessons from getting shafted. I realized as a kid that it's just about treating people the same way I'd want to be treated. I know it's hard to do that all the time, and you can't just turn it on and turn it off. You got to go with the flow and go with it the best you can. It's like now though, when someone says hi to me, and I don't hear it and keep walking, then I'm a dick, an asshole. People love for me to pretend like I know them. Even if I don't, they just love for me to pretend like I do around their friends. I met them eight months ago, and I don't remember who they are, but I fake like I do. People give praise for it. They're like, "Wow, you remembered . . . you're so cool . . . no one else would but you, Rock." I don't have a good memory at all. My memory is shot. I'm burnt. People don't understand that I just don't want to be bothered. But I treat them the way I'd want to be treated.

"People love for me to pretend like I know them"

5 He doesn't like being double-crossed
I was living in a little house in this town called Romeo. I had this guy living with me, so my son, Bob Jr., had to sleep in the closet. And I was paying all the bills. Then I found out this scumbag who worked for me was keeping the show deposits and telling me the promoters were screwing us over. I knew he was doing a lot of blow, so I started calling the venues and had them fax me the cancelled checks. I went through his briefcase and found more proof. So we were coming back from a show, and he was in the van in front of me. He was speeding for Detroit, and I knew he just wanted to go to the coke spot. I chased him down. We were on the side of highway 131, and I'm like, "You son of a bitch," and started going off on him. He was like, "I don't need to take this from you." And that's when I snatched all my money out of his briefcase and found his little vial. I was like, "Steal from me? I'm trying to raise my kid, and I'm letting you sleep on my couch. I'm paying the bills." I beat his ass and left him there. The next day I tried to give him a beating again. I said, "Come off the porch, old man. You got one more comin'."

6 His mother worked him like a farm hand
One time my mom was bitching at me to get a job and calling me a bum. I had my share of jobs. I worked at Kmart as a kid. She was like, "You're not gonna sit around this goddamn house all day playing in your room with all that electronic junk you got." So I worked around the house. I did all the push mowing and my brother did the rider mowing. It sucked. We had about 300 apple trees in our yard and a rock garden, so I'd start on a Thursday after school and finish up on, like, Saturday. It was about six hours of push mowing and trimming. I'd get up and work every weekend: cut down trees, build log piles, paint fences, go rock picking. Eventually I split.

7 He is hopeless with a shotgun
I was pretty young and hanging with a couple of friends, and this kid said something to me smart, and I said something back to him smart. There were six of them and three of us. My two friends were nothing though. So I ran out to the parking lot and the

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six guys followed. I pulled a shotgun on them. I'm a little nervous at this point. The last thing I wanted was to go to jail for this stupid thing. I'm pointing the gun at them, and this kid keeps coming at me, and all this madness was going through my head. I'm getting a little petrified now. So I raise the gun thinking I should fire a warning shot. I aim toward the street to let one fly. I let it fly all right. There was nothing in the bastard. I forgot to put shells in it. The kid notices it, and all the dudes rushed me and piled on. I tried to smack the one kid with the gun, but I completely missed. They had me down and were throwing punches. I had one kid by the head and nailed him good. The only good thing was that I didn't get arrested. But when I got my record deal, I took the band out, and we got all loaded and started brawling with some bouncers and cops. We spent the night in the clink.

8 He used to steal bowling balls

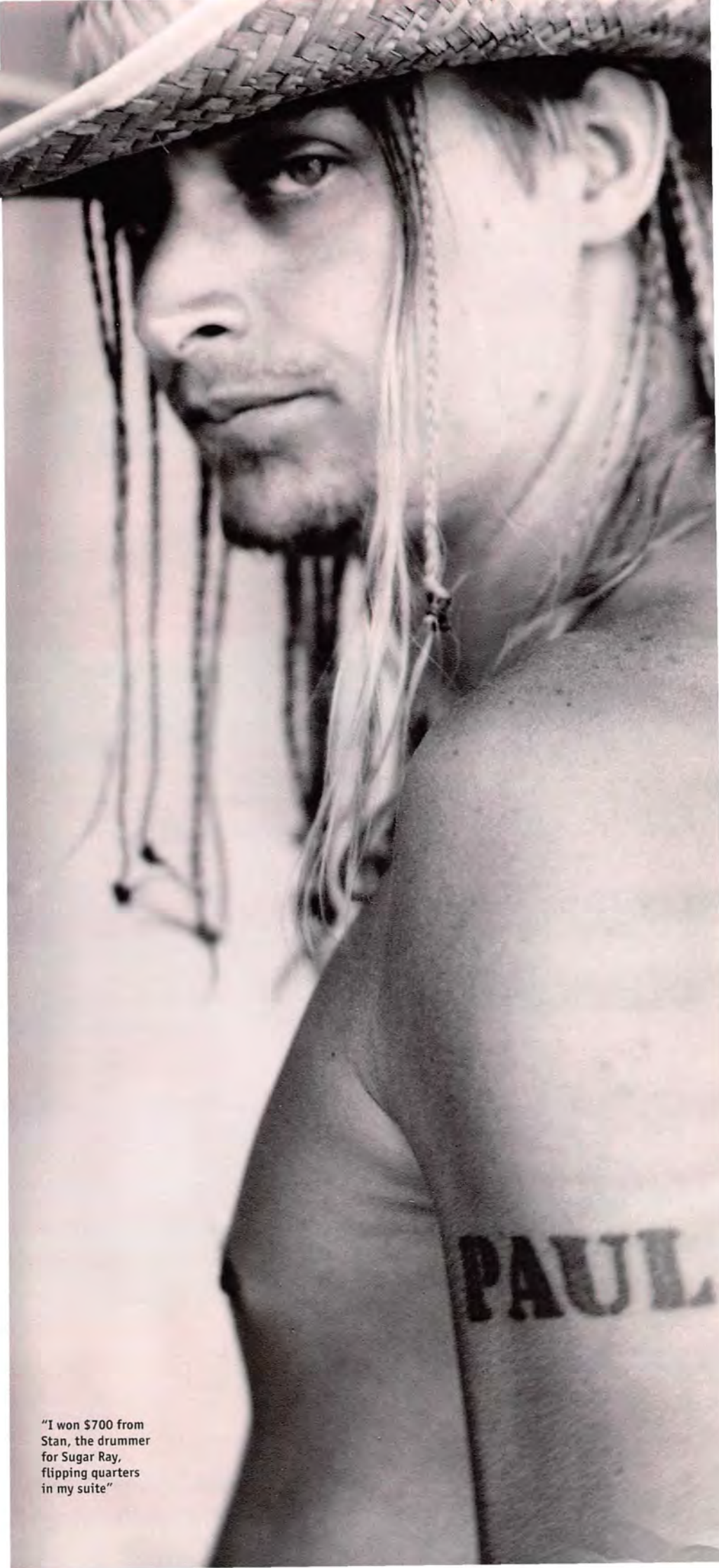
I gambled as a kid, but not all crazy. I was busy playing football, basketball, skiing. I was pretty good. It came easy to me. I spent a lot of time in the bowling alley, too, but always in the arcade. We used to steal the bowling balls on the way out and throw them down the street into cars. These days I like to do stupid stuff like drop dollars. I'm a roulette man. I like the slots, where you can get a drink and relax. I love to crank that thing. A couple of weeks ago we took the Warner Brothers private jet from Philly to Vegas and macked for the day. I won $700 bucks from Stan, the drummer for Sugar Ray, flipping quarters in my suite. It was heads or tails for $100 a pop. I took all his money, every cent he had on him.

9 His brother only has one leg

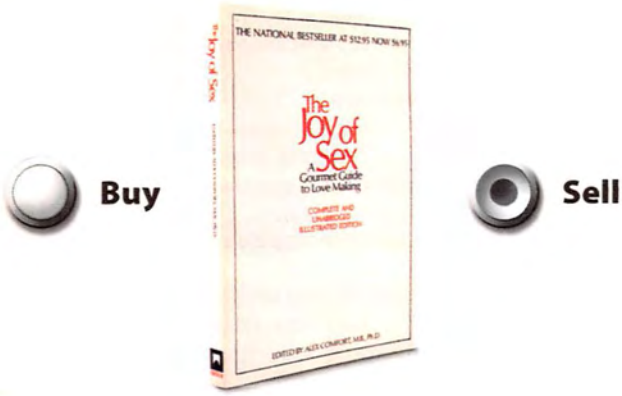
We were on the tractor, and it started to rain a little bit, and my brother fell underneath it and lost his leg. I watched the whole thing. I didn't want to visit him in rehab. That's scary for a kid. My mom was pissed off, but he didn't care that I didn't visit him. We're pretty tight. And the tattoo on my arm is for my cousin Paul who killed himself. I got all wasted and went to the tattoo joint to get his name on me and got so loaded that they wouldn't finish it. So I never got the R.I.P. put on.

10 His dad kicked his grandparents out of the family ski trip

My family seems a little strange. We used to take vacations to Disney like everyone else. All the normal family crap. I take my son to Wet 'n Wild too. One time we went skiing, the whole family. We got up there and my dad was just being a total freak. He got so pissed at my grandparents, he threw them out and told them not to come back—in the middle of the goddamn night. He said they were being dumb. They were my mom's parents on top of it. All of our vacations sucked. That's how the old man was. He doesn't take any shit. And neither do I. **FHM**



"I won $700 from Stan, the drummer for Sugar Ray, flipping quarters in my suite"



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THE SECRET LIFE OF YOUR GIRLFRIEND

You think you've explored her sexual universe, right? Well, think again

BY ATHENA DOURIS • ILLUSTRATION BY MARK ZINCARELLI

Some mysteries, such as why the inside of your refrigerator always looks like a science project, are easily solvable. But what your girlfriend thinks about every day? Well, if the wrong answer meant certain death, you know you'd be filling out that last will and testament. To avoid such an unhappy occurrence, *FHM* has spared no expense to take you on a detailed tour over the sexual peaks and through the erotic valleys of the female brain. What was found there might surprise or even shock you, but then the truth often does.

She has gruesome fantasies

There's no reason to feel guilty for imagining slapping tummies with your boss' wife for only the millionth time this week. Your girlfriend's fantasies are as tasteless as yours—perhaps more so.

For instance...

Yes, her pantyhose get slick when she thinks about being with a woman, with an older man or with two boys—those, along with food sex, are the most common female fantasies. But she also has "crazy submissive fantasies about being tied up and entertaining dozens of people," insists Lucia, 23. More women than you'd think have outrageous and original fantasies, including sordid flings with the most unlikely, unappealing and funny-looking individuals from this planet and beyond, in all manner of permutations.

When it happens

Your girlfriend comes up with these fine gems when she's lying in bed alone. Then, the next time you're consummating your love, she'll drag that fantasy back out to assist her.

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

At least 90 percent of women have fantasies. Perhaps 10 percent have some of the more extreme ones described above, although it's impossible to tell, as women carefully guard that part of their life.

When you should start worrying

When she starts hanging out with carnies, it's time to panic, but most fantasies are just that—fantasies. And if she wants to make them come true, you can always write a book about it.

She's addicted to self-pollution

Because the female sex has no need for tissues, all locales are tempting, not just the shower. And when your girlfriend touches herself, she comes harder and longer—not to mention, every time she tries. This all makes her look upon the the five-finger shuffle quite fondly.

For instance...

"On dates, I would have to excuse myself in the middle of dinner, go in the bathroom and give myself a quickie in the stall," says 24-year-old Alyssa. "I was doing it about eight times a day."

Your girlfriend diddles herself in her car while driving and when talking on the phone with you. ("I guess that's creepy, but..." says Helen, 25.) She uses her hands, sex toys and home appliances.

When it happens

If you're not fulfilling your duties, she's getting frisky with herself to make up the difference; if you are, she's doing it to quiet the fires. If she's just bought a vibrator, she'll buzz as many as five times a day for the next six months (women have been known to bury their vibrator in

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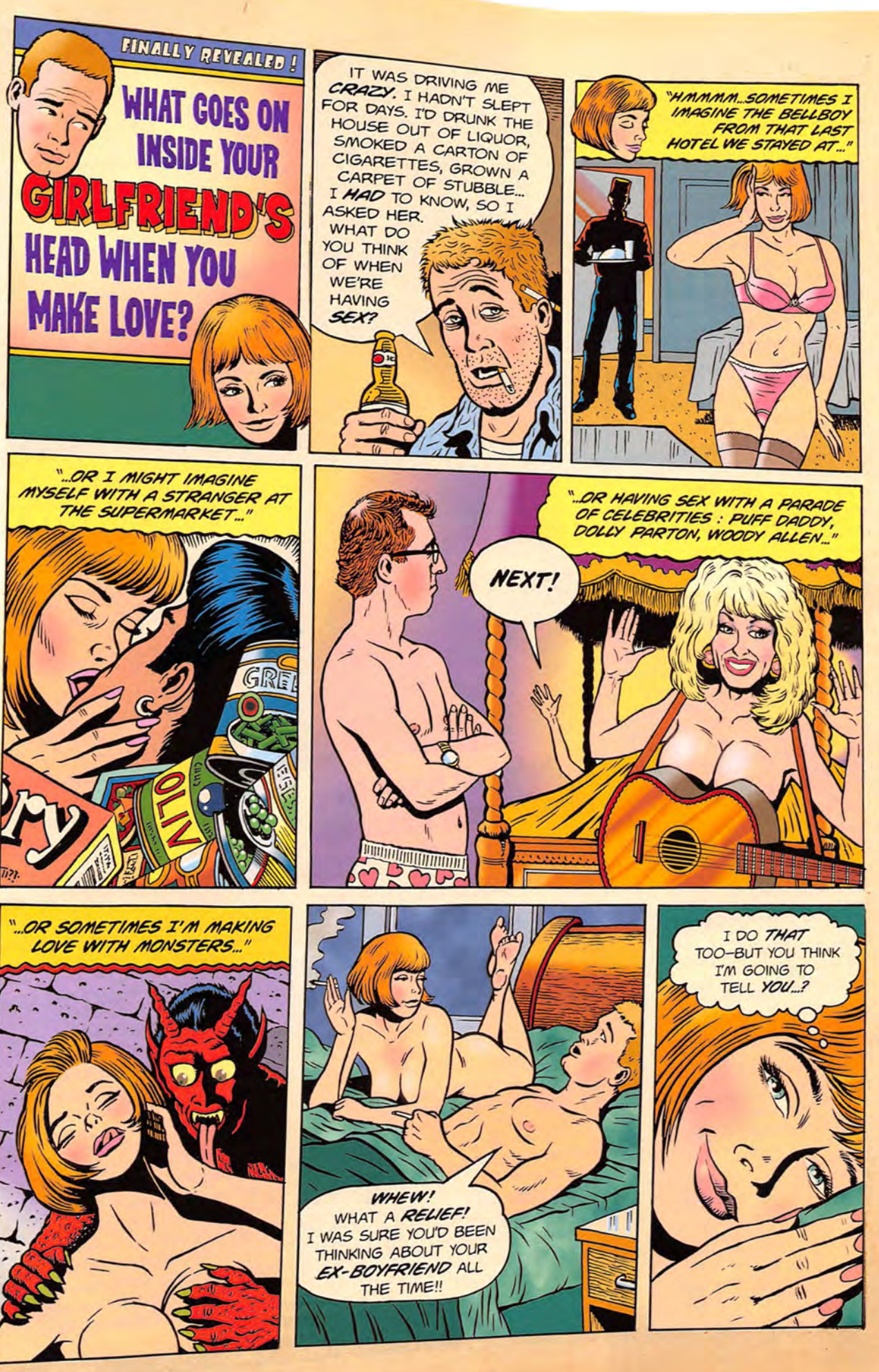
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"HMMMM...SOMETIMES I IMAGINE THE BELLBOY FROM THAT LAST HOTEL WE STAYED AT..."
"...OR I MIGHT IMAGINE MYSELF WITH A STRANGER AT THE SUPERMARKET..."
"...OR HAVING SEX WITH A PARADE OF CELEBRITIES : PUFF DADDY, DOLLY PARTON, WOODY ALLEN..."
NEXT!
"...OR SOMETIMES I'M MAKING LOVE WITH MONSTERS..."
WHEW! WHAT A RELIEF! I WAS SURE YOU'D BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOUR EX-BOYFRIEND ALL THE TIME!!
I DO THAT TOO–BUT YOU THINK I'M GOING TO TELL YOU...?

their backyards to keep from using it).

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

While women's magazines don't hesitate to interrogate men about how often they go solo, they get finicky when it comes to asking ladies the same question. But speculations say 90 percent of women jill-off some of the time.

When you should start worrying

Worry only when she complains that the habit has begun to control her. That once happened to Alyssa, but a counselor diagnosed her with anxiety, not nymphomania. After a few months on Zoloft, Alyssa is able to self-love at a level that's comfortable. She credits having the freedom to masturbate in front of her boyfriend with calming her mania. "Of course, I still like to touch myself. I can't stop that!"

She's cheating on you

When your father was your age, he never worried about your mom stepping out with the help—she was more likely to grow a third ear. But you don't have it so easy; your girlfriend is just as likely to do a little fornicating on the side as you are.

For instance...

Emily, 26, cheated on J.R., her boyfriend of two years, with dozens of men, even though she says she still adored J.R. "I had moved into my own apartment, and he had moved back in with his parents," she says. "Right after I settled in, I walked to the neighborhood bar, picked up a man and slept with him. I went a little nuts. I was there every night and brought home someone different each time." Emily says she always knew she needed multiple partners to be sexually satisfied. Now she's in an open relationship and her fibbing has stopped.

When it happens

You can be sure your girl finds temptation—and succumbs—in all kinds of common situations. If she's away at college, she's probably fallen into bed with at least one student. And if she's in her 20s, pay close attention. This is the time when she's most eager to stray (for you, it's your 30s).

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

There's a 50 percent chance that she'll cheat if you've exchanged vows, with the odds only slightly lower if you're not hitched (in that case, it's only for lack of opportunity).

When you should start worrying

Panic should set in when she drastically changes her hair, eyebrows, clothing or gym routine. It's a bad sign, too, if she's taken up a new hobby, but talks you out of tagging along.

Dolores loved exhibiting her size 12s

Pocahontas didn't care much for the new girl

Intense prayer brought Rodney his wish

If she's just bought a vibrator, she'll buzz as many as five times a day for the next six months

She thinks about others while you're having sex

The girl from your local Taco Bell keeps popping into your mind when you're servicing your lady. Would you believe that the girl from Taco Bell keeps popping into her mind, too?

For instance...

"What don't I think about when I'm sleeping with Andrew?" wonders Claire, 29. "Everything from the guy I'm obsessed with at work, to people I've had sex dreams about the night before, to my female friends." Her most frequent thought? "Men stroking themselves. I find that so arousing."

Other ladies harbor more narcissistic fare. "Lingerie turns me on," says Lily, 24. "I love garters and panties and stockings, and if I'm wearing them during sex, I think about that."

When it happens

If you've just met, you have her attention. But as soon as you're familiar, you've lost your draw. And unless you have a sixth sense, you'll never be able to tell when she's thinking about you and when she's not.

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

Eighty-four percent of women can't stay focused on their partner at least some of the time, with 22 percent of women's focus straying either "most" or "all of the time."

When you should start worrying

If she frequently imagines your next-door neighbor, it could be that she prefers your next-door neighbor—but you'll find that out soon enough, when you get your "Dear John" Post-it.

She sometimes gets bored in bed

If she's lousy in the sack, you're probably not about to alert your buddies. But your girlfriend *will* tell her friends about you. She has certainly engaged in "my sex was worse than yours" competitions.

For instance...

"My boyfriend Trevor was the worst," complains Sasha, 26. "There was no diversion from the missionary position. We didn't touch each other, we didn't watch pornography, we didn't talk dirty. If there was anything that you had to have a sense of humor about or take with a grain of salt, like using toys, he refused. You know, 'Either plain sex, or no sex at all.' I'm so glad that's over!"

When it happens

If you've been having sex with her for more than three months, you're at risk of boring her. You're certainly trying her patience if you always love her in exactly the same order; if you think intercourse is the only kind of mating there is; if you never go down; or if your credo is "quantity over quality."

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

We couldn't find a survey that asked women, "Have you ever counted ceiling tiles?" but it has to be close to 99 percent. (And the one percent that says their sex is always grand—they're those irritating,

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optimistic types that you might be able to sleep with, but you certainly don't want to talk to afterwards.)

When you should start worrying

There's no way back for you if she falls asleep seconds after you take off her bra (that happened to Zola, 19). Likewise if she hops out of bed immediately afterward to check her voice mail, pager and e-mail, leaves her watch on when she gets under the covers, or asks to stop in the middle.

She'd like to share her love around

It's no national secret that making two legs-for-miles blondes squeal in unison is the top-rated sexual fantasy of all breathing men. Can you believe that your girlfriend would like to make that dream come true, if only you would quell her fears?

For instance...

"Sharing doesn't threaten me," says Lily. "I know my boyfriend, Jason, is not about to fall in love with someone else." With her it occurs naturally—like when she, Jason, and their friend Eric were all hanging out one night at the park. "We all started kissing," she says. "And we started fooling around. They both pleasured me at the same time."

Lily's had some bad experiences (one lover left her for a girl they'd shacked up with), but she's bounced back. "You have to picture your lover with someone else and think that's hot," she says. "If the thought makes you sick, don't do it."

Leo waited impatiently for his posse

Fire Chief Bill's sex change was a success

Emeril's new broth had some special ingredients

There's no way back if she falls asleep seconds after you take off her bra

When it happens

They happen when the girl's bisexual or open, the boyfriend isn't insanely jealous and there's trust all around.

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

At least 50 percent of women admit to fantasizing about taking two guys at once; 30 percent imagine getting it on with another woman. Of course, this is fantasy, not reality, but then 61 percent of women say they've made their sexual fantasies come true.

When you should start worrying

You should worry if you find yourself getting dragged into having sex with girls you don't find attractive. In a decent relationship, you find a third wheel you both like. And if she won't put out unless it's a ménage à trois, then maybe she's a lesbian! And what a nice way to find out!

She enjoys pornography

Your girlfriend can't hold back the "bad hair, bad boob job, bad skin" comments when she sees your favorite porno. But even if your collection makes her want to barf, that doesn't mean she hates it all.

For instance...

The two biggest barriers to women getting off on porn are 1) the men and 2) the women. "I like watching it, so long as the guys are not totally disgusting like Ron Jeremy," explains Lucia. "And I hate how the women have fake money shots," says Georgia, 23. "That's not a turn-on."

Still, Lucia is fond of "odd freak-show stuff, you know, like when a guy does "the Suzie" (think *Crying Game* tuck-under)," and what universities amusingly call "gender specific erotica," such as guy flicks: "Both boys are hot, and it's all real."

When it happens

Your girlfriend won't go out and rent a porno by herself, thanks to the sleazy men patrolling the store. But if you've been in the relationship for a while, and you're sensitive to her preferences, she may want to make a selection with you.

If so, you're in for a reward. According to Lucia, her first out-of-control experience can be credited to a porno flick: "I was watching this porno with my ex-boyfriend, soon after we'd broken up. I started masturbating aggressively in front of him, and then forced him—OK, didn't so, of course, I'm able to see into all my neighbors' apartments and I assume they can see into mine, too. When I'm alone, I imagine that the guy across the way is watching me and getting off on it. So I'm lying on my couch feeling sexy, and he's standing in the window across the street really getting off on me. The more I get carried away with myself, the more excited he gets too: you can guess the rest.

Samantha, advertising, 33

You naughty girl! When her dirty mind runs wild with fantasy, chances are you're not even in the subplot

"My best friend is a dancer and has this hot body: long legs, small but perfectly round breasts and this amazing flat stomach. I have this fantasy that I come home from work and I walk in on her and my boyfriend in bed together. She's on top, riding him, and he's reaching up and massaging her breasts. Then I get naked and join in. Or I imagine that I'm in bed with my best friend and my boyfriend walks in on us. I think I might actually make it happen."

Fiona, actress, 26

"I'm dating a guy who has the cutest roommate. When I'm staying over there, I fantasize that the guy I'm seeing falls asleep after we have sex and his roommate sneaks into the room and very quietly crawls into bed with me. He's naked and he has a huge hard-on, but we can't have sex because the shaking of the bed would wake my boyfriend, so instead he just lies next to me and touches me. I have this huge orgasm, but I have to bite my lip to keep from screaming out loud. I masturbate to this fantasy all the time while my boyfriend is asleep in the bed next to me."

Romi, grad student, 23

"If my boyfriend's going down on me, I obviously can't see his face, so I can pretend he's whoever I want him to be. Most of the time I fantasize that he's one of my ex-boyfriends, but occasionally I'll imagine he's a celebrity actor or rock star. George Clooney's been down there, so has Lenny Kravitz. And, though I'm not sure it's entirely legal, that kid from Hanson (the cute one) has been down there too."

Jenn, photographer, 27

"I live in New York

"But we found it under daddy's bed"

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force, it was easy—to have crazy, mad sex."

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

An overwhelming 45 percent of women watch a porno to get in the mood. Only 28 percent of women won't touch it with a stick, and for all we know, they've only seen bad examples.

When to start worrying

If she refuses to have nookie when the VCR breaks, she has a problem. And you have a problem.

She's more promiscuous than Clinton

Your sexual history requires its own floor at the Library of Congress and the notches on her belt should be made on a paper clip—right? There's a distinct possibility that your bashful lover has, in fact, had as many playmates as you—or more.

For instance...

Helen was in a serious relationship for seven years, from age 15 to 22. Once her boyfriend was out of the picture, she made up for lost time quickly, making love all the way across the continental US and Europe at a rate that "surprised even me," she admits.

When it happens

Helen picked up nine people in one summer—not uncommon for a woman getting over a long relationship and traveling a lot. Girls who've earned their master's degree (but not their Ph.D.) and are cigarette smokers rack up the most sexual partners—keep that in mind.

After the debate, Gore and Bradley liked to party

At least 50 percent of women admit to fantasizing about taking two guys at once

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

Surveys say that only a small percentage of women have more than 10 partners, but professionals say that's low.

When to start worrying

There's no reason to worry about a woman who's taken more sex-cardio classes than other women. She might be better in the sack.

She's having "eye sex" left and right

You know those times when you spot a girl on the subway or at the supermarket and your imagination takes over? Women get that too.

For instance...

"There was this one guy who worked at the coffee shop near my work," says Kaye, 27. "He had really long dreads and fine skin. When I saw him I thought, 'How about right here, right now?' Then there was the Asian boy at Safeway—I wanted to take him in the back alley behind the store when he was on his break."

Kidman and Cruise had two tickets to paradise

The Presidential package includes all the classics

When it happens

She mentally undresses men while bored (think sales meetings) or relaxed (poolside). But even if she's tense or deathly ill, let one good-looking specimen smile at her, and she'll picture him putting on the performance of a lifetime.

Chances that this applies to your girlfriend

About 30 percent of women have eye sex frequently, while the other 70 percent save it up for those special occasions.

When to start worrying

If she gets naked with every waiter in the neighborhood, she's taking the eye sex thing a bit too far. And if she feels the urge to tell you about every guy she's had ideas about, that's just rude. But if it stays in her brain, or if she only shares it to titillate you, you've got nothing to complain about. **FHM**

You naughty girl!

When her dirty mind runs wild with fantasy, chances are you're not even in the subplot

"I have a real thing for firemen, and every day when I walk past the firehouse on my way home from work I watch them washing their truck. By the time I get home, I'm just so hot. So I run right upstairs and jump into bed and imagine that I've started a fire on purpose in the hallway. The hotter I get, the bigger the flames are until I hear the pounding of an ax on my door and in burst six of the burliest Irish firemen you've ever seen. Or sometimes in comes the bald bouncer from *The Jerry Springer Show*."
Michelle, bartender, 23

"My boss and I have been flirting for a while, but nothing has happened because we're both in relationships, and when we socialize together, his wife and my boyfriend are always there. But a lot of times we'll work really late and end up being the last two people at the office. I constantly fantasize that after everyone's gone, I just pull down his zipper and start blowing him. At first he tries to protest, but I just keep sucking until he gives in. After that, we never talk about it again, and it's business as usual."
Jillian, designer, 30

"Even though I live with a man and consider myself to be totally heterosexual, I find myself fantasizing about women. When my boyfriend and I are having sex, I close my eyes and imagine that I'm being touched all over by a beautiful naked woman, usually Latin or Asian. Sometimes there are two women and they're both touching me. Of course, when I open my eyes and see my boyfriend, it brings me back to reality, but he makes it really easy for me to imagine. . . ."
Rachel, magazine editor, 28

Marilyn swapped her pants for a pool cue

"When the guy I live with is out with his friends, I watch his porn and imagine that I'm the women in the movies and that the men are people I know. I use my vibrator and try to time my orgasm with the come shot. If it doesn't sync up, I rewind and try again. Then I put the videos back where he hides them."
Allison, public relations, 29

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FHM SEX SURVEY FOR WOMEN 2000

Ladies! Do you agree that your partners have no idea about your needs and desires in the sexual arena? Would you like to do something to right this ancient wrong and win some money? Then use a good honest pencil, complete this questionnaire, send it to the scientists at *FHM* and you could be one of five lucky winners of $100 cash.

SEX WITH YOUR BOYFRIEND

1. How would you rate sex with your boyfriend? ☐ Always fantastic ☐ Sometimes fantastic, but mostly just functional ☐ Rarely better than OK ☐ Dull

2. Has sex with your boyfriend become better or worse over time? ☐ Better ☐ Worse

3. How often do you and your boyfriend have sex? ☐ Seven or more times a week ☐ More than three times a week ☐ One to three times a week ☐ About once every other week ☐ About once a month ☐ Once or twice a year ☐ We don't have sex anymore

4. How often do you *want* to have sex with your boyfriend? ☐ Seven or more times a week More than three times a week ☐ One to three times a week ☐ About once every other week ☐ About once a month ☐ Once or twice a year ☐ I don't ever want to have sex with him again

5. My sex drive is . . . ☐ Higher than my boyfriend's ☐ Lower than my boyfriend's ☐ About the same as my boyfriend's

6. What is most likely to put you in the mood for sex? ☐ Being cooked a romantic meal by my boyfriend ☐ Being bought presents by my boyfriend ☐ A flirtatious encounter with a good-looking stranger ☐ Watching a porn movie

7. What is your attitude about performing oral sex? ☐ The more, the better ☐ Not unpleasant, and I like to give him pleasure ☐ I'll do it for him if he'll give me head as well ☐ I'd rather not, except on special occasions ☐ It's disgusting—I won't do it

8. What's the best move that your boyfriend pulls in bed?

9. And is there anything your boyfriend does which is a total passion killer for you? ☐ Yes (Explain) ☐ No

10. Has your boyfriend ever failed to get it up? ☐ Yes ☐ No

11. How often does he make you come? ☐ Always ☐ Sometimes ☐ Never

12. Was the best sex you ever had with your current boyfriend? ☐ Yes ☐ No

13. Describe the best sex you've ever had and explain why it was so good.

14. What one tip would you give your boyfriend to improve his technique?

15. Have you ever fantasized about sex with another man during sex with your partner? ☐ Yes ☐ No

16. If you answered yes to #15, about who?

17. What's your favorite sexual position? ☐ Missionary ☐ You on top ☐ Kneeling ☐ Other (Please specify)

18. What one question about men would you like answered to improve your technique?

RELATIONSHIPS

19. Are you still in touch with your last boyfriend? ☐ Yes ☐ No

20. If yes, does your current boyfriend know about it? ☐ Yes ☐ No

21. Do you still harbor any desire for your last boyfriend? ☐ Yes ☐ No

22. Would you trust your boyfriend to go out for an evening with his ex? ☐ Yes ☐ No

23. What are you most likely to argue about with your current boyfriend? ☐ Sex ☐ Money ☐ Not spending enough time together ☐ Infidelity ☐ Jealousy ☐ Always being taken for granted

24. What's the worst fight you had with him?

25. Have you ever lied to your current boyfriend? ☐ Yes ☐ No

26. If so, what's the biggest lie you've ever told?

27. If you could change one thing about your boyfriend, what would it be?

28. Why do you stay with your boyfriend? ☐ I love him because he's gorgeous ☐ He makes me feel secure ☐ Out of habit ☐ He would fall apart without me ☐ He's great in bed

29. Do you lust after any of your boyfriend's friends? ☐ Yes ☐ No

30. If yes, would you go for it if he came on to you? ☐ Yes ☐ No

31. Which of these would make you dump your boyfriend? (You can check more than one box) ☐ If he cheated on you ☐ If he became impotent ☐ If he was infertile ☐ If he was awful in bed ☐ If he started making unusual sexual requests ☐ If he started to go bald ☐ If he got fat ☐ If he lost a limb ☐ If you met someone who looked as if he might be a better bet

32. In all honesty, do you think you'll marry your current boyfriend? ☐ Yes ☐ No

33. And would you say yes if he asked you to marry him? ☐ Yes ☐ No

34. Can you imagine staying faithful to your boyfriend for the rest of your life? ☐ Yes ☐ No

ON THE PROWL

35. Where do you go to meet men? ☐ Bars ☐ Clubs ☐ Parties ☐ Gym ☐ Work functions ☐ Other (please specify)

EVERETT

SEX SURVEY FOR WOMEN

36. What's the worst pick-up line a man has used on you?

37. How many one-night stands have you had?
☐ None ☐ 1-5 ☐ 6-10 ☐ 11-20
☐ 21-30 ☐ More than 30 (specify)

38. What's the shortest time you've ever gone from meeting a man to sleeping with him?

39. What's the location of your steamiest sex session?

40. How often will you go to bed with someone the first night? ☐ Always
☐ Sometimes ☐ Never

41. Have you ever had an office affair?
☐ Yes ☐ No

42. If yes, who with and how did it happen?

43. And how did it end?

44. Have you ever had sex in your office?
☐ Yes ☐ No

45. Would you cheat if guaranteed that your boyfriend wouldn't find out?
☐ Yes ☐ No

SEXUAL HISTORY

46. At what age did you lose your virginity?

47. Where did it happen?

48. Was it a satisfactory experience?
☐ Yes ☐ No

49. If no, what went wrong?

50. Would you consider being with another woman? ☐ Yes ☐ No

51. How many people have you slept with?

52. How many people does your boyfriend think you've slept with?

53. Have you ever practiced polyamory—you, another woman and a man? ☐ Yes ☐ No

54. You and two men? ☐ Yes ☐ No

55. Would you swing with another woman if your boyfriend asked? ☐ Yes ☐ No

56. What's the longest you've ever been without sex since losing your virginity?

57. Describe, in as much detail as possible, your favorite sexual fantasy.

58. What's the most unusual thing a guy has asked you to do?

59. Is there anything unusual that gives you a sexual thrill? ☐ Yes (Details, please) ☐ No

60. In the past, I've slept with . . . (Again, you can check more than one box) ☐ A married man ☐ One of my friend's boyfriends ☐ One of my boyfriend's friends

61. If you could erase one sexual experience from your life, what would it be?

62. What's the most despicable thing a boyfriend has done to you?

63. And how did you take revenge?

64. What's the most despicable thing you have ever done to a boyfriend?

QUESTIONS TO SCARE HIM

65. What's the worst thing about your boyfriend's body?

66. And what's the best thing?

67. If you found a new boyfriend had a small penis, would you dump him?
☐ Yes ☐ No

68. My boyfriend's package is . . .
☐ Bigger than average ☐ About average
☐ Smaller than average

69. If a boyfriend asked you whether you thought he was well endowed and he wasn't, would you answer truthfully? ☐ Yes ☐ No

70. What one thing would turn you off a man immediately?

71. What's the most laughable thing a man has ever said to you while having sex?

72. Tell us a sex secret you would never be able to tell your boyfriend.

73. Do you share intimate details about your boyfriend's sexual technique with your girlfriends? ☐ Yes ☐ No

74. If your boyfriend were famous, what story could you tell the papers about him?

75. I confess that I've . . . (Check as many boxes as you need) ☐ Had sex with a man without knowing his name ☐ Had more than one lover in 24 hours ☐ Used or withheld sex to get what I wanted in another area of the relationship (If so, tell us what you did)

☐ Been unfaithful to my current boyfriend
☐ Videotaped myself and my boyfriend having sex

76. Are you . . . ☐ Single ☐ In a relationship but not living together ☐ In several relationships
☐ Living with your boyfriend ☐ Married

YOUR DETAILS

Nobody's name will be published, but if you want to try for one of the five $100 prizes, fill in these details. Otherwise, leave it blank.

Name Age
Address

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WORLD CLASS

She wears a bikini to work and the planet's sexiest beaches are her office. It's *Wild On*'s Jules Asner!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARRY HOLLYWOOD • INTERVIEW BY JAKE BRONSTEIN

JULES ASNER

People mail me Bibles and ask me stuff such as which of my toes is the longest

It doesn't take much—being forced to wear last year's fashions, the wrong melon in a dressing room or any disturbance to their lap dog—to produce a tantrum of epic proportions from most television types. Thankfully, Jules Asner is not like most.

Once you manage to get past her supple supermodel build and all the assumptions that that go with it, it's clear that 28-year-old Jules has an appetite for adventure. Nothing seems to faze this former Elite model—not the disgusting cuisine of exotic destinations, the death-defying stunts she often attempts, or most certainly, the multitude of fans who feel compelled to send her the kinds of gifts that would leave most celebrities cowering behind locked doors. Not your average lifestyle, but one that Jules, the host of E! Entertainment Television's popular *Wild On* series and the co-host of *E! News Daily*, seems to enjoy.

On the day before Valentine's Day (also the day before her birthday)—one of the few days she has at home in LA in between *Wild On* trips to Thailand and Spain—Jules was kind enough to free up a moment for a word with *FHM*.

Thanks for squeezing us in.
No problem. I just asked Michael Clarke Duncan [from *The Green Mile*] if I could interview him later. He seemed like a nice guy.
Aren't they all though? After all, who isn't?
Oh, I hate that kid from *Star Wars*. I think he's such a schmuck—just a brat, bratty, brat. When I interviewed him, he said something rude to the cameraman. I mean, this is a little kid we're talking about. He has all of these people around working for him, and nobody will tell him, "You know what? Shut up and sit down. You're just a little boy." Child actors just push and push to see how much they can get away with and nobody says anything. I find that totally unacceptable.
How hard did you smack the little twerp?
No, I just got through it; I had to. But then I saw him a week later at the *Austin Powers* premiere, I figured I'd be nice to him, but he was a jerk again! So what I did—this is good—you know in *Austin Powers* when Seth Green is talking and Dr. Evil just keeps cutting him off? I did that to him during the interview on the red carpet, right in front of everyone. He just looked at me and goes, "Yeah, I get the joke." I mean, how old is that kid? Eight? I can't wait to see the *True Hollywood Story* on him a few years from now. I'll be watching it with a big grin and a bowl of popcorn.
What's an average day like?
There's nothing average about it. All day long, random people call. They to mail me Bibles and ask me stuff, such as which of my toes is longest. I get a lot of questions about feet—you'd be surprised. But I don't feel like I should answer questions like that; it takes away from my privacy. Besides, doesn't everybody have the same longest one? That second one in from the big toe?
I guess. People send Bibles?
Yeah, I've been getting a lot of Bibles. Some of them are anonymous, but one guy in Detroit sent four last month. Maybe people think I need spiritual guidance. One Bible I got, somebody had cut their hair and put it in the book in

STYLING BY SARA ELL FOR ARTISTS GROUP; HAIR BY LOUISE MOON FOR ARTEC PUREHAIR/PROFILE; MAKEUP BY AGOSTINA FOR CLOUTIER; OPENING SPREAD: BRA & PANTIES BY LA PERLA; THIS PAGE: WHITE SWEATER BY LAURA URBINATI; WHITE BIKINI BOTTOMS BY LA PERLA; SHOES BY GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI FROM DIAVOLINA; OPPOSITE PAGE: BLUE BRA, PANTIES AND SLIP BY LAURA URBINATI

such a way that if I opened it, I'd have to touch their hair. That's kind of gross. Maybe it's a witchcraft type of thing.

When they send hair, you know they're true fans.

I guess. Somebody sent me one with a Britney Spears photo glued to the front. That was my favorite.

Are you a Britney fan too?

I like Britney a lot, but I've never said that. Sometimes I'll make one little comment about something, and people start writing letters and sending stuff. But that one's my favorite. Such an odd combo.

Didn't you live with Cindy Crawford years ago?

Yeah, I shared a model's apartment with her in New York when I was younger. She had just come in from Illinois when I moved in with the three other girls. We had bunk beds; Cindy was on top and I was on the bottom . . . it was actually Linda Evangelista's bed but she was out of town. I think Cindy's blocked it all out because whenever I see her, I'm like, "Hey, remember me?" and she goes, "Yeah, from TV." Anyway, one of the only things I remember about living there is all the other girls talking about how they got crabs. I guess they got them from wearing the G-strings they were given at a certain fashion show. We didn't have pillow fights or anything like that, so don't even bother asking. Mainly we just watched TV.

Did you have pillow fights?

No.

Do you watch E! a lot?

My girlfriend is always saying if there's nothing else on, watch E! But our PR people have told me never to say that again. Mainly I watch *Dateline*, *Will & Grace*, *Friends* and a lot of news.

No *Search Party*?

No comment.

Would you ever go on that show?

Would I be a contestant? No! You don't win anything, not even a trip. Those people grease up and slide on things; it makes no sense. They kind of came up with it as a spinoff of *Wild On*. It's embarrassing.

With *Wild On* you've been all around the world. Where's your favorite place?

I really liked Thailand, but maybe it's because a lot of the other places we travel to are like the armpit of the world. I stayed at this one place in Key West that was a turtle rescue center and a motel. In the lobby was a porno/ammo shop—you could rent your porn, load your weapon and save a turtle. It was very odd and the whole place smelled funny.

Have you ever been lost in the wild?

I was at the Kentucky Derby—that's pretty wild. I'm standing in the infield with 11,000 people and my producer—little cutie Heather and her short shorts—and everyone is bombed. Whenever you have people who are drunk, things can really get out of hand. People were trying to pull off our bikini tops, that kind of stuff. Heather tried to stop them, but she's all of 5-foot-3. There were like seven guys groping me, each with one hand on their bourbon and the other on my bikini.

Do people send you bikinis?

No, and you know what? I didn't even own a bikini before I started the show; now I have 30 of them. I was a one-piece girl.

Are you a lingerie girl?

Yeah, but not the tacky stuff. I like Shoshanna Lonstein's line. Some people don't think I'm large enough for her stuff, but is any girl really? I'm just kidding—she makes sexy pieces in normal sizes. You don't have to be a double-D like her to fit into it.

Is it an everyday thing?

It's a pretty often thing. Sometimes I go bare under my clothes, but not that often. The sound guy has to reach around in there to hide my microphone. It goes in front, even when I'm only wearing a bikini.

By "in front," do you mean "in between"?

Yeah, between. Actually, I'm told they protect it from the wind. My own little wind tunnel—yeah. **FHM**

PINK SLIP & PANTIES BY LA PERLA

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Charles E. Roche Jr. has lived on death row since 1991

MODERN HORROR!

I'M GONNA BURN!

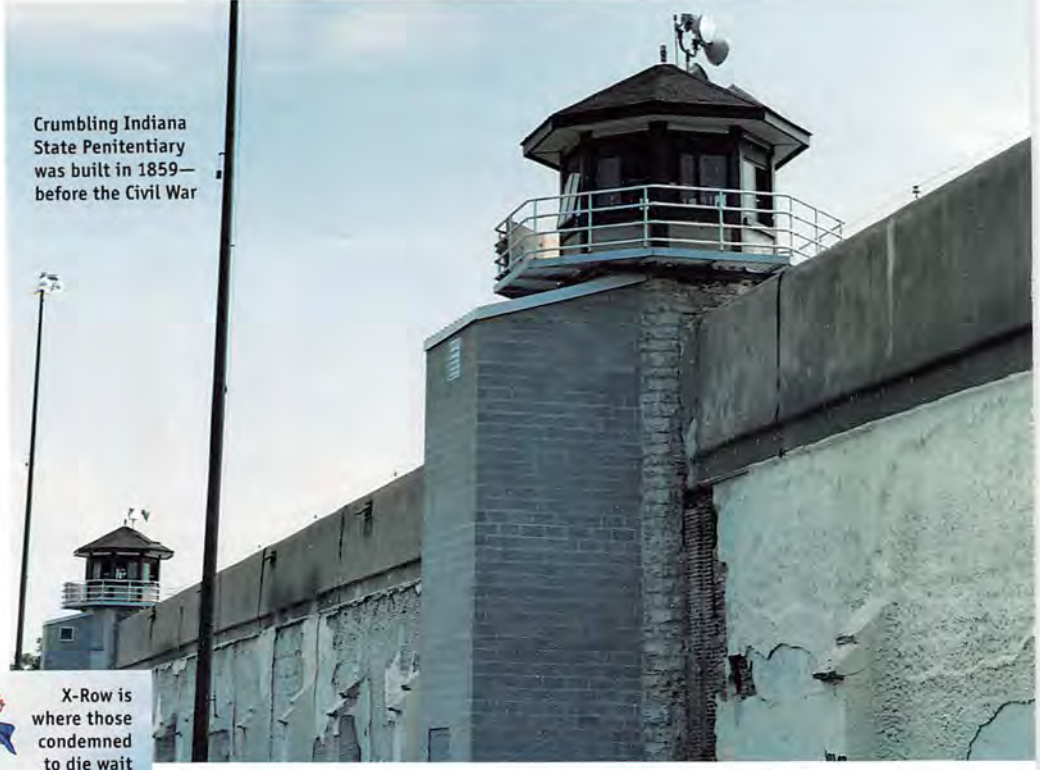
Within two years Charles E. Roche Jr. will be put to death–he can't wait!

Michigan City is a lie on both counts—it isn't in the state of Michigan, and it certainly isn't a city. It is, rather, a drab collection of graying clapboard houses laid out on a grid of featureless streets that lead out to the flat, empty brown plains of Indiana or down to the shores of Lake Michigan. Even the great lake can't bring a sparkle to the town—it is blocked from sight by a seemingly endless stretch of factories, power plants and warehouses. Driving through Michigan City on a bright summer's afternoon, you see no people and no life. There is a house standing alone at a crossroads with a sign promising "restaurant," but it has a tattered and bare shop front beneath it.

Perhaps Michigan City seems dead because it houses so many murderers. They live on a 102-acre site wedged between the town's outer limits and the lakeshore. It's Michigan City's only real attraction to visitors: Indiana State Prison (ISP). Most visitors climb off buses or pull up in the prison's massive parking lot each week to sit with their kin. ISP is a maximum-security facility—of its 18,050 inmates, 12,070 are in there for killing someone. They are the elite, the cream of Indiana's most hardened criminals, the ones that the state's 23 other facilities could not contain. And while most of the visitors come with the knowledge that their son, brother, husband or father brought death onto others, some are counting down the days to their beloved's own pre-ordained death. Because ISP also houses Indiana's only death row.

Looking at ISP from the outside, you get no hint of the mayhem that lies within. Built in 1859, it has a charming, crumbled, Alamo-like look to it. The path leading up to the looming white perimeter walls and the smart, red brick administration block are lined with brightly waving flowers. It's not until you get about 20 yards up the path that you see the gun towers. There are six all together, with two men in each. Then, once inside the building, as you cross the dangerously over-polished floor of the entrance hall, you catch sight of the x-ray machines and armed guards, ready to search you as you enter the inner world of ISP. After the frisking, you're led through an iron door the size of one-and-a-half telephone booths, where another set of officers question your credentials before making the telephone checks that allow you to be led through the identical iron door in front of you. Straight ahead and to your right begins the 24 acres dedicated to the

BY BRIDGET FREER • PHOTOGRAPHY BY CARLOS SERRAO



Crumbling Indiana State Penitentiary was built in 1859—before the Civil War

containment of Indiana's most dangerous.

Many sets of doors and several right turns later, you arrive at a prison within a prison—death row, or X-Row, as the red-on-white sign above the massive entry gates reads. X-Row is the prison's name for death row, although those who live on the row hate this sanitizing of the name. However you term it, the row was constructed in 1977 after Indiana, along with 37 other states, reintroduced the death penalty. Since then, 10 men have been executed at ISP, which currently houses a fraternity of 43 men waiting to be told the date on which they'll be led out to die.

FHM was in ISP to meet one of the Indiana 43, Charles E. Roche Jr., who enjoys a reputation for being one of the prison's most unruly residents. He's also one of its most amorous, and is known as The Death Row Romeo. At one point he not only managed to get himself a bride via one of the many pen pal services, but he also got himself a mistress on the side. One day he'd written letters to both women and an officer had taped the two together with the wife's address on top. The shit hit the fan for Roche once his wife realized what he'd been up to. And it also hit it for the careless mailroom officer when Roche attempted to stab him with a homemade shank. He says he'd still kill him given half a chance.

X-Row is where those condemned to die wait out their days

He tried to stab a prison mailroom officer—and says he'd do it again

Charles, or Chuck, as he prefers to be called, is brought to meet *FHM* in the prison's own courtroom. One of the attendant officers places the two chairs at quite a distance apart, for security reasons. Figuring that he'd not only be cuffed but watched by two officers, we rearranged the chairs so they were facing each other and closer together. Chuck's arrival is heralded some three minutes before he enters by the clanking of his chains down the corridors. Entering the room with his head bowed, he lifts his hands to be shaken and his face breaks out into a warm grin.

He's wearing the red-orange jumpsuit that all death row offenders must wear when being moved around the prison and the triple cuff—a chain that runs from a neck ring to handcuffs and on down to ankle cuffs. But Chuck's used to the restrictions of death row—he's lived here since January 1991, when he was convicted of a double drug murder for which he received two consecutive 40-year sentences and an official death warrant. It was dated for June 29, 1993, and read "death by electrocution."

But in 1994, after six executions, Indiana decided to switch their killing method to lethal injection. The "fryin' chair" now sits in storage in the bowels of ISP, and the execution room has been modified to accommodate the injection process, which has been used three times so far. Roche is disappointed at the change. "I keep calling my lawyer and saying, 'Tell them to plug the chair back on.' I don't want to be laying down like some dog when I die." He pauses and adds, "I want them to smell my burning flesh. And I want them to have to clean up my shit."

But what Roche says he wants now, more than anything, is to get it over with. He is at stage seven (habeas corpus) of the nine stages of hearings and appeals, which means he could have another two years left to wait it out on the row. But he's tired of it. "I want the public to know I'm

Last words of the guilty

"Pretty soon you're going to see baked Appel." The puntastic George Appel, as he was strapped into the electric chair in 1928 for murdering a cop.

"Let's rock and roll." David Stokes, awaiting lethal injection in 1997 after killing a convenience store clerk in Texas.

"I'm still awake." Robyn Leroy Parks, after his lethal injection in Oklahoma in March 1992.

"At least I'll get some high-class education." Murderer John W. Deering, as he faced a firing squad in Salt Lake City. His last request was to will his body to the University of Utah.

"I've always wanted to try everything once. Let's go!" Jesse Walter Bishop, waiting to be gassed in Nevada in 1979. He confessed to committing 19 murders.

"I call upon the spirits of my ancestors, the land, the sea, the skies, to clear a path for me, and I swear to them now, I am coming home. Loch sloy!" Rapist/murderer Frank Basil McFarland, executed in Texas on April 29, 1998. The last two words are a Scottish battle cry.

"I'm human! I'm human! Don't kill me!" Double murderer David Lawson, as the cyanide gas rose around him in North Carolina in 1994. Lawson had unsuccessfully tried to get his execution videotaped for *The Phil Donahue Show*.

"Ron, I took so much from you. There is nothing I can do to give it back to you. I love you deeply." Texan Jonathan Nobles apologizing to his victim Ron Ross, who was stabbed 19 times, lost an eye and then turned up to watch the execution in person. Nobles, put to death in October 1998, then quoted passages from the Bible.

"I'd like to thank my family for loving me and taking care of me . . . the rest of the world can kiss my ass." Robert Alton Harris, gassed in California in 1992 for killing two teenagers.

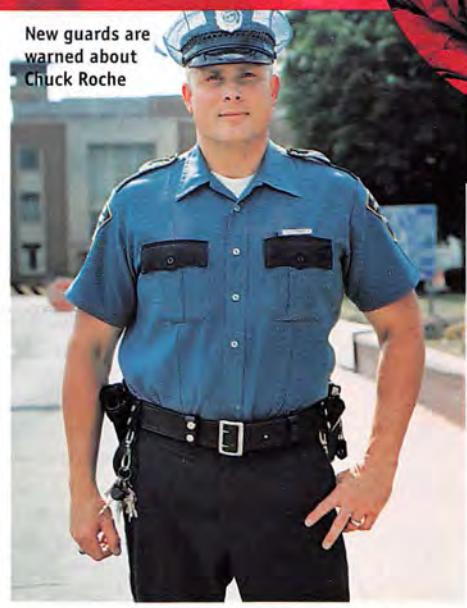
Dr. Lechter couldn't blow out the candle

KOBAL COLLECTION

All death row inmates must wear the bright red-orange jumpsuit

ready to die for what I did." He asked his lawyer not to fight too hard. "He said, 'You're asking me not to do my job,' and I said, 'Well, would you live here?'" Sadly, Chuck never managed to get an answer to that question.

This stretch on the row is Chuck's second appearance in this prison. He left a mere 17 months earlier, having done seven months for armed robbery. And even that wasn't his first experience with incarceration. He served five years of a 10-year sentence for a previous murder, committed when he was 17. But ISP made an impression on him, so much so that he was scared to go back. For a while, he tried to play it straight. He had a job and a girl. "I was doing good." But not quite good enough. He missed the "incredible high" of armed robbery and fell back into it again. He also started to sell and use cocaine. "It makes you feel invincible. And it made me paranoid. So I took these guys down to my house and I killed the one I wanted to kill, the other was in the wrong place at the worst time." Within months of that coked-up night, he was admitted to ISP's inner sanctum. "I thought the row would be like graduating to the big time," Chuck says. "I thought I'd be with all the big



New guards are warned about Chuck Roche

killers. A week later I laughed at myself; the majority of them are real soft." However, he didn't find life on X-Row so soft. "Time tracks a lot slower. In the row, we're isolated in our cells 21 hours a day, and meals are brought over on a food cart." Chuck's not a fan of what gets dished up. "They can't even bake a potato—they're as hard as bricks." His biggest beef, however, is the lack of consistency in their lives. Staff, he claims, "want to run things their own way," and are always changing the rules without informing inmates. And prisoners' letters to family include occasional mentions of beatings and language guaranteed to inflame, such as "Hey, dead man."

For their part, officers talk of irregular but not infrequent breakouts of offender violence, ranging from verbal abuse and threats to "gunning down" (throwing their feces or urine at an officer) and attempted murder.

Nothing stirs this dangerous undercurrent as much as the day of an execution. "That's the hardest—to watch friends taken to get murdered," says Roche. "I have lost one close friend and one enemy; three people have been murdered since I got here." The row is not informed of the upcoming date, but it doesn't need to be. "We don't have to be told. Everybody knows it's coming."

On the day, the men are left in a reflective mood, forced to think about their own special day. Chuck has his planned out already. "I'll be given a visit with my family all day. My mom is going to cook my last meal. She's going to make lasagna; the best lasagna in the world—all homemade." The one wish Chuck probably won't receive is, "to go back up afterwards and say goodbye to my brothers on the row. I've lived close around those dudes so long now." Whatever happens, he's vowed not to lose his sense of humor. "We have a lot of laughter up there. Sometimes we don't know what we're laughing at. It's just the thing to do."

Chuck can make a knife from anything

Perhaps it's to break the tension, of which there is plenty. The three hours a day of recreation is the only time they get to talk to each other, take showers and call their families. And even then it's only the men on their block, not the rest of the row. Although, Chuck says, there's a lot of "shouting down the ranges," in a bid to stay in touch. "I hate trying to explain what life on death row is like."

The biggest pressure raiser on the row is the lack of means for sexual release: "I've always been aggressive in that aspect," says Chuck. "And to have that ripped out of your life is terrible. People become so tense they scream it out in their sleep; they scream out what they want to do, to who and how much. "In an attempt to reduce that tension, ISP has over the past three years relaxed the rules on what "literary" material the inmates are allowed—the only material now banned is the kind of hardcore stuff that would be illegal in the outside world or which explains bombmaking or ballistics. "We get magazines now; that helps," says

After nine years on X-Row, Chuck wants to get his death over with

Chuck. "You just can't rip out that part of your life out of you." But do the prisoners try to rip bits out of each other to get "relief?" "When I first got in here, in the normal population, rape was an issue. I know that sex went on between the prisoners, but on death row, never. This is the most homophobic atmosphere. It would not go down very well."

When they're not being appalled by the idea of the rapes going on in general population or getting busy with saucy magazines, the offenders on the row pass the time in their cells reading, writing letters or watching television. But the time hangs heavy on their hands, and Chuck says he's been doing a lot of thinking since he got "less wild." "I do think about how I screwed up, and of how I ruined people's lives. Like I ruined my family's lives." He watches a lot of movies and TV, something he never did on the outside, and claims they've affected him too. "I watched Bill Cosby when his son got murdered, and it made me wonder if the ones I killed had anyone who loved them like that. Maybe those people didn't deserve the pain. That bothers me. I do not regret killing them dudes, but I do think about the pain I gave to their families."

But now, well, I've managed three years without stabbing anybody

That realization, he says, has changed him. "The difference is, before, if you made me mad, I'd try to stab you up. But now, well, I've managed three years without stabbing anybody." Another possible reason that Chuck has become more reflective and not attacked anyone recently is that since his second coming at ISP, he's been diagnosed as having bipolar disorder (manic depression) and is taking medication for it.

"Half the staff are still scared to death of me," he explains. "When they do the inductions for new officers, they mention me. They say I'm the leader of a gang and they have to watch out for me. I stabbed an officer nine times once," he says. And while he was on punishment for that offense, he managed to stab another officer through the bars of his 24-hour watch cage. He has also been frequently caught in possession of weapons. "One of the investigators here called me MacGyver because I can take anything and make it into a stabber. We had a new food cart a few years ago, and all the guys were laughing, looking at this shiny cart, and going, 'How

Meeting *FHM* offers a rare break from the monotony of death row

Death row – the myths and the facts

"More voltage, sir?"

You can have anything for your last meal.
Myth. James E. Smith, a voodoo practitioner executed in 1990, requested "a plate of dirt." This was denied, as it wasn't on the Texas prison menu; he had a yogurt instead. Also in Texas, Ruben Cantu was refused bubble gum while awaiting a lethal injection in 1993.

The only side effect of electrocution is a slight smell of burning flesh.
Myth. When murderer Albert Clozza was sent to Virginia's electric chair in July 1991, the surge of current caused his eyeballs to pop out. In March 1997, flames burst out of Pedro Medina's head and smoke poured from his mask as he fried. After three shocks, doctors patted out the flames and found the current was too low.

Prisoners in some states may not enjoy the traditional last cigarette.
Fact. Sent to his death for stabbing a 72-year-old woman in the head, Larry Wayne White requested a final smoke before a lethal injection in 1997. The request was denied due to the Texas Prison's Clean Air policy. Child rapist and murderer John Taylor was also refused a cigarette in 1996 by Utah officials.

One member of a firing squad fires a blank.
Fact. This is so none of the five-man squad knows who fired the fatal shot. Electrocutions are similar—three guards push a button each, but only one of the switches triggers the charge to be released.

The prison lights dim when convicts fry.
Myth. The chair is not connected to the mains; two dynamos are charged beforehand. This system is not always reliable—in 1989 the first shock didn't kill mentally retarded Horace Dunkins, and a faulty cable meant a wait of nine agonizing minutes to recharge.

There's an open phone line to the state governor just in case there's a last-minute reprieve.
Myth. Although a guard is always stationed by the phone, there is only an open link when the case is highly politicized. And even when the call comes,

many weapons is he going to get out of that?'"

Grinning from ear to ear, he adds, "I made a gun once. It worked pretty good." Built around a barrel that he says he bought from a crooked officer, he discharged it during an escape attempt that brought him and four others all the way to ISP's perimeter wall. It's the closest anyone has ever come to breaking out of the prison.

Since the escape attempt, Chuck and the four others have been held in the row's isolation block. "I don't know how much longer I can be cool. I've been good three years now, and they still won't process my application for a porter's job. So why stay clean? There's no point pissing around like Mr. Goody Two Shoes—I feel like a wild animal snatched out of the jungle and put in a small cage. And that's why I am asking them to kill me. This is no future; I am here to be put to death, and the courts in Indiana are scared to just go ahead and do it."

All the time that Chuck has been talking, a uniformed guard has sat listening on one side of him, his expression as impassive as granite, while an administrative employee sits on the other side, allowing himself an occasional grimace as the conversation turns to violence or sex or death. Eventually, they both start shifting slightly in their opposite corners. Time's up. Chuck stands looking as if transfixed at the window and the solid white walls beyond it. Gently, the guards lead him away from it. Back up to the row to recommence the countdown to his certain, but still unscheduled death.

it's not always in time. Last June, rapist Eduardo Agbayani was executed in the Philippines after a phone call granting clemency from President Estrada arrived seconds too late. Agbayani's daughter watched in horror as a superintendent ran in shouting "Hold, hold!" while the liquid was pumped into her father's veins. All she could do was hammer the glass and cry, "Bring back the life of my father!" The President had been unable to get through on the prison switchboard.

Executing convicts is cheaper than imprisoning them.
Myth. With the lengthy appeals process and legal fees, each execution can cost up to $3.2 million—four times the cost of keeping prisoners in a high security cell for 40 years. In May 1994 a prison in Varner, Arkansas, began a policy of executing two death row prisoners at a time. Prison authorities claimed it saved on overtime pay. They were also less stressful. "Nobody wants to get up in the morning and go kill somebody," said a prison officer.

No one has survived the electric chair.
Myth. Murderer James Bullen was "executed" at New York's Sing Sing prison in 1932. After being pronounced dead, prison orderlies were transporting his body to the cemetery when he leapt from the coffin and ran. Sadly for Bullen, he was recaught and sent back to the chair—which then did the trick.

The lethal injection consists of cyanide.
Myth. Most states now use the "Texas Mix," a cocktail of sodium pentothal, which slackens muscles and renders the convict unconscious; Pavulon, which then dulls the nerves and suppresses the respiratory system; and finally potassium chloride, which stops the heart.

The only US capital felony is murder.
Myth. Murder is only a capital offense with an aggravating feature, such as rape, kidnap or killing a police officer. Under federal law, espionage, genocide and the "mailing of injurious articles with intent to kill" all invite execution. Individual states have their own capital offenses. For example, California will execute for treason, perjury causing execution and train wrecking resulting in death; Louisiana lists aggravated rape of a person under age 12 as a capital offense; and Mississippi kills for aircraft piracy.

The minimum age for the death penalty is 18.
Myth. In Arkansas, the minimum age is 17, unless a murderer kills again in prison, in which case the age is reduced to 14. In 10 states the minimum is 16, and in Mississippi, where an electric high chair might be more-appropriate, the minimum age defined by statute is 13.

A world of killin'

In 1999, Uncle Sam's 98 executions ranked a disappointing third on the international front. Singapore puts to death about 200 times more people than the US. With half of the world's countries (97) executing their criminals, killing is a booming international business.

China Leading the world in executions—1,876 confirmed in 1997—China's capital offenses include pig theft and publishing pornography. Killings take place at public rallies of up to 20,000. They all clap as the condemned is driven through the streets on an open truck, before being shot in the back of the head—to service the rapidly growing shoot-to-order organ transplant business.

Iran Although it's beginning to bow to international pressure, the Islamic fundamentalist government still employs stoning for everything from drug trafficking to adultery. Adulterous women are buried to the neck and a white cloth is placed over their heads. The wronged family then stands in a 20-foot circle and hurls rocks—the size of which must be legally big enough to maim, but not kill outright—at the woman. When the cloth has turned completely red, the stoning stops and a close relative of the condemned must check if she is alive. If she is, the stoning resumes.

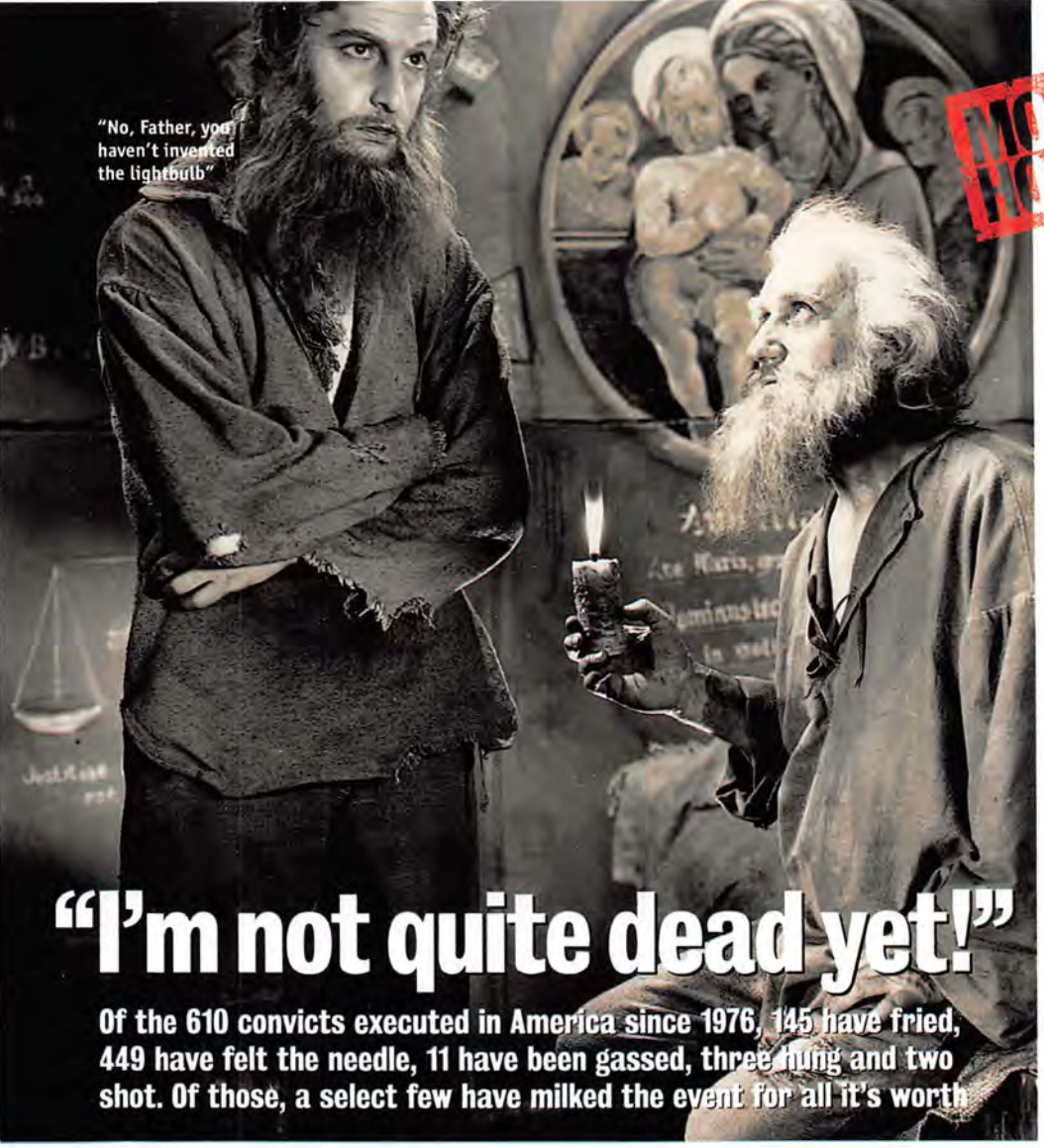
Nigeria The Ibo tribe in Nigeria puts a great deal of thought into punishments for adulterous couples. One involves tying the pair together, ramming a stake through their chests, then dragging them to a crocodile pool.

"Can I have his jacket?"

Iraqis love Saddam's collector plates

Uganda Former President Idi Amin found a perfect source of state funds. His private police, the State Research Bureau, were empowered to arrest any "criminals" and execute them with impunity. Victims' families were then charged £150 for the body. Amin also cut down on costs by getting prisoners to execute each other. They were given 16 pound sledgehammers—the one who wasn't clubbed to death was pardoned.

MAGNUM PHOTOS INC/JAMES NACHTNEY, REX FEATURES, KOBAL



"No, Father, you haven't invented the lightbulb"

MODERN HORROR!

"I'm not quite dead yet!"

Of the 610 convicts executed in America since 1976, 145 have fried, 449 have felt the needle, 11 have been gassed, three hung and two shot. Of those, a select few have milked the event for all it's worth

Manual frying takes its toll

Florida killer Jesse Tafero was eventually executed on May 4, 1990, after three separate jolts of electricity were fired into a sponge clamped to his head. Although the first surge sent six-inch flames roaring out of his headpiece, it failed to kill him. Prison authorities instructed the executioner to switch the killing machine's firing mechanism from "automatic" to "manual." Another two bursts then had Tafero jerking around in his chair with smoke billowing out of his ears before finally croaking. "What I saw today was very disturbing," said an eyewitness.

Expiry time: 6 minutes

No room for death needle

In 1996, Tommie Smith was executed in Indiana for shooting Lt. Jack Orhberg, a police officer. After languishing on death row for almost 20 years, Smith was finally ordered to his death. Sadly, things didn't go as planned, mainly because the execution team couldn't find a vein on the scrawny con. After 16 minutes of jabbing the needle into every inch of his forearm, they sent for a doctor, who did his best to jam the steel into Smith's neck. It didn't work, and the terrified convict then watched the team cut their way into his heart, install an angio-catheter to pump up his veins and finally inject the poison through his foot.

Expiry time: 36 minutes

The terrified convict had to watch the team cut their way into his heart

Prone man sweats it out

In 1996, Luis Mata was strapped to an execution bench, had a needle placed in his arm and awaited his lethal injection. Then, on a sudden whim, the Arizona Supreme Court suddenly decided that they needed to hear some new evidence concerning Mata's case. For over an hour, the con sweated it out, with the hypodermic syringe sticking out of his arm, waiting to hear if they would let him go. Finally, a glum-faced official walked back into the chamber, looked at the hopeful Mata and shook his head. Minutes later he was dead.

Expiry time: 71 minutes

Medical freak survives first onslaught

America doesn't have a monopoly on "difficult" executions. In 1998, Taiwan's public enemy number one, Wu Hsin-Hua, 35, faced a firing squad for his participation in the murder of a policeman during a bank raid. At 5:15 a.m., a team of sharpshooters aimed at his heart and filled him with lead. Amazingly, despite five bullets hitting him, Hsin-Hua simply fell to the floor and lay there cursing his assailants. The confused shooters went away to check his medical records and discovered that, through a childbirth defect, Hsin-Hua's heart was tilted to the right. More than an hour later, a sheepish policeman went back to take a more accurate shot.

Expiry time: 68 minutes

Escape the reaper

Death row convicts will do anything to avoid languishing in the shadow of death

Early death not permitted

Robert Breechen overdosed on pills just hours before his lethal injection in August 1995. The Oklahoma prison officials had the last laugh, though. They rushed his unconscious body to a hospital and had his stomach pumped. When he was completely lucid, they ran him back to the prison and strapped him to the execution gurney. He died on time.

Confused criminal gets death in the end

After John Frederick Thanos murdered three teenagers in Maryland in 1990, a hearing was held to determine if he would get the death penalty. Unfortunately, he let slip that he still had the desire to "dig these brats' bones out of their graves, beat them into powder and urinate on them, then stir it into a mercury yellowish elixir and serve it up to their loved ones." Undeterred, the judge asked him for his preference—the death penalty or life in prison without the possibility of parole. Thanos, not grasping the second choice, replied, "Life in prison with the possibility of escape." He died by lethal injection in May 1994.

Dope on a rope

Pies saved double murderer Mitchell Rupe from the noose—he forced himself to overeat until his ballooning body grew to 450 pounds. His lawyers argued the pressure of his frame on the rope would instantly decapitate their client—a "cruel and unusual punishment." Since a judge agreed in 1994, Washington State prosecutors have been mounting "Herculean efforts" to execute him another way, saving Rupe from an ironic natural death. Due to his obesity, he is slowly dying of a painful liver disease.

"It's the end of the road, Berenger"

Piercing setback for executioners

Albert Fish went to the chair in Sing Sing in 1936 after being convicted of child-killing and cannibalism—but the electric charge short-circuited through dozens of needles Fish had inserted into his body. Doctors found 29 needles in his testicles alone; the metal was removed and he fried. FHM

KOBAL

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MARCH 2000

16

17

18

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GARY COLEMAN

The diminutive former child actor on GI Joe, anger management and talking dirty

Can you do different strokes?
No, I can't swim. There's too much water to drink in the ocean.

Do you fear the curse of *Diff'rent Strokes?*
There is no curse of *Diff'rent Strokes*. Conrad Bain hasn't robbed a bank.

Was it awful going from $70,000 an episode to being a security guard and car salesman?
No, it was wonderful. I love real jobs. I prefer them to entertainment jobs.

When you were a security guard, how did you deal with bad guys attacking you?
There was no need. When you're working in movie set security, there are no incidents. They're not allowed.

What's the worst job you've been offered?
I've never laughed at an offer of work, just wondered why the hell I was doing it.

Do you ever get porn scripts?
No, I don't get porno stuff sent to me. And if I did, I'd call the FBI, the CIA, the whoever I need to call, and say, "Excuse me, you might want to add this to your collection."

Have you seen Dana Plato's porno movie?
I haven't. I'm not into that. I don't even like strip joints because I don't like to watch women demean themselves.

If you came to work at *FHM*, how much would it cost us?
The first considerations would be lodging, vehicle and salary. I can't say how much, but it would be quite a bit.

You're bankrupt. What's that like?
Great! I should have done it years ago. And, no, I don't feel guilty. Nobody's taxes go up because of it, and most creditors—if not all of them—have covered it in their fee structure.

You sued your parents. How do you do that?
I didn't sue my adoptive parents. I sued my business manager, but she had documented all the paperwork in such a way that my parents had to be included. It wasn't a choice; it was a matter of course. And it wasn't hard. The relationship had degenerated to a degree that it was as easy as deciding what coat to wear on a winter's day.

Your fortune was $18 million. How much did you get back?
I started the lawsuit in 1989, it lasted six years and for all the hassle and hell, I ended up getting $720,000, and the lawyer got $335,000.

Are you still talking to your parents?
I haven't talked to them in so many years I lost count. They have no way of getting in contact with me, and it is going to stay that way.

You hit a fan in the face when she asked for an autograph. What did she ask you to sign?
Every celebrity runs into an abusive fan at some point, and that was my turn. My lawyer's taking care of it. I can't say whether I whacked her one, but whatever she got, she got. She thought I should bow at her feet. That's all I can say about it because she's just plain old wrong.

You were sued for a million dollars. What happens when you can't pay?
Life goes on.

What happens in anger-management classes?
They're absolutely pointless. You either beat on a pillow to simulate the person or thing you're angry at, or you talk about how your week went and try to spot at what point you became angry to the point of exploding. I'm not her boyfriend or lover or anything else to her, so why I got anger-management classes is beyond me. The judge was definitely not on my side.

Has anyone else dared to ask you for your autograph since?
All the time. Although, thankfully, I don't have to deal with fawning, invasive, unintelligent fans on a daily basis now, and most of the ones I do deal with call me Gary, which is encouraging. It amazes me that 15 years after the show finished, people still call me Arnold. Either they were born fully grown without a brain or they've been living in a cave since 1979.

Q Have you ever worn heels or a big Afro to make yourself appear taller?
A No. I don't have an issue with my height. Everyone else does.

You took part in a Web-A-Thon to raise money to "save Gary." Isn't that just e-begging?
When UGO, the web site, approached me, I was skeptical because it had never been done before. But they said, "We love you as a person and as an entertainer." No one in any other media has ever said that to me before, so I said, "Hey, if you want to do it so badly, let's do it." I'm not embarrassed, and I'm not a charity case. We auctioned things off and gave away candles, lighters, T-shirts and hats, so I wasn't begging. Everybody got something for their money.

Do you think it'll rake in another $18 million?
I don't want to be a millionaire again. Damn that!

You're still a virgin at 31. Are you waiting for that special little lady?
Waiting? No, I am not waiting. Looking? No, I am not looking. Desiring? Yeah, it would be nice someday, but it is not the most important thing going on in my life. There is certainly not going to be any marriage, but I would like to go bowling occasionally or to dinner, that kind of thing.

Part of your contribution to the Gary Web-A-Thon is a simulated sex line. You sounded as if you know what you're talking about.
Oh, that just comes from science and biology, and I have grabbed a breast or two. Give me a little credit. After 31 years, you've heard stuff and accidentally seen a porno or two.

What kind of woman would you like for a bowling partner?
I try to jump into the head of a prospective female and find out if she's a gold digger or a reality-based person. I've lost more money dating women than I care to try and count. And then there were those three that went to the *National Enquirer* to sell stories about me. I'm very cautious around women because men have abused them so badly that they'll take advantage of any man at any time.

Did women throw themselves at you when you were at the height of your fame?
Ha, no. Women have never thrown themselves at me. I don't know why, I can't explain it. If women were flinging themselves at me on a regular basis, I probably would have had sex well before I was 16, but that didn't happen.

What's the closest you've gotten to sex?
Breasts. I've felt a few breasts in my time. I love petting and necking, but I love cuddling more. Cuddling's more fun.

What was your biggest extravagance when you were earning $70,000 per episode?
Full-size, upright video games, model trains and GI Joes. I collected every GI Joe product that ever came out. Of course, I don't have that collection any more. I'd be a rich man if I did.

Who's the last person who said, "Whatchoo talkin' about Willis?"
It happens on a daily basis. Almost any radio station I go to, someone says it. People ask me to say it all the time, but I just refuse. Fifteen years is long enough to be stuck in a time machine.

Do you still talk to the *Diff'rent Strokes* crew?
Very, very rarely. Todd Bridges is a producer now and wants to have me in his movie, but we'll see. He's been working on it for four years, and it hasn't materialized yet. But I didn't have that much to do with any of them back then either.

Will they ever bring back *Diff'rent Strokes?*
They talk about it endlessly. It's very unfortunate that Dana Plato is no longer with us. She was a wonderful woman, but her death was a piece of closure to *Diff'rent Strokes*. The possibility no longer exists now, thank God.

Have you ever worn heels or a big Afro to make yourself appear taller?
No. Since I got to four foot eight, I've been pretty comfortable with my height. I don't have an issue with my height. Everyone else does.

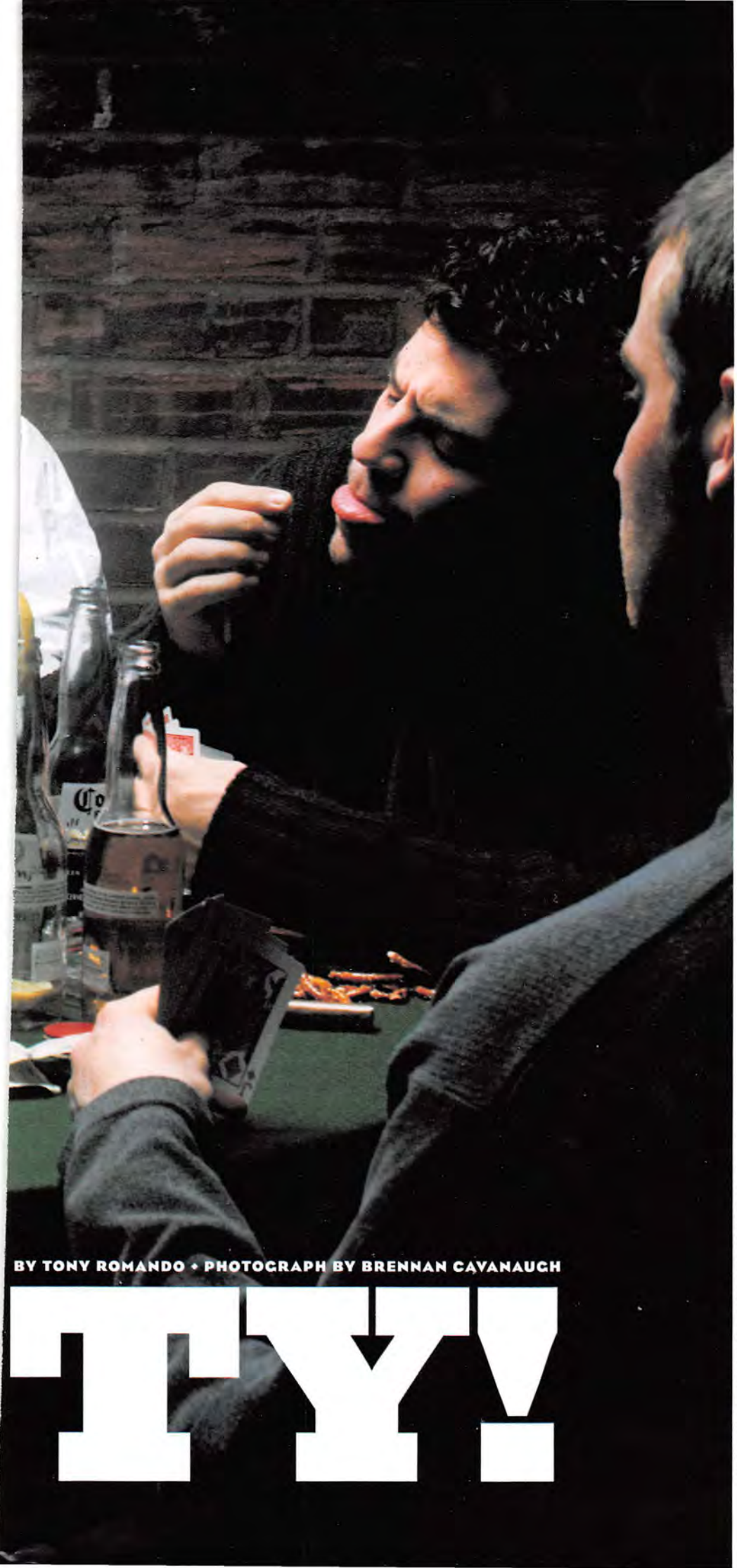
Is everything about you short?
I think I'm all right. I'm in proportion. There's nothing stubby or cut off about me.

Do you think Verne Troyer and his role as Mini-Me has stolen your thunder?
Oh, not at all. I'm hoping he'll regenerate interest in small people acting in television.

To see Gary's cybercast, log on to www.ugo.com.
Interview by Bridget Freer

RICHARD LOHR

HIGH ANXIE



BY TONY ROMANDO • PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENNAN CAVANAUGH

TY!

No longer afraid of heights and spiders? Here's a new bunch of phobias to fret about

From the moment you swallowed your first marble as a child, you knew the world was a scary and dangerous place. Some things, such as wild animals, the commies and old agricultural machinery, are genuinely menacing and deserving of caution. Others, such as white kids with dreadlocks and that mysterious lump on Jean-Claude Van Damme's head, are less worrying. But the world is such a complicated place nowadays that no matter how real the threat, someone somewhere will turn it into a crippling phobia.

Last year, eight percent of all Americans were diagnosed as phobics. Considering that phobias usually overwhelm men around the age of 30, when they're in the middle of raising a family and carving out a career, you should know what you're in for. To save you from unnecessary suffering, *FHM* has identified the major 21st century phobias—from a morbid fear of piss-filled hand-soap containers and steamy prison romances to pimply butt rashes and deadly clouds of homemade toxic gas—and calculated whether you should be genuinely concerned. Read well and memorize, or let years of pointless worry turn your brain into Hamburger Helper.

When cleaning the bathtub, will I accidentally gas myself with a deadly home-brewed concoction of household cleaners?

A tabloid recently reported that a man died in his sleep from breathing in his own air biscuits. Right. But the chances of mixing bleach and ammonia to create a deadly gas in your home are real. A Pennsylvania man who tried to unclog his turd-filled sewage line with a mixture of bleach and Liquid Drano created a toxic cloud that drifted around his house and neighborhood, causing six of his neighbors to flee their homes. Luckily, armchair plumber Mario Perez and his family escaped with only a short stay in the hospital.

Probability: The chances of dying in your sleep from your own stanky farts: zero percent. Dying from a poisonous gas or vapor: 1 in 415,806.

Is that toilet safe? Or is it crawling with evil bacteria that feast on cock?

The debate about whether diseases and germs can be transmitted from person to person simply by using the toilet continues. But one thing is

STYLING BY BARBARA KURGAN; PETER CARRETTE/CORBIS

certain—there are 1,000 times fewer germs on a toilet seat than on the cutting board in your kitchen. Besides, germs should be the least of your crapper worries. Edward Skwarek, a Canadian on vacation in New York, sat on the can in a Starbucks coffee shop. When he swiveled around to grab a handful of wipe, the seat (which he claimed was unusually loose) shifted, and caught and crushed his prick between it and the bowl.

Probability: The chances of sitting on a bacteria-filled seat: 100 percent. Being injured on the can during your lifetime: 1 in 6,500. Dying, like Elvis, on the john: 1 in 3,736,394.

Can somebody take over my life or get at my money by stealing my personal information?

In a 1999 Congressional hearing, it was stated that there was a loophole in a confusing banking law that made the selling of social security numbers legal. Of course, if that doesn't leave a bull's-eye on your back, there's always theft. Before they were busted, Syed Shah and Mike Eesufali rigged up tiny cameras in Toronto businesses and taped customers entering their PINs when a purchase was made. The two men would then convert the numbers into magnetic bars on simulated ATM cards and spend the pilfered cash.

Probability: The chances of someone else covertly stealing and misusing your personal information are unbelievably low when compared to how vulnerable you are when you throw bank statements and credit card receipts in the trash.

"I think we found your gerbil, Mr. Gere"

Will I catch a flesh-mutating virus from hand soap and anti-bacterial products?

You're not going to die from using it. But the fact that teenage punks pee in hand-soap containers aside, scientists have discovered that a chemical called Triclosan, used in many soaps, has spawned a mutant bacteria that's nearly impossible to kill. So face it, your hands will never be germ-free. In fact, every time you touch a bar of soap you pick up more germs.

Probability: There is a zero percent chance of actually keeping your hands germ-free. Your chances of becoming a bacteria magnet even though you shower twice a day: 100 percent.

The Rice-A-Roni guy didn't take crap from anybody

With so many people and so much pollution, will I run out of air?

A Texas man mysteriously ran out of breath while hiking through a mineshaft on a family vacation in Colorado. A Tennessee man suffocated after he was subdued, sat on and smothered by family members when they found him beating his wife. And when 25-year-old Huzzat Ali, a maintenance worker at King Abdul Aziz University in Saudi Arabia, stepped into a perfectly good elevator during his shift, the doors locked shut—permanently. Eventually, so did his lungs. His bloated body was found 13 days later; nobody ever heard his screams for help.

Probability: The chances you'll ever smell as bad as a maintenance man trapped in an elevator for nearly two weeks: 1 in 50,000,000. Dying from lack of oxygen, however, offers a 1 in 238,136 chance.

Was that mystery liquid that fell from the sky and landed on my head a drop of water, pigeon piss or something really evil?

All city dwellers regularly experience the disgusting mystery drip. And in Tel Aviv, Israeli secret agents run through mock trials of poisonings, which include dropping liquid on pedestrians. Then there's the *Fortean Times*, a journal of psychic and paranormal phenomena, which offers up the case of Helen Harling, who recalled splashes of cold liquid that landed on her head and on her kitchen floor that dissolved immediately. She described the mystery drip as "water without wetness."

Probability: Chances of being hit with the mystery drip and being seriously injured: 1 in 120,000,000.

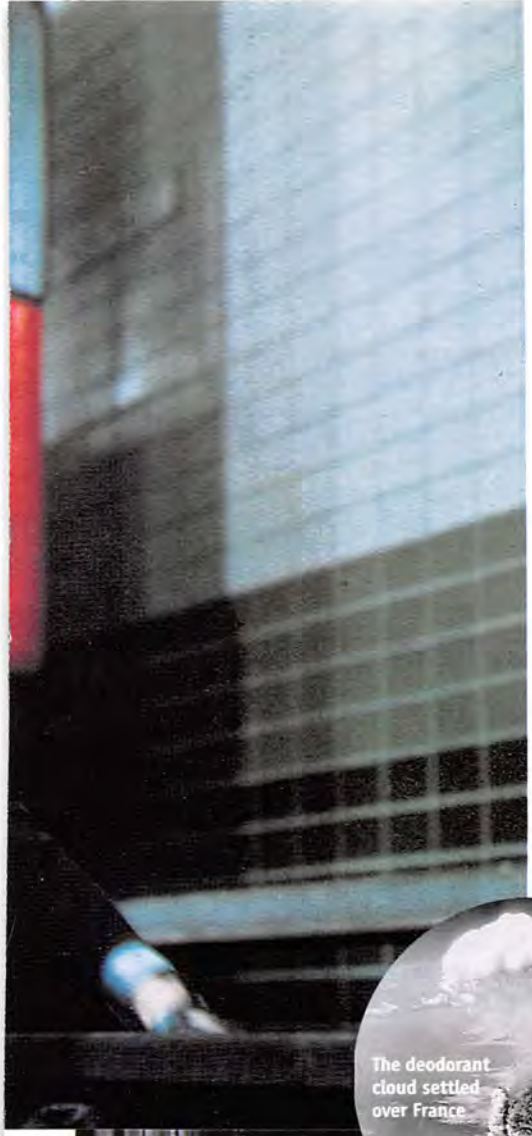
With so many Americans going to jail, am I next . . . and will it hurt?

If the thought of being a male bride in prison leaves you a little flustered, you're not alone. When 39-year-old Floridian Richard Messick got busted for selling cars without titles and for not having a dealer's license to operate his classy "buy here, pay here" car lot, he blew his head off. Even though he would have probably only served one-and-a-half years, he left a suicide tape on which he was bawling like a baby about his fear of prison life.

Probability: The chances of overpaying for a 1987 Dodge Omni: pretty good. The chances of going to prison providing you don't already have an extensive rap sheet: 1 in 1,500,000.

Mr. Ed was so hooked on glue

EVERETT COLLECTION (3); PETER CARETTE/CORBIS



The deodorant cloud settled over France

Danny loved to play the washboard

Will I spend the last few days of my life bound, gagged and forced to watch *Time of Your Life* while my kidnappers play spades and peek out behind blinds?

Unless you're loaded or you look better in a skirt than Cameron Diaz does, your chances of being kidnapped are statistically slim. Even so, last year 45 people willingly implanted themselves with microchips that would allow police to track them in case of a kidnapping.

Probability: Your chances of being kidnapped are about 1 in 1,200,000, even though a whopping 600 cases were reported to the FBI last year. Keep in mind that ransom pay is tax deductible, something you'll want to let your rich family know immediately.

Will I be the next Christopher Reeve?

Twenty-five-year-old Jimmy Fugate will never look at a paralyzed person the same way again. A few years ago he was tackled in a football game and broke some vertebrae, which left him temporarily paralyzed. The recovery process was going well until the next day, when Fugate sneezed, jerked his head and re-paralyzed himself.

Probability: The chances of sneezing your way into a state of paralysis: about 1 in 18,000,000. However, becoming paralyzed in your lifetime is not such a long shot at 1 in 10,800.

By opening this e-mail that I think is a nudie pic, will I unleash a virus that wipes out my entire computer network?

With losers like David Smith at the helm of a keyboard, no man can feel safe. After creating the virus "Melissa" (named after his favorite topless dancer at a local strip joint), Smith circulated it—causing millions of dollars worth of damage and destroying e-mail systems everywhere.

Probability: Six new viruses are created every day, and it's been reported that there are currently 8,000 worldwide. But unless you're a multimillion-dollar company that everyone hates, you're more likely to find, marry and murder a woman you met online than have your entire computer network wiped out by a man-made virus.

Now that air rage is so common, will I be murdered while enjoying my light snack and the beverage of my choice?

Record numbers of people are flying every year. That means more assholes with five carry-ons crowding the terminal, cutting lines and getting downright snooty to get on board first. The Association of Flight Attendants reports breaking up scuffles between passengers on a daily basis. One flight attendant reported a woman who took other people's baggage out of the overhead bin and told them to fit it under their seats. When one man looked as though he were going to smash the woman in the pie hole, the flight attendant intervened, throwing her back out in the process.

Probability: The chances of eating chicken or beef that gives you third-world diarrhea are far greater than getting in a brawl over baggage space, even though 921 incidents of violence on airplanes were reported in the last two years.

Is the guy standing next to me on the subway platform about to push me under the wheels?

As a conductor on a Chicago freight train, Bobby Mitchell watched, horrified, as a teenage girl knelt down on the tracks, lowered her head and waited for the locomotive to splatter her brains. Suicide is one thing; trying to make it home alive for dinner is another matter. When 32-year-old Kendra Webdale was pushed under the N train in New York

SCARED STUPID

Not sure if you're a wacko? Just ask psychiatrist Dr. Reid Wilson

What is a phobia?
It's a large and persistent fear that's excessive, unreasonable and irrational.

Treated any strange ones lately?
I get bizarre obsessive-compulsive things that turn into phobias—people who are worried about crazy things. I had a woman who was afraid of rabies. Her scenario: a car is going to run over a squirrel that's rabid. Of course, squirrels are not carnivores, so they don't tend to become rabid. But anyway, they run over a squirrel, which contaminates the tires with rabies. The tires contaminate the highway. Cars on the same highway pull into her apartment complex and contaminate the pavement. Some of the kids are outside playing basketball on the pavement. The rabies gets on the basketball. It gets on their hands and feet. Everything outside is contaminated. Nothing can come into her house without being sterilized.

Is that caused from a traumatic squirrel mishap as a child?
It's not from some early trauma. It's a genetically based disorder just waiting to happen. What she really meant was that she was losing control in all different places.

Can one be phobic of being phobic?
Are you?

I have a fear of answering that. Are you?
I am not phobic, nor have I been. I have had phobic reactions. Skiing out west, I turned my knee. To haul me off the mountain, ski patrol strapped me backwards in the sled, then zipped me up in a mummy bag, completely over my head. I panicked and said they couldn't zip me up.

Can a phobia be used as a defense in a criminal case?
Some have tried to fight seat-belt laws because they can't be confined. Others have fought drug screenings because they are phobic about peeing in public.

Read more about phobias in Dr. Reid Wilson's self-help book, Don't Panic *(Harper Collins).*

Panama Jack turned white from fright

IMAGE BANK (2); PHOTOFEST

City last year, the papers called it a random act of violence. They also called the man who hadn't been taking his medication a mental case and said that was his reason for killing her.
Probability: The chances of going to New York and watching mental people piss on themselves and smoke crack in the subway: 100 percent. Fortunately, only two people have been tossed in front of subway cars during the last few years.

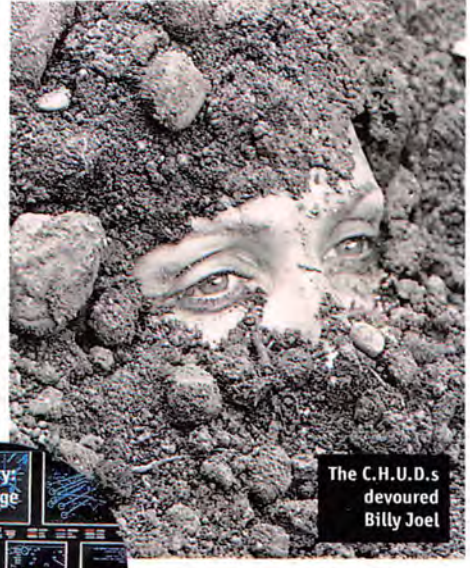
Military: in charge

If my kidneys are generating stones like oysters, do the stones have to come out of my penis?

Doctors and patients both say that passing a kidney stone is like squeezing a large grape out the tip of your dick. Sure that gonorrhea you got last summer stung a little, and the golf ball you swallowed on a dare pinched a bit at the other end. But you've never felt pain until you've had a stone, and more men are finding themselves in this unfortunate situation each year.
Probability: The chances of dying from a stone: about 1 in a 1,000,000. Your chance of getting and passing one: a realistic 1 in 270.

If I'm too happy, do I deserve some misery?

A smile on your face at dinnertime or during sex is a healthy reaction. But when Dave Stewart of the Eurythmics realized his life was perfect and that, strangely, he felt too happy, "paradise syndrome" entered the worldwide phobia lexicon. Stewart's fear of happiness was attributed to his perfect lifestyle and the thought that there must be a huge catch somewhere. As a result, he went so far as to have his appendix taken out for no reason.
Probability: The chances of being so happy that there must be something wrong with you: slim. But Dr. Andrew Evans, who studied Stewart's case, says it's a variation of Murphy's Law and that it embraces a pessimistic view of the universe. That doesn't sound like any Americans you know, does it?


The C.H.U.D.s devoured Billy Joel

Is the government spying on me . . . again?

When a group of computer nerds who call themselves "hacktivists" planned a mass e-mail protest because they believed the government was spying on them, they weren't far off. As of a few years ago, CIA spy satellites were equipped with sensors said to be so powerful that they could identify you in your yard, see if you were grilling chicken or steak, and hear how you like it cooked.
Probability: Chances are that you'll never be important enough to be spied on by a 007 type. But thanks to the CIA, your chances of being spied on by the federal government are 100 percent.

Some complete stranger really gets on my nerves, and I'd like to tell him to get lost. Will he turn around and gut me like a pig?

Although the odds increase if he's wearing the uniform of the US Post Office, mail carriers don't have exclusive claim to this kind of creativity. When Melissa Sue Cavender walked through a Texas bar and ignored a rodeo clown in full regalia who fancied her, things took a tragic turn. The clown followed her home, then raped and bludgeoned her to death. Twenty-six-year-old Timothy John Smith wasn't hard to catch though, considering he was wearing a wooden barrel as clothing.
Probability: The chance of being killed by a clown is minuscule. But with 44 percent of murder victims being men between the ages of 20 and 34, your odds of being slaughtered are 1 in 1,551,368. **FHM**

ANCIENT PHOBIAS

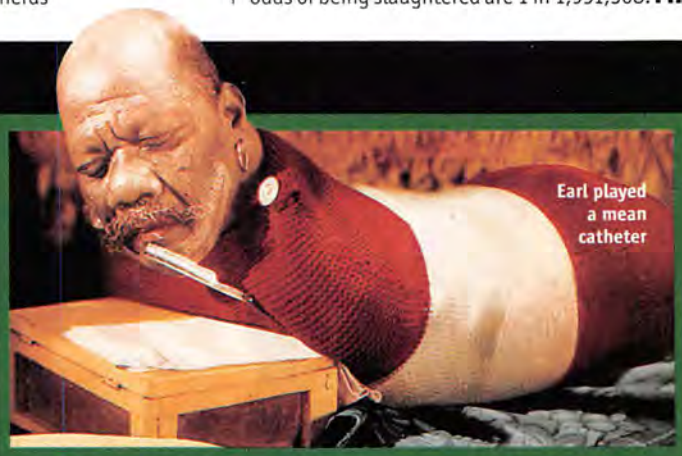
Even tough ancient people were terrified of the strangest things

Poets on parade
The Spartans believed poetry promoted effeminate and licentious behavior and banned it, thus creating a race of Metrophobians, or people afraid of poems. The phobia resurfaced among millions of young hairless boys in the '80s when Allen Ginsberg and a few of his NAMBLA friends tried to revive the age-old art of boring people.

Pile drivers drop kittens
During the Middle Ages, cats played a big part in witchcraft and Norse religion because they were thought to change shape and help witches perform spells. When Christianity took over, all things Norse were declared evil and Ailurophobia, the fear of cats, came into existence. Hundreds of thousands of cats were tortured, burned at the stake and even hung. Then, to finish off the kitty cat's eight other lives, its limp, dead body was bludgeoned with a Bible and wrestled . . . a lot.

Morris preferred humans to Little Friskies

Meteorites wound . . . and worse
Asians once thought that meteors were disembodied souls that came to Earth to eat human beings. And American Indians thought that anyone who saw a meteor would be cursed with a face that was pockmarked like the surface of the moon, hence Meteorophobia. For years Edward James Olmos publicly blamed Halley, until someone explained that it was a comet and it didn't work the same way.


Earl played a mean catheter

Medieval farmers stumped
In the 13th century, doctors were convinced that diseases and infections leapt from person to person through spirits. When leprosy swept into town, the civil leaders weren't taking any chances. Apotemnphobiacs, those who feared people with amputations, decided that these evil armless people should be stripped of their worldly possessions, declared legally dead and forced into death camps—as if their lives didn't suck enough already. It got to the point that if a farmer stubbed his toe in the field, the townspeople would scatter like flies for fear that his death-spirit might latch on to them. Even worse, they would be stripped of their prized spinning wheels and doorless houses.

Name that Gypsy
There was a time when first names were such a guarded secret that men would assume another name to mislead those who might try and gain power over them by learning it. Onomatophobia, the fear of names, was so prevalent that crazy Romanian Gypsy mothers would give birth to a son, whisper his given name into his ear the day after he was born . . . and never tell him his real name again.

ANCIENT PHOBIAS TEXT BY ROB SCHLAFF; MPTV; PHOTOFEST; FOTO FANTASIES; EVERETT COLLECTION; PETER CARETTE/CORBIS

THE ONLY THING BETTER THAN BEER? LOTS OF BEER, EH?

BOB & DOUG MCKENZIE™

BOB AND DOUG McKENZIE ACTION FIGURES each come with a voice chip and half of a diorama that assembles to a complete custom backdrop. And don't forget the suds, hoser.

MARCH 2000 from the film "Strange Brew"

McFARLANE TOYS
IT'S AN ATTITUDE

SPAWN.COM

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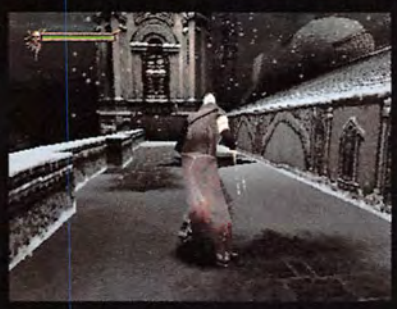
FE, FI, FO, FUM,

I smell the blood of an Englishman.
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make my bread.



This is a game of revenge. A dark early 1900s revenge where you'll battle against 20 different creatures using new fighting techniques, combination moves, and fatalities. A revenge that goes deep into 30 game sectors in 8 different worlds including subways, castles, sewers, cities (London/Paris), cemeteries, villages, and underwater.

A gory revenge. An extremely gory revenge.

Soundtrack by Rob Zombie.

MATURE M CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
Animated Violence
Animated Blood and Gore

kalisto entertainment

Sega Dreamcast

PlayStation®

KONAMI®

NIGHTMARE CREATURES II™

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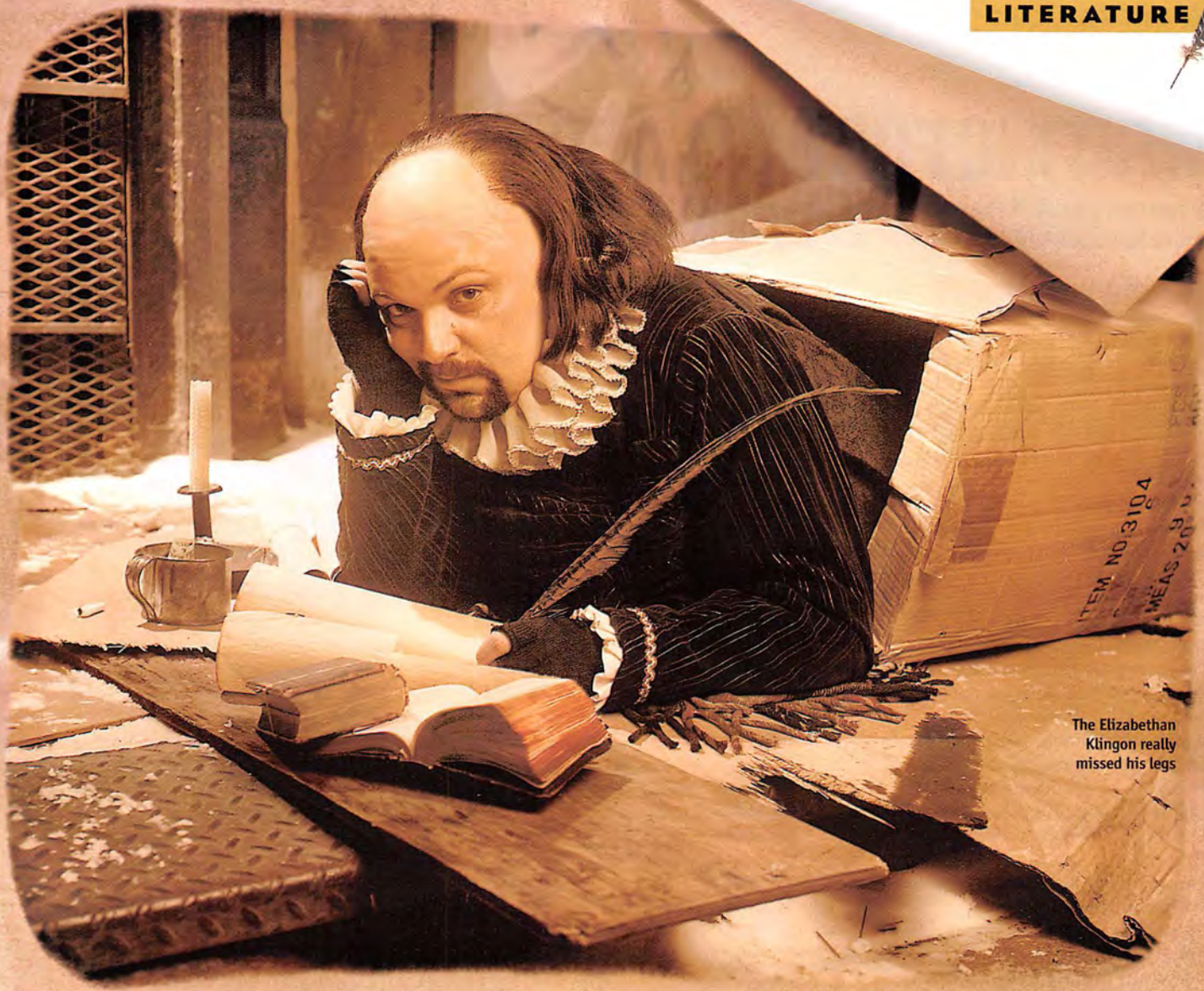
www.nightmarecreatures.com



The Elizabethan Klingon really missed his legs

YOU SUCK, SHAKESPEARE!

Think you've got a book in you? Don't bother trying to get it out–no one reads them anymore!

Young people of America, stop writing now. You're wasting your time trying to follow in the footsteps of that fat bore Hemingway and his wretched cronies. Nobody reads their books anymore, so what makes you think anyone would read yours?

True, the likes of Grisham, Clancy and the appalling Binchy have made a fortune cluttering up the world's airports with their "work." But for each Danielle Steel, there are 10,000 destitute, malnourished and bitter professional authors. And even if your book does miraculously get published, less than one percent of published authors make any serious money.

Despite those terrifying odds, it's estimated that more than 100,000 grown adults are toiling away at their great American novel. If you're one of them, why not screw your head on straight and stop frittering away your days? Thousands of people pull down fat salaries in fields such as advertising, television and greeting cards. They make from $30,000 to $1 million per year writing amusing, memorable and entertaining work. It may not be *The Sun Also Rises*, but most people would thank you for that anyway.

BY BRETT FORREST • PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENNAN-CAVANAUGH

WRITING FOR DOLLARS

If you can live with the realization that you're a total sellout, one of these handsomely rewarded writing jobs may be for you

Ad copywriter

Jeff Horn
Employers: HBO, Barnes & Noble, Atlantic Records
Cash: Starts at $30,000; can go as high as six figures per year

How difficult was it to break into copywriting?
It wasn't difficult for me at all. I took one course at the School of Visual Arts, put a portfolio together and within three weeks I had two job offers.

What do you write and for who?
Mostly print ads, sometimes radio and television. I've done Ponderosa Steakhouse, Calgon, Mars candy, Farberware, Hellmann's and others. Once I did an ad for a do-it-yourself home denture kit. It contained these little plastic teeth and a glue set that came in a box the size of Good and Plenty. It's for if you're on the go and you can't get to the dentist. I've also worked for Atlantic Records, doing everything from Twisted Sister to Phil Collins.

Back to Twisted Sister. Did you ever get to schmooz with Dee Snyder?
Actually, I took a piss with him once. He was at the urinal next to me.

Did you get any inspiration from that?
No, he pissed like everybody else.

What's your best ad?
I did an ad for a company that makes the plastic for the crash test dummies for Mercedes. So the headline was "We're the dummies behind Mercedes." They wouldn't go for it.

Sounds discouraging. Is it?
No. If you look at advertising, there is some really good stuff. But most of it is crap. It's because clients are calling the shots.

Do you come up with the pictures or just focus on the words?
Sometimes both. The best work comes from having a great relationship with an art director. We feed off each other and come up with something that I couldn't have come up with alone. Often, the art director will come up with a great headline and the copywriter will come up with great visuals.

What about ads where you did both?
There's one ad I did for the Foundation for the Visually Impaired. They were having their annual benefit dinner. I thought about it for a couple of hours. Looking for the irony in something is always a great way to come up with a clever ad. So I thought of eyeglasses, then I thought of champagne glasses, and then I remembered that this was a benefit affair. The visual came to me first—two champagne glasses. The headline, which came to me afterward, was "On May 16th, these glasses will actually improve somebody's vision."

What's rewarding about it?
The deposit slips. As ruthless as that may sound, that's the best part about it, and that's the thing that gives me the most pleasure.

So you don't love the work?
It's really all the same ad. After a while it's just, "Our product is the best. Buy it and get laid."

Cooley High desperately needed real textbooks

TV writer

Greg Malins
Executive producer
Employer: NBC
Cash: $2,000 per week to 1 million per year

How did you start out?
I was a production assistant for four years, then ended up on the show *Dream On* on HBO. At that point I was like, "Man, what do I want to do?" The writing thing looked pretty good. I was just like, "I don't know what I want to do. Man, I got to do something."

You don't seem too ambitious.
That's certainly true. I didn't see my career from an early age. It wasn't even the reason I moved to LA.

What's the best advice you can give about breaking into writing for TV?
If you hang around long enough and are nice enough to people, you'll get whatever you want. The hardest part is sticking it out. When I was a runner, I'm convinced I got a lot of work—I was a terrible runner—because people were like, "That guy's fun to have around."

You write for *Friends*. Where do you get ideas?
The first couple of years, I just took stories from my life and then adapted them to the show. Now I steal from my friends' lives. It's kind of a skill. One of the things I first learned when I got here was when you talk to people, always have that knob turned on in the back of your head. How could this be a story? How can I use this to make money? One of my closest friends is a writer on *Spin City*. We call each other after an episode airs and say, "You bastard, that's my story." "Yeah, well, I used it first." He once put my name in the show as an agent to porn stars. The character introduced himself as Greg Malins.

That was obviously taken from a real-life experience . . .
Yeah, I did used to manage porn stars. It was just too lucrative. I didn't know what to do with all the money.

What's your schedule like when you write a *Friends* script?
At the office, I'll be pseudo-writing. I write a little bit, then go talk to some people. Then it's

The special "Incest" episode didn't make it past the censors

Chronicling the rich and privileged was hard and taxing work

I used to manage porn stars. It was too lucrative. I didn't know what to do with all the money

like, "Why start again?" because lunch is in half an hour. I'm not going to get anything done in half an hour, so I take lunch. And I'm like "Well, I'm a writer. I can take as long a lunch as I want." So I play some computer games. Then it's eight o'clock, and I'm like, "All right, it's time to start."

What's your best joke?

The jokes that crack us all up are the really simple ones. It's Joey and this woman. Joey says, "I like your accent." She says, "I'm Dutch." He says, "I'm Joey." She says, "I'm Marga." He says. "I'm sorry, Dutch, I didn't catch that last part."

What's harder, writing a novel or writing a TV show that millions of people watch every week?

It seems really hard to keep a story interesting for 22 minutes, which is 40 pages of double-spaced dialogue. To keep a story interesting for 300 pages, like in a book, and possibly a week of someone's life, that's really hard. It's so much more complicated.

'I wasted my entire life writing a novel'

Career novelist Arthur Nersesian has been writing for 20 years. He started working on his masterpiece, *The Fuck-up*, 13 years ago, when he was 26.

When you were younger, did you buy into the romantic notion of being a writer?

I actually had a pipe and a tweed jacket. All that crap. I didn't smoke, but I had one. That stuff messed me up so much, the notion that I would be sitting and having entertaining conversations with fellow writers at La Rive Gauche cafes. When you get over the mountain and look into the valley of reality, none of that stuff is real. The writing lifestyle is boring and lonely and tedious, and the writing community is bitter and jealous.

How hard has it been, spending your life writing fiction?

It's been filled with depravations. It's been crappy jobs. It's been hard work. And I feel like I have to stay with it to show everyone that I didn't screw up my life. But I'm getting deeper into trouble. I'm living the same life I've lived since I was 23. I've never had much money. I don't have a credit card. If I knew this at 18, I wouldn't have done it. I figured I'd write a bestseller by the time I was 30 and make a million bucks. I had no clue.

What's the strangest job you've taken to pay the bills?

I took care of a senile old man who used to run out of the house naked. Every time I saw him, he thought I was someone else. Sometimes he would attack me. And of course, one day I found him dead.

Having the old naked guy running around probably put a crimp in your plans for a writers' salon.

The place actually became a real hangout. We inflated this huge raft in the living room and people would spend the night sleeping on it. The old man would think we were on a ship. He would come up and ask, "When are we coming ashore?" or "When's chow time?" He never got too violent, but my friends would wake up, and he'd be playing with their toes.

So what are the tradeoffs? Have you ever gotten laid because you're a writer?

I used to hear that myth. I honestly do not recall . . . let me think for a minute here . . . I certainly . . . I think that it's been . . . you know . . . the answer is no.

What's the worst thing an editor has ever said about your work?

An editor once sent me a letter stating, "This is garbage." But girlfriends have been the harshest, because they don't jerk around. "You didn't do the dishes. And not only that, you're a crappy writer."

Why have you hung on for so long?

On one hand, it's like I'm too much of a failure to get beyond this. And on the other hand, you feel this sense of appointment: "I know this is brilliant, because I'm me." That's ultimately what any kind of art begins with: vanity and egotism. It became more of a habit or a fixation. Sometimes I really hated it. I really regretted getting into it. But I simply couldn't stop doing it.

Strawberry's life story was a bestseller

How long did it take to write your book?

It was published in May of '99—13 years after I started on it.

What is it about?

It's one guy's adventures and struggles, trying to find some kind of success in New York's East Village during the mid-'80s. He's a perennial couch-surfer, an aspiring writer searching for himself despite himself, just trying to survive.

Were you elated at finally becoming a published novelist after all that time?

It was pretty anticlimactic. It was kind of sad.

The cost of writing a novel today

So far, Arthur Nersesian has earned . . .

- **For four published poems.....$50**
- **For a short story.....$400**
  ("It was published 20 years ago.")
- **For a story published in a quarterly....$15**
  ("But I gave that back for a subscription.")
- **For writing and putting on four plays...$0**
  ("They actually cost me money.")
- **For selling *The Fuck-up*.....under $10,000**
  ("I think the publicity budget exceeded it.")

"After 24 years, I'm still in the red. But take five hours a day, seven days a week—because I write everyday—and multiply that by 20 years. Then multiply that by minimum wage, and that's the amount of money I'm really out. I've always felt like I could have been a coke addict. At least I'd have had a lot of elated moments. And I'd have a heart attack, so it would come to an end sooner."

So how much has Arthur lost?

- **5 hrs/day x 7 days/wk.....35 hrs**
- **35 hrs/wk x 52 wks/yr.....1,820 hrs**
- **1,820 hrs/yr x 20 yrs.....36,400 hrs**
- **36,400 hrs x $5.15...$187,460 in lost wages**
  (at the current minimum wage)

The Fuck-up (Pocket Books, 1999) is available through Amazon.com and BarnesAndNoble.com for $9.60.

OPENING PAGE: STYLING BY BARBARA KURGAN; EFFECTS MAKEUP BY TIM CONSIDINE/DIRECT EFFECTS; THIS SPREAD: CHRIS GORMAN (4); EVERETT COLLECTION; DELPHI BASILICATO

The glamorous life of a novelist

Poe fell facedown in a gutter. Faulkner crawled into a bottle. Hemingway blew his head off. If you must flirt with literature, remember that it can kill

John Kennedy Toole
Toole wrote *A Confederacy of Dunces* in the mid-1960s and spent years trying to get it published. No luck. So in 1969 he drove to the outskirts of Biloxi, MS, and like a true coward, ran a piece of hose from his car's exhaust pipe into the window, cranked up the motor and took a last breath. Five years later, his mommy, Thelma, shopped the *Dunces* typescript around and got it published. It won the Pulitzer Prize. She bought a new couch.

Ross Lockridge Jr.
Lockridge published his only completed novel, *Raintree County*, in January 1948, and died of carbon-monoxide poisoning two months later at his home in Bloomington, IN. His work went on to become a main selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. It rode the bestseller list before MGM bought it for $150,000 and turned it into a bloated Hollywood melodrama.

Eugene (Guy) Izzi
They said Izzi, a crime novelist who wrote Chicago gangster books such as *King of Hustlers*, often considered himself a bit of a goodfella. And then they found him dangling from a noose out of the 14th-story window of a Chicago Loop office building. He was wearing a bulletproof vest and had a pair of brass knuckles in his pocket. A pistol lay nearby. Rumor has it that another writer is shopping the crime story of Izzi's death around at the moment, hoping to rake in more money than Izzi made in his entire lifetime.

Nancy Richards-Akers
Richards-Akers wrote 16 romance novels, including *Wild Irish Skies*, which *The Washington Post* named one of the top 10 romance novels of 1997. "Romance allows me to find the happy ending, to modify reality just enough to give it hope," she once said. After her husband smacked her around for months, he plugged two bullets into the back of her head as she sat in her car outside their home. He killed himself a few hours later at the Vietnam Memorial. He wasn't well-read.

Sylvia Plath
After being treated with electroshock therapy for her suicide attempt, Plath wrote about it in *The Bell Jar*. In the early morning hours of the bitterly cold London winter of 1962, Plath placed bread and milk by the beds of her two sleeping children, opened up the gas on the oven and popped her head inside.

Mr. Rogers scored most of his trim at book signings

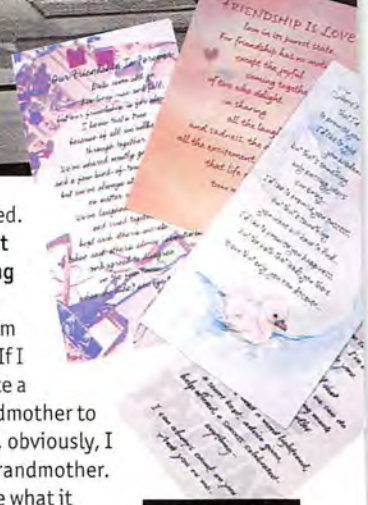
Greetings cards

Dean Walley
Senior writer
Employer: Hallmark
Cash: $50,000 to $90,000 per year

How do your assignments for writing cards come to you? How strictly defined are they?
The first thing they say is "short, medium or long." And they'll always say either verse or prose. A week ago I started in on Father's Day. One project read, "To son, short copy, simply stated prose, short but intimate for a son who is a new father." That gives me a lot to go on. Another one read, "Daddy, from child, short to medium prose, from younger child." That gives me all the information I need.

Where do you get ideas for greeting card messages?
I get many of them from imagining. If I was going to write a card from a grandmother to a grandson, well, obviously, I haven't been a grandmother. But I can imagine what it must be like and how she would feel.

What was your best card?
It's called, "Please don't promise me forever." The card came out, and I got a call from a young woman. She said, "My boyfriend gave me this card. What does that mean, exactly?" I tried to reassure her that he was just saying, "Let's



After killing his neighbor's Rottweiler, Roger sent a card

If you truly must fulfill your yearning . . .

The nine rules to crafting the novel

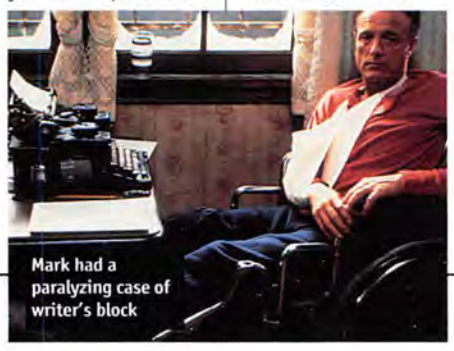
It's not totally impossible to make a living as a novelist. Len Deighton did it, and if you can read these words, you probably can too. Greer Kessel Hendricks, a senior editor at Simon and Schuster, has seen enough junk over the years to know what it takes. The first step is to assume the position. "Declare yourself a writer and you will become one," she says. Here are eight more:

◆ Don't write about aluminum siding. "If you're not passionate about the topic, no one else will be." Figure out what gets you all fired up and convey that emotion to the reader.

◆ **Come down from your pedestal. "Revise, revise, revise. Your first draft is never perfect." They're just words.**

◆ Don't believe the hype. "Your work is not as good as your friends and family say it is." Just because Mom hung up your second-grade doodles, doesn't mean they were any good.

◆ **Grow up. "Editors and agents are very busy. Just because your manuscript is rejected does not make it bad." Have a little faith in your**


Mark had a paralyzing case of writer's block

CHRIS GORMAN (2); EVERETT COLLECITON; PHOTOFEST; ARCHIVE; IMAGE BANK

A lot of people have the feeling that anybody with a yellow legal pad and a pencil can be a writer

not go too far, too fast." It read: "Please don't promise me forever. I want us to love each other one day at a time, and string all those days together, like the precious things they are, instead of trying too hard, and promising too much. Please don't expect me to always be good. . . ." I'm only a quarter of the way through, but you've probably had enough, haven't you?

Yeah, I have. How many cards do you write a day?
If things are going well, I get about one acceptance a day. You can figure about one acceptance for every 10 pitches. That's par for the course. That's the one thing I never get used to.

What do you find rewarding about writing?
If someone calls me up and says they really like something I did, it makes me feel great. I'm thinking specifically about a children's book I wrote called *Lamont the Lonely Monster*. I got a letter from a teacher who had a boy with great trouble reading. He liked that book and he memorized it. Then his reading began to steadily improve. That made me feel good.

Are novels important to you?
I read every day. I'm in a book club with seven guys and we just celebrated our 20th anniversary. We've read such disparate things as the Bible, which I suggested, and now we're reading *Mein Kampf*, which is really the opposite end of the spectrum.

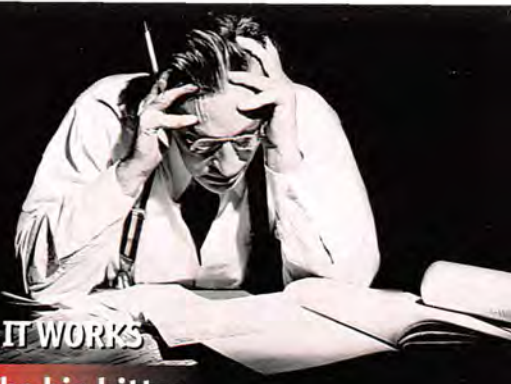
What are some of the biggest mistakes?
The misconception that greeting cards are very short pieces of work, and therefore they're easy to do. I think a lot of people have that feeling. People think anybody with a yellow legal pad and a pencil can be a writer.

own talent. If you get a no, consider it temporary and keep shopping your work around.

◆ Get a library card. "Studying how others write will only help your own style." Some successful writers have been known to type out entire books written by their favorite authors, just to feel the rhythm. You only have to read them.

◆ **Be the guy who's scribbling away in the corner. "You don't want your brilliant thought on the subway to vanish from your mind like yesterday's news."**

◆ Sign up. "Take a class. But make sure it's a good one. A bad teacher can do more harm than not having a teacher." An instructor has to read your work and be able to give you helpful feedback. It's his job.



THE WRITING GAME

THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL: HOW IT WORKS

The first timer

The landlord wants the rent. You sleep with mice at night, and your toilet won't flush. You toil on your book, *Deathless Prose*, under a naked light bulb.

Your chances of getting an agent are 1 in 1,600, but somehow you manage. The agent swears he's sent your manuscript to a big New York publishing house.

Deathless Prose makes it onto an editor's desk—along with nine others this week. He'll read only one. Chances of getting this far: 10 percent.

The editor, feeling a twinge of remorse for leaving coffee rings on your title page, half-heartedly brings up your piece-of-shit book with his boss, the publisher. Chances of surviving to this point: 6 percent.

The publisher gets laid for the first time in six months and gives your book the nod. Of course, you haven't paid your rent in months, but so what? You're a novelist! Chances of getting this far: 4 percent.

The publisher hasn't gotten laid in six months and *Deathless Prose* is canned on the spot.

You get the call. Your advance: $20,000. Your landlord and creditors want to freeze and secure half of that on the spot. You spend the other half on new suits for your TV appearances, which will never happen.

Deathless Prose is published and receives scant, mild reviews. It hits the shelves and pretty much stays there. Your book sells 15,000 copies and is considered a success by your editor. You're sleeping on your friend's couch. Your chances of making it to this, the glamorous novelist's state of bliss: less than 1 percent.

Deathless Prose brings in an additional $10,000 in royalties.

It's back to your full-time gig as the towel boy at the Turkish bathhouse.
Total: $30,000
-40% for taxes
-15% for your agent
Your gross: $13,500

The big hitter

He snaps bikinis on the beach, takes catnaps every two hours and demands those little round ice chips in his drinks, not cubes.

Chances are the editor will never read it, and your writing career ends here.

He calls his editor and pitches a concept for his opus. The editor, kissing tall ass, assents wildly even though he can't understand the slurring beachcomber.

He wakes up at noon the next day with a Hawaiian Tropic model and gets a telegram that states a $2 million advance was wired in a hedge fund thanks to the publisher's love of the said writer's "concept."

He begins work but has writer's block, so he buys three hookers and a bottle of rum. Writer's block subsides.

He finishes his book *Windbag*, which is panned by the critics. Another trite, self-serving author becomes predictable and routine. It flies off the shelves.

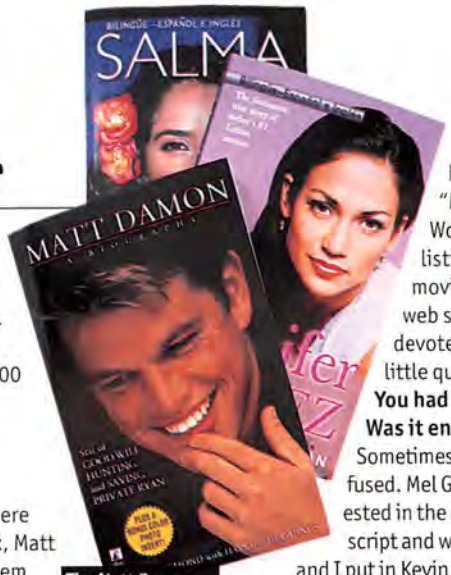
He appears on *Good Morning America* and chats with Leno. Tom Green puts him in a dress to sell a few copies to your demographic. At last count he's sold a million.

He takes in $2 million more in royalties. It's off to a new beach. Starts asking bartenders if they know of any good stories.

YET ANOTHER GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL

Quickie biographer

Alexandria Dionne
Employer: Pocket Books,
Cash: $9,000 up front, $2,500 in royalties per book



The Matt Damon marital aides were a hit with Christian wives

What's the first step?
I came up with a list of people who were popular at the moment—Ben Affleck, Matt Damon, Britney Spears—and sent them to a publisher. They were all so obvious, and I didn't think anything of it. But they called me up and said, "OK, can you do Matt Damon in three weeks?"

Where did you go from there?
The publisher sent me a bunch of other books they'd done—the Leo book, the Prince William book—and I looked at the formula. There's an introduction, then where he was born, who his parents are. That's the first chapter—where he lived, how he lived. The next chapter is about school, high school, how he got into acting. Then I got a ton of back articles. I created folders and put those articles in them under chapter headings: Childhood. High School. *Good Will Hunting*. I'd take anything off the Internet. Lots and lots of time online. Then I got on my computer, opened up the first file and started writing the first chapter. I wrote the intro at the end.

How do you structure a book like this?
It tells the story of his life, from the beginning. It's written for teenage girls. I just wrote it very straight. I wasn't making huge strides in alliteration or metaphor. But I didn't feel like I really had to dumb it down too much. Toward the back of the book is his star sign and how that pertains to him. There's "Matt's Reel World," which is a listing of all his movies. It has all the web sites that are devoted to him. I had a little quiz in there.

You had three weeks. Was it enough time?
Sometimes I got a little confused. Mel Gibson was interested in the *Good Will Hunting* script and wanted to direct, and I put in Kevin Costner. I went off for a few pages about Kevin Costner. And I left some things out, like how Damon and Affleck presented an award at the Oscars. The turnaround time was just so quick.

Did you get to the heart of Matt Damon?
I really feel like I tried.

Would you write another quickie bio?
Sure, they're great. Right after that, I wanted to do Ben Affleck. But I didn't think I could write a very positive book about him. Ricky Martin would have been a good one, but he was already taken.

Is it worth the money?
For three weeks, it's pretty good. And you're already thinking sequel.

Direct mail writer

Tim Fenton
Employers: General Foods, insurance companies
Cash: $60,000 to $80,000 per year

How do you get started in direct mail?
You could leap into this thing and do it without learning the discipline. I'll give a company a price, and they'll accept. They'll send me their research, killer sales points or why the company you're writing for is so great.

What type of direct mail do you write?
I do consumer-oriented mailings, the stuff that arrives in your mailbox. I've worked for the National Geographic Society, financial services and investment services.

How do you structure a direct mail letter?
You think about all the reasons why people say no to the product you're writing about. You develop tricks. It's a game. The writing of direct mail is one of the more psychological types of advertising writing. You just want to close the deal.

Psychological, huh?
Yes. My computer lets me calculate the average number of words per sentence. I run what I've written through that, and then it tells me if I'm being too windy or too sophisticated. You're writing for someone who probably isn't a terribly good reader, who probably doesn't have an enormous vocabulary.

Can you make a career out of it?
A huge one. Not a whole lot of people do though. That's a good thing.

Could you write a novel?
I don't have the patience or discipline. In my field I'm a proven professional.

Can you at least drink like a novelist?
No. I like a drink, but I don't have the novelist's disease. **FHM**

Kaczinski's new works were more lighthearted

The worst book proposals of all time

Shocking masterpieces that have been sent to publishers—but thankfully, never made it into print

Sherlock's Hole: How Pairs of Socks Become Separated
A novel about two socks searching desperately for their missing mates. A sample line: "Without the help of Old Gray and Elderly Slipper Sock, the other pairs were destined to be tossed in the trash."

Kathleen's Secrets for an Adequate Lifestyle
After the synopsis for this huge tome was rejected, Kathleen sent publishers a form letter that stated, "I read your rejection with interest and feel it has some merit . . . you may well have the opportunity to reject future material I may send you."

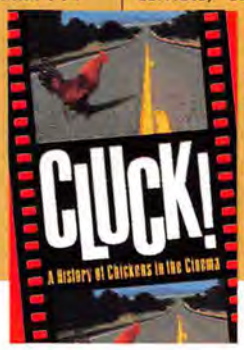
Thank you, Mr. Hitler
A novel examining the "silver lining" behind Adolf Hitler's and Germany's actions during the Second World War.

Diary of Keeping a Guinea Pig Sanctuary
A true story written by a man who took in ailing guinea pigs and nursed them back to health by finding good works for them to do, such as visiting children in the hospital.

Princess Forever
A novel by a romance writer in which Princess Diana doesn't die in a car crash, but falls in love with a PR executive hired by the palace to sully Dodi's reputation. An example of the quality prose: "Over mugs of hot chocolate besides a roaring fire . . . John apologizes to Diana. . . ."

Cluck! The True Story of Chickens in the Cinema
A good idea for a magazine article—maybe—but certainly not a million-seller.

Don't Look Down
A "taut" thriller about the escapades of a gang of steeplejacks, written by—you guessed it—a steeplejack. "It was terrible," said one editor, not wasting any time or words.

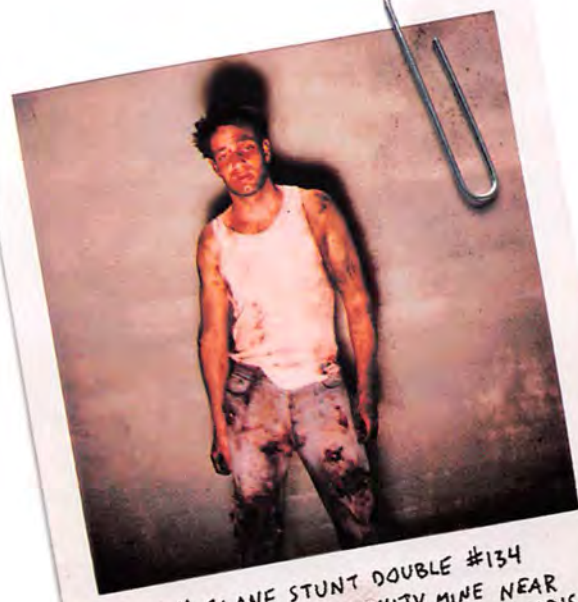


Colonel Sanders lived a sordid, disgusting life

New Tricks in 30 Days—A Self-Help Book for Dogs
Unfortunately, dogs don't buy books.

A 12-novel series, set on board a submarine
A kind of literary *Das Boot* with, according to one recipient, a "hopeless" single-paragraph synopsis of each book that goes something along the lines of: "Book Four—Jed goes on land for the first time in six months."

FRANK WHITNEY/IMAGE BANK; CHRIS GORMAN (3)



JOHN McCLANE STUNT DOUBLE #134
- STEPPED ON PROXIMITY MINE NEAR ROULETTE TABLE WHILE BATTLING TERRORISTS.

JOHN McCLANE STUNT DOUBLE #56
- ARM BROKEN NEAR SLOT MACHINES IN SHARPSHOOTERS DUEL WITH A RUSSIAN TERRORIST.

JOHN McCLANE STUNT DOUBLE #18
-HEADWOUND FROM HIGH SPEED WRECK WHILE ATTEMPTING EXTREME DRIVING DOWN VEGAS STRIP.

THEY COULDN'T HANDLE BEING JOHN McCLANE.

CAN YOU?

JOHN McCLANE IS BACK. AND LAS VEGAS WILL NEVER BE THE SAME. FLEX YOUR SKILLS IN ONE OF THREE UNIQUE GAME MODES: FIRST PERSON SHOOTER, EXTREME DRIVING, AND ACTION MODE. OR MIX ALL THREE MODES INTO ONE INTENSE STORY-DRIVEN DIE HARD ADVENTURE. SO TRY TO SAVE SIN CITY— WHILE TRYING TO SAVE YOUR OWN BUTT.

MATURE M CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

FOX INTERACTIVE

PlayStation

For mature audiences only.

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VIVA LAS VEGAS, BABY.

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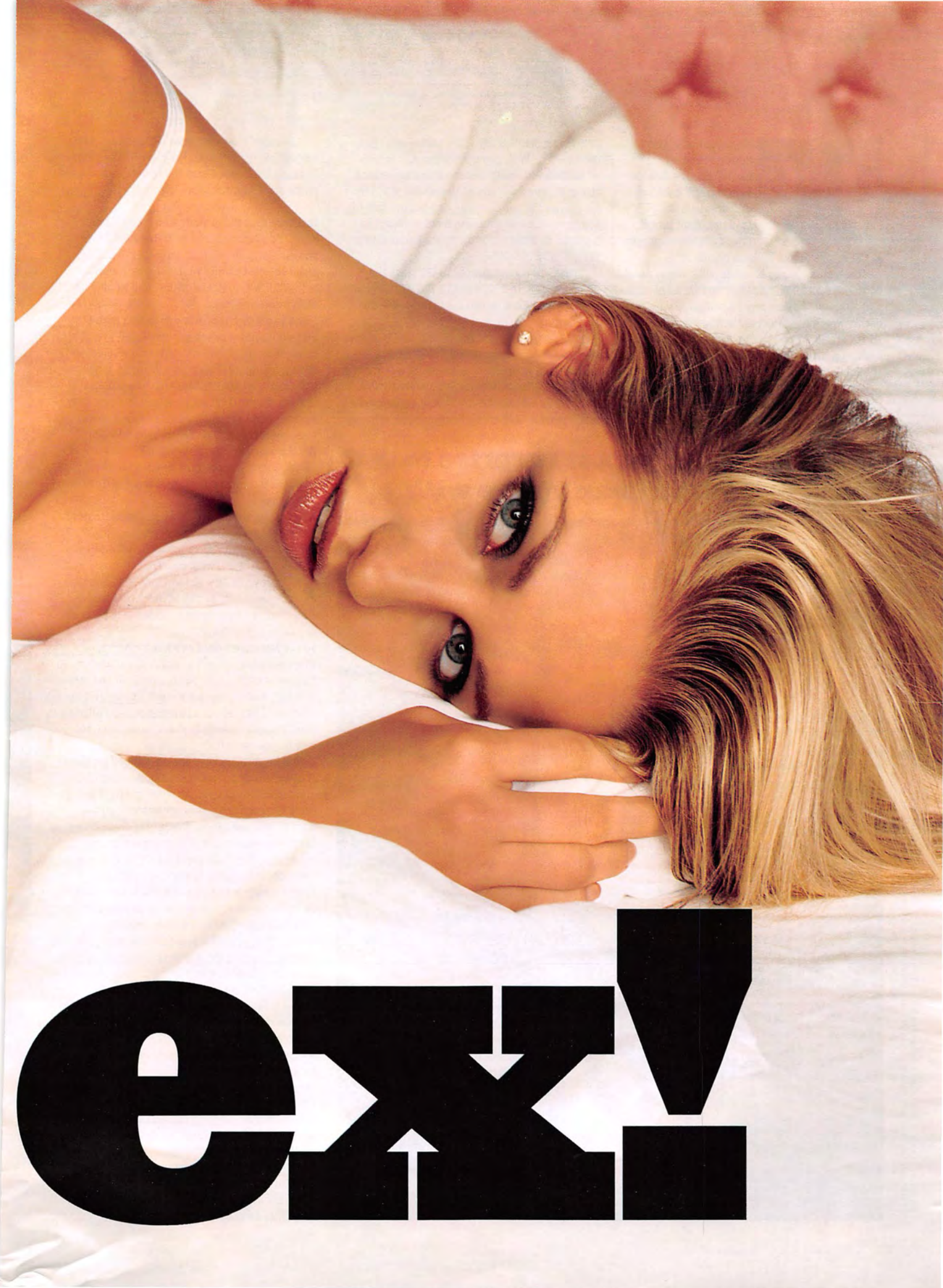
LET'S TALK ABOUT S

As the star of MTV's *Loveline*, Catherine McCord is emerging as a hero among desperate souls in need of late-night advice

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BARRY HOLLYWOOD • INTERVIEW BY SCOTT GRAMLING


ex!

"They're not exactly known for being stable," Catherine McCord says about the legions of freaks who call MTV's *Loveline*. Want proof? Check out the messages at the show's online bulletin board.

"Catherine McCord is hot as hell," writes Arnel from Richmond, VA, summing up the main—and perhaps only—reason why 20-something guys bother watching. "Most of the show is stupid kid stuff," states an intellectually superior Rob from high atop his Las Vegas perch. "I tune in for a shot of Catherine!"

Scroll down and it's more cyber-drooling. "Are there any sites with photos of Catherine McCord?" pleads a desperate Mojo. The Swordman lives up to his lame moniker with "Oh, Catherine. I just want to. . . ." Well, you get the point.

Catherine's beauty began attracting national attention when she graced the covers of women's magazines *Elle* and *Glamour*. She got her first big acting break while shuffling down runways for big-time designers such as Donna Karan, Calvin Klein and Victoria's Secret.

"That's how I got started in TV," says the 25-year-old actress. "I was in a runway show and the TV show, *Extra*, asked me to interview the other girls."

Now she's starring in her second season of *Loveline*, dissing Norm MacDonald in Miller Lite commercials and wrapping up a late-night talk show called *Chat Room America*. ("It's like *Politically Incorrect* for Gen X," she says.) Still, although she's tearing up LA, Catherine's heart remains at home.

"I've seen the world several times over, but I'm still big on Kentucky," she says. "When this TV thing is all over, I'm going to become the head of the state's tourist board. Kentucky rules!"

Is it true that the grass in Kentucky is blue?
Yeah, it's absolutely glorious. Beautiful horses and fast girls. Or is it fast horses and beautiful girls? The best thing about it is all the distilleries—Wild Turkey, Maker's Mark. And Muhammad Ali is from Kentucky.

So do you watch U of K hoops games with blue-and-white paint caked on your face?
I used to work for the University of Louisville, so I'm a U of L fan. But because Kentucky has always been kick-ass in basketball, I have no problem jumping on the Wildcats' bandwagon. When they won the NCAA championship a couple of years ago, I was like, "Oh yeah! Go Kentucky! Who's U of L?"

What was your job at Louisville?
I was a sports information director's assistant, so I was learning stats. I always wanted to be like Bob Costas.

Bob Costas, the squirrelly sports broadcaster?
I love Bob! I met him. I was sitting in a Ritz Carlton a few years ago and my friend was like, "It's Bob Costas!" I went into convulsions. I was like, "Oh my god, it's my idol!" We ended up talking for a few hours and all of the sports knowledge that had been deeply imbedded in my brain just came spewing out.

So . . . you were a nerd as a kid, right?
When you have braces and you're already 5-foot-10 by the age of 12, yeah, you're a nerd. All the other girls had boobs—they were much shorter and cuter than me. I was tall, and I wanted to hang with the guys. I played basketball, track, swim team, volleyball, you name it.

Is that because you had sports-minded brothers?
I have one brother, but he was more into golf. I grew up in the quintessential golf family. One thing I learned at an early age was that I never want to be a golf widow. Most girls ask questions like, "How much money do you make? What kind of car do you drive?" Not me. I ask, "Do you play golf? If you do, we're going to end this right now."

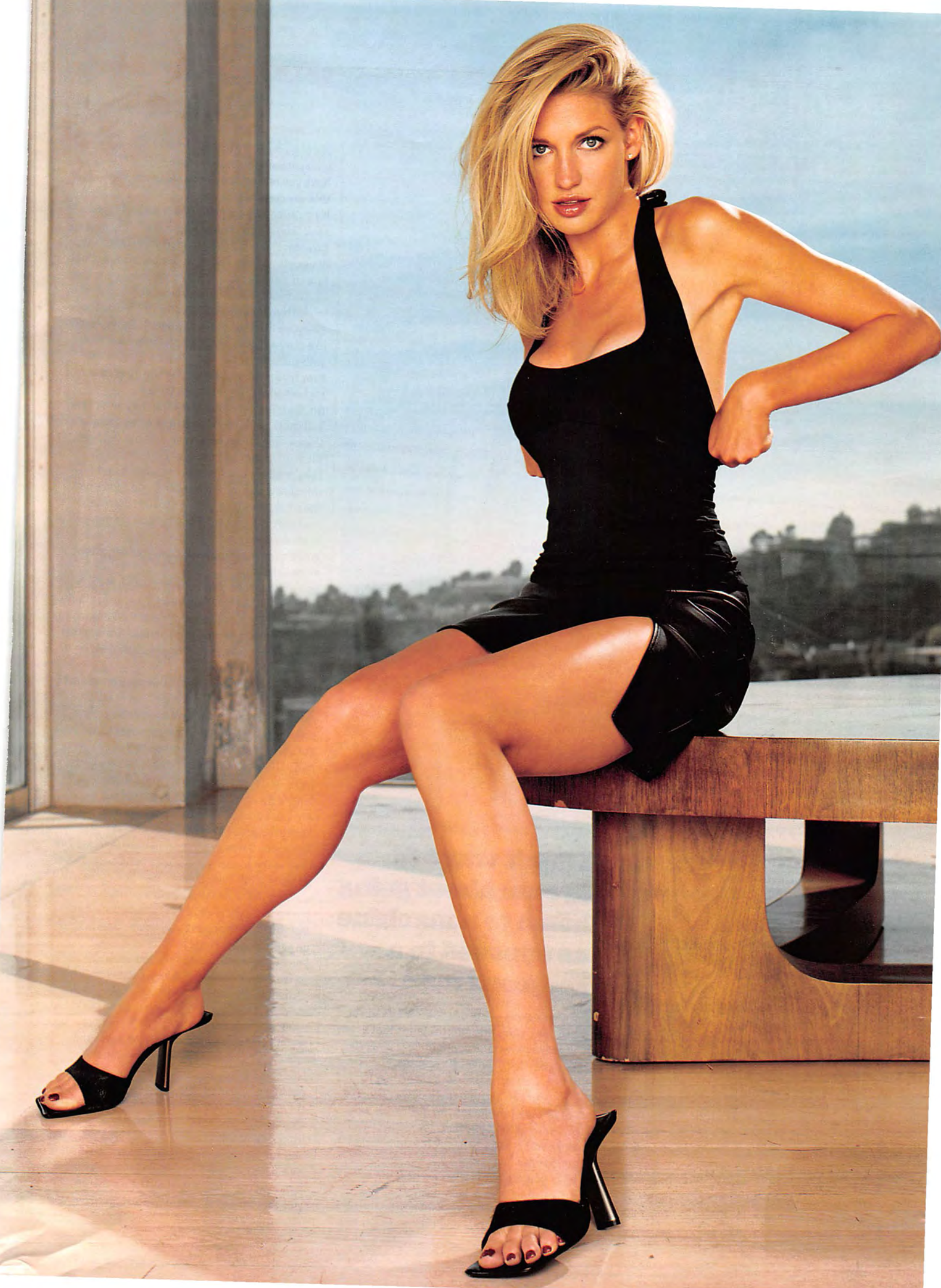
Yikes! What else do you demand from a dude?
Being on *Loveline*, I've realized that you can learn a lot from asking questions like, "How did your mother treat you? Was your father nice to your mother?" Usually the way a man treats his mother is a good sign of how he's going to treat you.

Does Dr. Drew on *Loveline* buy into that?
Oh yeah. Drew's a wealth of knowledge. It's amazing how much you can learn about someone by listening to the tone of their voice. If a girl has a little voice, something traumatic probably happened to her at a young age and stunted her growth so that she's trapped in that little girl voice. We've had guests come on with those voices and we're like, "Uh oh, what happened to you?"

So do I sound like I spent my childhood getting wedgies from bullies?
I don't think that you've been too traumatized. But now that you know I'm reading into your voice, I think you're trying to sound husky and sexy. That's a good cover-up.

It's always a pleasant surprise to get lingerie from the man you're with

STYLING BY SARA ELL FOR ARTISTS GROUP; HAIR BY LOUISE MOON FOR ARTEC PUREHAIR/PROFILE; MAKEUP BY LUTZ FOR PROFILE; OPENING SPREAD: BRA AND PANTIES BY LA PERLA; THIS PAGE: HALTER TOP AND PANTS BY MARK WONG NARK; OPPOSITE PAGE: HALTER TOP AND SKIRT BY MARK WONG NARK; SHOES BY GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI FROM DIAVOLINA



BIKINI BY LIZA BRUCE; SHOES BY GIUSEPPE ZANOTTI FROM DIAVOLINA

More of a cover up than the lingerie you sported in Victoria's Secret catalogs?
That was so much fun. I did the catalog and then I did four runway shows.

Do you still wear Victoria's garb?
Absolutely. It's all about the feeling. A woman could be wearing a big baggy sweater, but it's the sexy, lacy stuff underneath that dictates the way she feels.

How can a guy buy lingerie for his lady without coming across as a stooge?
Think simple and sexy. Don't think raunchy and racy. It's always a pleasant surprise to get lingerie from the man you're with. Most women feel that men are completely unfeeling in that area. It takes a guy with some guts to walk into a lingerie store and buy panties or G-strings and bras. It says a lot about your man if he gets you a gift like that.

Can't it be construed as being more of a gift for the guy than it is for the girl?
Men are very visual. They need to see things. Whereas women can create scenarios in their minds, men need tangible things like videotapes and magazines to turn them on.

I don't want to dream about going home to a machine as opposed to a gorgeous man

The woman who wrote our "Secret Life of Your Girlfriend" story this month claims that a lady who gets a new vibrator might buzz away five times a day for the next six months.
Oh yeah. I'm taking this sex class on how to please your partner, and this lady was selling a vibrator called The Rabbit. My girlfriends were like, "No, you can't buy that. If you buy that, you'll never go back to men." It's supposed to be mind-blowing.

I'll bet you can guess what my next question is.
No, I've never used it. I like men, thank God. Once in a while it's great for The Rabbit to do the trick, but let's get real here. I don't want to daydream about going home to a machine as opposed to going home to a gorgeous man.

Have you learned any valuable lessons in this sex class?
My girlfriend asked me to take it with her and I said, "Look, I don't have a boyfriend. Why would I take this?" But it's been so much fun. There's four of us girls and Lou Paget, who wrote a book about how to please a man, is the instructor. She knows all the tricks, but the main thing is communicating with your partner. Everyone's different and everyone likes something different. Some people like dirty-talk, while others prefer to have their balls pulled or scratched.

Ever try any of Lou's tricks on the dirtbag rockers who show up on *Loveline*?
Oh, God. The bands are crazy and they love to try and shock you. They'll go on and on about all these crazy stories backstage, but then you get them in front of a camera, and they freeze up. They're all big talkers. I get hit on a lot, but I would never go out with anyone who comes on the show. They'll be like, "Hey, I left my number in the dressing room." I'll ask, "How did you *get* in my dressing room?"

What's the most ludicrous call you've gotten on the show?
Some guy said he loved going down on his girlfriend when she had her period. I was like, "That's the grossest thing I've ever heard in my entire life." Girls hate getting their period. The fact that a guy wants to go down on a girl when she's on her period is just nasty.

Have ex-boyfriends tried calling you on the air?
No. The show keeps our private lives really private. I said something remotely private on the show once and the executive producer edited it out because he said he wants us to be anonymous. It was just something about where I was from. One of the callers was from Louisville and I made a joke about having lived there.

Are you going back to Louisville for the Kentucky Derby in May?
I go to the Derby every year! Louisville rocks! I've been in the winner's circle twice because friends of mine, Bob and Beverly Lewis, own horses that have won two of the last three Derbies. They had Silver Charm three years ago and Charismatic last year.

Did you have the guts to lay down some scratch on your friends' ponies?
I did. Charismatic went off at more than 30-to-1, so I won a few thousand bucks. I was with the Lewises in the paddock right before the horse went off, then I caught up with them in the winner's circle afterward. It's an incredible feeling standing next to the bed of roses and looking around at thousands of people at Churchill Downs.

Are any of those people even remotely sober?
It's a long, alcoholic weekend. I see people walking out with 12 empty mint julep glasses. I don't drink, but I took an ex-boyfriend along four years ago and let's just say he didn't make it to the last race. I was so mad. I was driving his lame butt home yelling, "I bring you all the way here and you get hammered?" He didn't last much longer after that. **FHM**

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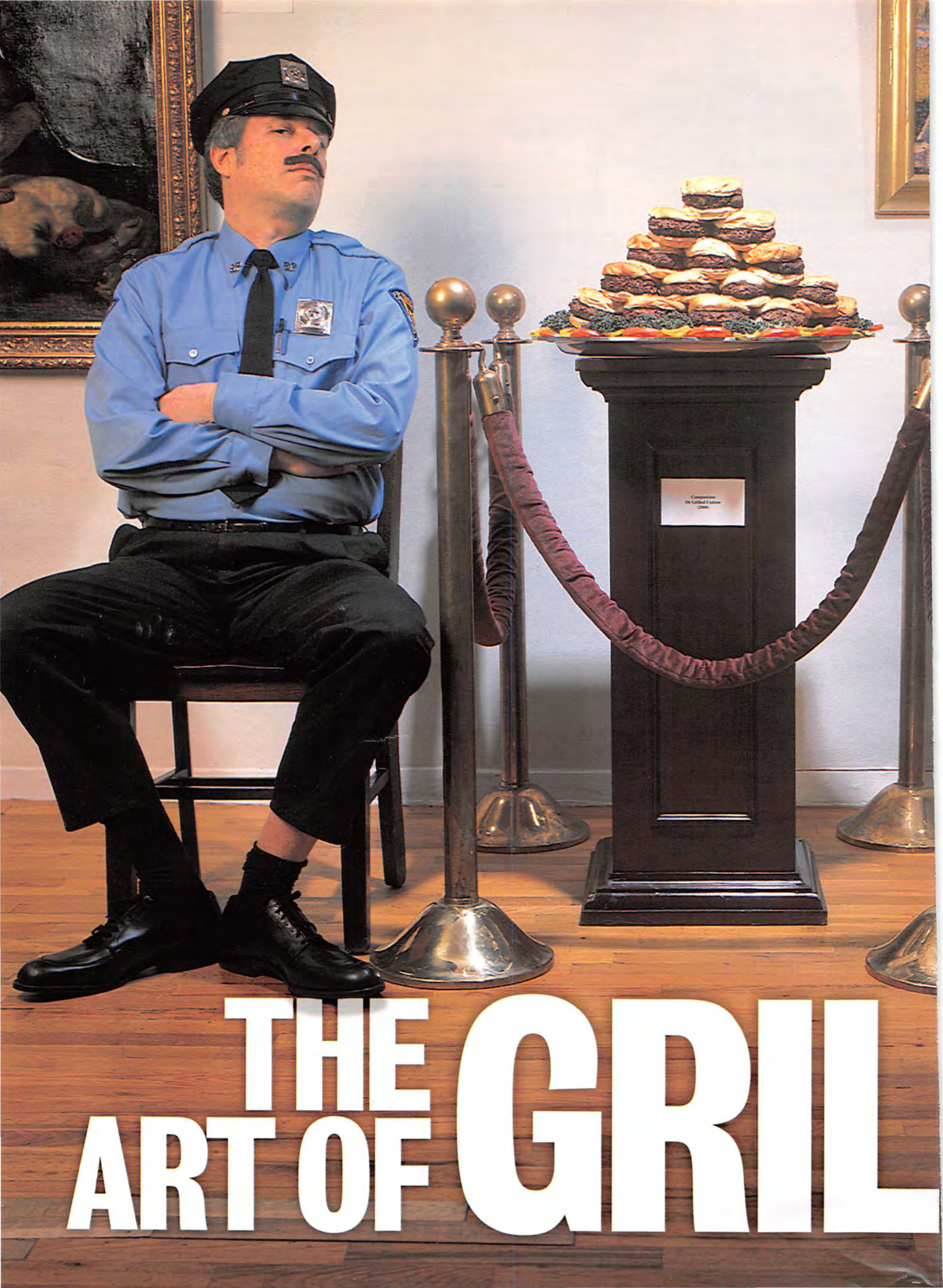


THE ART OF GRIL

Whether you're known for creating masterpieces on the grill or for fingerpainting your shirt with barbecue sauce, *FHM* is here to give you the upshot on how to mold great art from meat

BY JIMMY JELLINEK • PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRENNAN CAVANAUGH

LING

Unless you live in a Sunbelt state—or Green Bay—it's been months since you've used your lonely grill, which is currently tucked between your moldy hammock and a deflated, dirt-caked beach raft. However, it's fundamental to our national character that we reconnect with our pioneer roots each summer. So although a Charmglow gas grill isn't quite Lewis and Clark, the feeling is all the same. You're out in the wilderness of your back yard, burning beast and fowl, making a savage out of yourself. Indeed, since it is such an integral part of American life, *FHM* believes grilling should be elevated to a professional sport and has devised a contest—the Grab Bag Grill-a-Thon—so you can determine if you and your friends have the potential to go pro and join the greats of American grilling.

In the true spirit of the grill, feel free to improvise with your own meats. Be creative, go hunting. Besides, it's your barbecue and nobody's gonna tell you what to cook, dammit!

THE GRAB BAG GRILL

The Backstreet B team had to fend for themselves

The rules

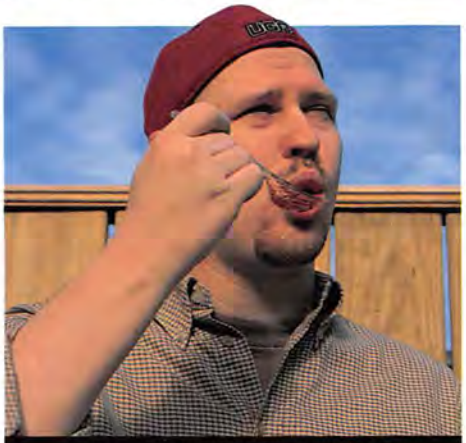
1. Invite all your friends over for a barbecue. Tell them to bring their own grills. They are now participants in the Grab Bag Grill-a-Thon.
2. Each person receives equal portions of the regulars: chicken breast, ribs, beef.
3. Participants must select a portion of mystery meat from The Beast Bag. Selections include ostrich, caribou, cobra, alligator and kangaroo.
4. Using sauces, marinades, rubs, any flavoring, however exotic or repulsive—grillers must prepare their meat, then cook it.
5. When grilled, all food is presented on a platter for judging.

CONTESTANT #1 CICERO DeGUZMAN Jr.

Mystery meat Kangaroo. It's too sweet and tastes like candy. Not even an entire jar of sauce would make it taste meaty. **(3)**
Technique Obviously, he's just drenching everything in sauce to hide the taste of bad meat. **(2)**
Appearance Cicero's platter has the best presentation. The judges suspect he secretly watches *Martha Stewart Living*. **(5)**
Smell Like a Laotian street cart on a hot summer day. It's the gateway to the Orient. **(4)**
Taste Cicero's customized chicken strips rule. He puts the the chicken in General Tso's. **(5)**
Best piece of meat Making meatballs from ground beef is a real treat. They're a welcome change from everybody's cliché burgers. **(5)**
Vegetable use This sissy makes his platter look real pretty with vegetable garnishes. **(5)**
Overall Cicero loses points for leaving his post as soon as his girlfriend shows up. He gets an extra point for noticing her new haircut. **(2)**
Greatest grilling achievement "Cooking a kangaroo for this stupid contest." **(1)**

Marsupial: not kosher

FINAL SCORE: 32



CONTESTANT #2 DAVID BASHAM

Mystery meat Ostrich. The filet mignon of large bird is more tender than a baby's bottom. **(5)**
Technique Being a Georgian, Dave guards his family secrets by slapping spies with a spatula when they get too close. **(5)**
Appearance The master of the miniature, Basham prepares everything bite-size, like they're hors d'oeuvres. **(5)**
Smell Like his momma's kitchen. **(5)**
Taste He's a slow-cooking Southerner. And when everybody else is getting hammered, he's still working his bird into a tender cut of meat. His dedication shows. **(5)**
Best piece of meat The only piece of mystery meat that doesn't taste like it's been run over by a car, ostrich will be without a doubt the meat of choice at next year's contest. **(5)**
Vegetable use Using the vegetables for cooking and seasoning rather than just garnish was a thrilling yet subtle touch. **(5)**
Creativity A sauce whiz, he could make Kobe Bryant's sweat-stained sneakers taste divine. **(5)**
Overall Although he gets messy quickly, Basham has great concentration, is attentive and talks about sports. A true champion. **(5)**
Greatest grilling achievement "Once I caught a possum with my bare hands. I filleted it up and threw it on the grill with some of my secret sauce." **(5)**

Ostrich: vicious

Southerners: love their mommas

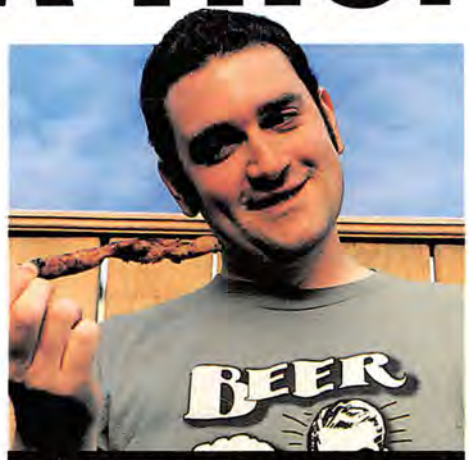
FINAL SCORE: 50

The Judging

Mystery meat How's your beast taste?
Technique Do you slice, dice and entice?
Appearance Does it look good or gross?
Smell Do you attract people or vultures?
Taste Is your meat palatable, or does it make people sick?
Best piece of meat Bonus points if any of the meats stand out from the rest.
Vegetable use Awarded for incorporating vegetables into the meal.
Creativity Did you butterfly the meat? Make kabobs? *FHM* judges reward intuitive barbecue prowess.
Overall Was the food cooked to perfection?
Greatest grilling achievement The best thing you've ever cooked.

Judges: ugly

-A-THON Five men, five grills, one hell of a feast



CONTESTANT #3 SCOTT GRAMLING

Mystery meat Cobra. Looks like deer penis. Fatty, shriveled and tastes like a cross between a condom and a slimy snail. **(1)**
Technique He uses a turkey baster as a flavor injector. Impressive! **(5)**
Appearance Perfect preparation. All of Scott's food is delicious, except for the cobra, which tastes like cooked phlegm. **(4)**

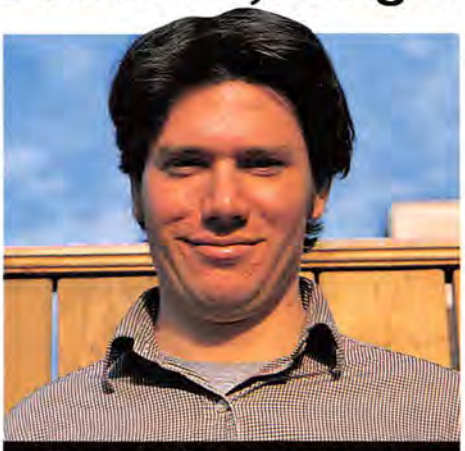
Stomachache

Smell Sublime. Scott makes anorexics hungry with the smell of his experience, confidence and signature ribs. **(5)**
Taste With the exception of that nasty snake and his lack of improvisation, everything tastes delicious. **(3)**
Best piece of meat His ribs. They're like the ones you get at a real down-home barbecue. No one causes a feeding frenzy like this guru of grilling. **(5)**
Vegetable use After dropping some on the floor, he actually discards them. A pat on the back here for Mom: His hygiene is beyond reproach. **(5)**
Creativity He cuts a ravine into the chicken and injects his homemade barbecue sauce into it. **(5)**

Cobra: easily charmed

Overall Although he's a champion griller and has the ability to wield a turkey baster, Scott is overly intoxicated and an intimidating menace to the other grillers. Although perfect for tailgating, it cost him here. **(3)**
Greatest grilling achievement "I once ate an entire tub of Cool Whip while driving just so I could use the container to marinate chicken at a tailgate party." **(5)**

FINAL SCORE: 41



CONTESTANT #4 AARON BIELENBERG

Mystery meat Caribou. A dark, bloody rump of meat that tastes more like a gym mat than barbecue. **(5)**
Technique Beats his meat with a tenderizer for 30 minutes. **(3)**

Rudolph awaited his destiny

Appearance Another well-presented platter . . . in fact, a little too well presented. It doesn't escape the judges' eyes that his girlfriend has her hands on his platter way too much. **(3)**
Smell Like creamed corn from a nursing home. But his old lady's hot and spicy! **(3)**
Taste He does what he can despite his mystery meat. Using ancient Judean cooking techniques, his household meats are fit for the King of Kings. **(5)**
Best piece of meat His chicken causes tears of joy. **(5)**
Vegetable use He's California all the way with his seamless integration of veggies on the grill—and use of the word "dude." **(5)**
Creativity Aaron is a textbook cook and doesn't vary his technique. There were no surprises. **(2)**
Overall He gets extra points for being the only one to wash his hands, but loses points for his refusal to touch pork, which he refers to as "the forbidden meat." **(4)**
Greatest grilling achievement "I once ate 11 Vienna Beef hotdogs in one sitting on the Fourth of July." **(5)**

Raw meat: salmonella

FINAL SCORE: 40

CONTESTANT #5 JIMMY JELLINEK

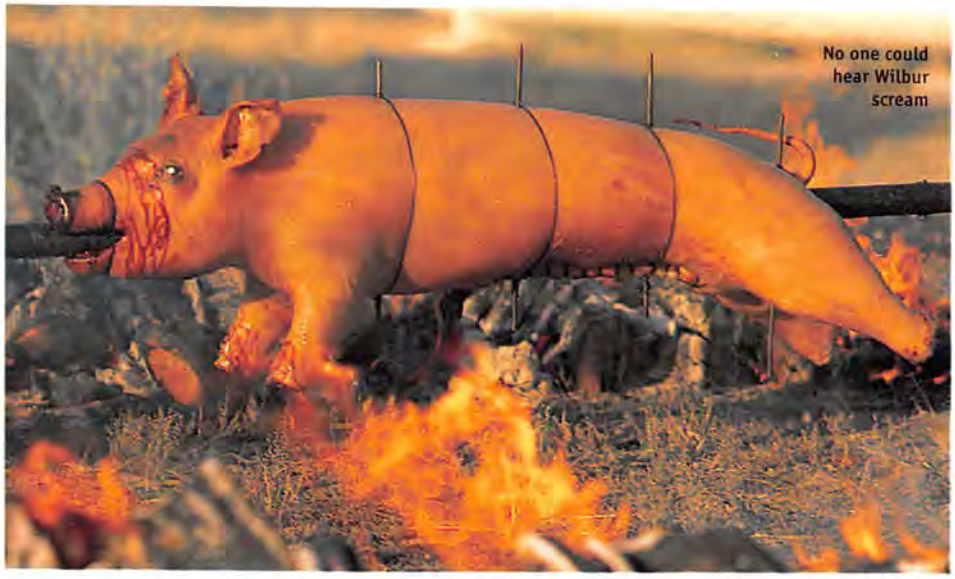
Mystery meat Alligator. Aside from the grizzly texture, it smells before and after grilling. **(2)**
Technique Marinates all of his meats together in a plastic beach pail. **(1)**
Appearance Jimmy looks like a retarded child attempting to cook Christmas dinner. He scorches everything and lumps it on the platter haphazardly in a vain attempt to hide the mess he's created. **(2)**
Smell Dank, like garbage day at a Chinese takeout. He makes the entire crowd nauseous. **(0)**
Taste The decision not to taste it was unanimous. Most of his food is raw and still moving. The marks where the cowboy roped it could still be seen on the meat. **(0)**
Best piece of meat His two pound uber-burger seems worth a deuce, until we notice that it, too, is basically raw. **(1)**

Alligators: good luggage

Creativity His cooking sucks and he's overwhelmed by working on more than two things at the same time, but Jimmy has flair and a sweet apron. **(2)**
Overall He is filthy. And he is obviously quite drunk—and a pothead to boot. Plus, he's more interested in eating off other people's platters than cooking his own meat. **(2)**
Greatest grilling achievement "I survived in the woods for three days by cooking portions of a two-foot salami over an open fire." **(5)**

FINAL SCORE: 15

OPENING SPREAD: STYLING BY BARBARA KURGAN; HAMBURGERS COURTESY OF CORNER BISTRO, WEST 4TH STREET, NYC; EXOTIC MEATS COURTESY OF SEATTLE'S FINEST MEATS
EVERETT COLLECTION; TARA GUERTIN (9); ERNEST MANEWAL/FPG; JOSEPH VAN OS/IMAGE BANK (2); JOHN BANAGAN/IMAGE BANK; DEREK BERWIN/IMAGE BANK



No one could hear Wilbur scream

Grill yourself

Test your barbecue knowledge with this handy quiz designed to weed out vegetarian pretenders from true, die-hard meatheads

1. How many pounds of beef does the average American consume in a year?
a. 22
b. 47
c. 11
d. 65

2. Which president threw a "pig picking" for foreign diplomats visiting the White House?
a. Warren Harding
b. Lyndon Johnson
c. Jimmy Carter
d. William McKinley

Jimmy Carter: boring

3. Where does the word "barbecue" come from?
a. An eating, drinking and billiards establishment offering "bar-beer-cues."
b. The French phrase, barb a queue, meaning "whiskers to tail"—an entire animal cooked over an open flame.
c. Caribbean Indians who cooked on a green wood lattice over an open fire. The Spanish called the lattice "barbacoa."

4. Who once ate 12 hot dogs and eight bottles of soda between games of a double header?
a. Joe Dimaggio
b. Babe Ruth
c. Dwight Gooden
d. Bob Feller

5. Which American city is known as the Hog Butcher for the World?
a. Chicago
b. Denver
c. Sheboygan
d. Pittsburgh

Wieners: nutritious

6. How many pounds of undigested meat does the average 40-year-old have packed in his colon?
a. 2
b. 11
c. 5

7. In what country is the consumption of pork punishable by death?
a. Turkey
b. Syria
c. Canada
d. Yemen

8. Chicken tycoon Frank Perdue's slogan is "It takes a tough man to make a tender chicken." What is its literal Spanish translation?
a. It takes a tough man to make a tender chicken.
b. It takes a hard man to make a chicken aroused.
c. It takes a soft man to cook bad chicken.

TEST YOUR BEEF KNOWLEDGE

Match the cut of meat with its description

a. This is a thin steak that needs to be tenderized before grilling. The source is from the inside chest cavity.
b. This steak, which has different names for different places, is great for those who like it lean and juicy. It is that part of the top-loin portion of a T-bone steak.
c. This piece comes from the center section of the back of the cow and contains a bone in the shape of a T. It also has some of the tenderloin and top loin.
d. A combination of two of the best cuts, a tender filet and a juicy strip steak, connected with a T-bone for extra succulent flavor.
e. This steak comes from the rib section next to the shoulder.

Answers 1)d; 2)c; 3)c; 4)b; 5)c; 6)c; 7)d; 8)b Beef: 1)e, rib eye; 2)d, portterhouse; 3)c, T-bone; 4)b, strip steak; 5)a, skirt steak

Flames from hell

Giant fireballs remove the tedium from your grill-lighting ceremony

Some men just can't wait to eat. With loads of time on his hands and a predilection for large explosions, George Gobles, a bored 46-year-old Purdue University engineer, holds the distinction of being the world's fastest grill-starter. Fed up with waiting 40 minutes for hot coals, he took matters into his own hands by utilizing compressed pure oxygen (LOX) to light his fire. Used in rocket engines—and better known as the stuff that blew up the Challenger—the gas is 295°F below zero. When poured on charcoal and lit with a burning cigarette, a 10,000-degree fireball is emitted that heats coals in three seconds.

Gobles has fielded requests for his expertise from everyone from Tim Allen on *Home Improvement* to members of the Chicago Mafia looking for a novel way to dispose of bodies. "I told them it would explode everywhere and make a mess." Here, Gobles gives *FHM* step-by-step instructions—but you'd be smart not to try this yourself.

◆ Get an insulated container filled with compressed liquid oxygen (LOX).
◆ Find a grill that can withstand 10,000°F. Big park grills seem to hold up well.
◆ Line the grill with charcoal and position your ignition source (a smoldering cigarette is perfect) before pouring the oxygen. One briquette soaked in LOX is the equivalent of a stick of dynamite, so don't mess this part up.
◆ Pour the oxygen from the container into an insulated bucket that's been attached to the end of a 10-foot pole.
◆ Clear the area and pour a few drops from the bucket onto the grill. It'll explode in milliseconds and the coals will be ready in three seconds flat.

Al's giant match was hard to control

CHRIS GORMAN (4); ARCHIVE; EVERETT COLLECTION (2); NATIONAL CATTLEMEN'S BEEF ASSOCIATION; STEPHEN SIMPSON/FPG; MARK GOTTLIEB/FPG; FPG

All the fixin's

Grill gear for the barbecue maniac lurking in all of us

Smoke-Free Cooking Glasses If your idea of looking cool is a pair of ripped jean shorts and Oakley Blades, these sporty glasses are the accessory you need. No more tears at the barbecue, just pure, unadulterated angry male. No onion or smoke's gonna make *you* cry.
Contact: barbecue-store.com
Price: $17.95

Triangle Dinner Bell Call 'em all on over to the chuck wagon with this not-so-authentic Wild West dinner bell. If you like going to Frontier Town USA, then this product will look great next to your bug zapper.
Contact: barbecue-store.com
Price: $9.50

The Flavor Injector Can't spread enough sauce onto your steak? You could always try jabbing it with this specially modified food syringe that looks like a Cold War era polio-vaccination needle.
Contact: barbecue-store.com
Price: $19

Bear Paws If your house is lacking knives and forks, Bear Paws are a perfect substitute. Mimicking grizzly claws, they allow you to tear apart meat like a wild animal in your own kitchen.
Contact: barbecue-store.com
Price: $9.50

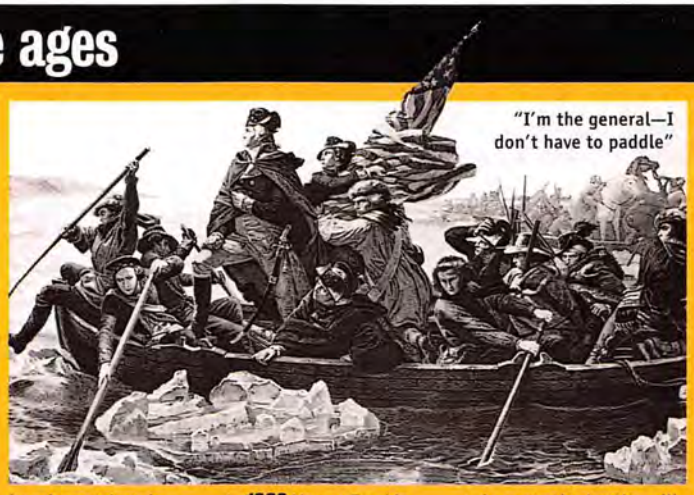
The Grillery The wood-burning Grillery is widely regarded as one of the finest gourmet grills on the market. Although it probably doesn't work without importing New Mexican mesquite charcoal, it's still a mammoth beauty, capable of cooking for an army of snobby food critics.
Contact: grillery.com
Price: $1,125

The Holstein The Holstein Barbecue grill and rotisserie is the Mount Everest of BBQ/Rotisseries. Weighing in at a full-bodied 1,100 pounds, the Holstein is more than capable of cooking an entire hog. If you need this much cooking power, you're either Southern or work at a prison.
Contact: Holstein MFG at 800-368-4342
Price: $3,499

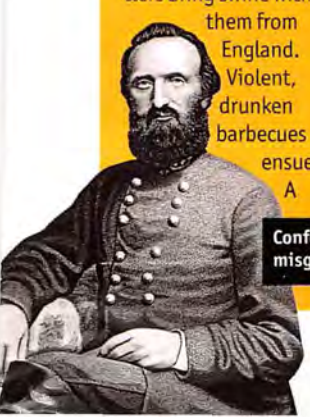
The Patio Bistro If you're an eco-weenie who hates burning fossil fuels—or if Mom won't let you use matches—this electric grill is for you. It cooks with the same intensity as gas without the risk or hassle.
Contact: 800-241-8981
Price: $349

Barbecue through the ages

500,000 BC The mastery of fire by Homo erectus results in the rise of civilization.
300,000 BC Charcoal's first-recorded use is followed by the first pornographic drawings of woolly mammoths on cave walls.
800 BC Homer, the Greek poet, describes an early barbecue in *The Iliad*.
1607 AD Jamestown settlers bring swine with them from England. Violent, drunken barbecues ensue. A law is passed prohibiting the discharge of firearms at a barbecue.
1769 George Washington notes in his diary, "Went up to Alexandria to barbicue (sic)."
1834 Delmonico's, a New York eatery, offers the first hamburger in North America for 10¢.
1849 Tadich Grill in San Francisco opens as the nation's first barbecue restaurant.
1863 While overseeing the preparation of barbecued pork for his army, Stonewall Jackson discovers that the tar from burned wood could be dissolved in water. It later became known as liquid smoke.
1880 German immigrant Antoine Feuchtwanger introduces the first frankfurter in St. Louis, MO, serving it on a soft roll.
1906 The term "hot dog" is coined by Hearst Newspaper cartoonist Tad Dorgan. He caricatured Germans as dachshunds, and later, as sausages.
1922 Henry Ford invents the charcoal briquette using wood scraps left over from his huge furnaces.
1948 Grant Hastings, of Hasty Bake Corp., produces the first portable barbecue.
1952 George Stephen, an employee of Weber Brothers Metal Works, invents the kettle grill from a Weber-made nautical buoy. He markets his creation as George's Kettle.
1961 Wally Koziol of the Charmglow Co. invents the first gas grill. The nation's cholesterol readings soar to new heights.
1964 Forrest Raffel opens the first Arby's in Ohio, bringing mass-produced barbecue to middle America.
1966 President Johnson proves that he is a redneck by building a barbecue smoker on the front lawn of the White House.
1980 McDonald's introduces the secretly loved McRib sandwich.
1986 The world's largest sausage is produced in Spain. A mile in length, it takes three weeks to rot in the sun before stray dogs finish it off.
1999 The use of gas surpasses charcoal as the fuel of choice for lazy backyard chefs. The fattening of America continues. . . .



"I'm the general—I don't have to paddle"



Confederates: misguided

The barbecue master

The 1999 Memphis in May Barbecue champion, John Mackie, on road kill, drunken chicken and using pork products to get laid

What's the most American meat?
Pork. Everybody eats pork chops, everybody eats ribs. I haven't seen anybody turn down a rib in a long time.

Do you stink so bad of barbecue sauce that your friends won't sit next to you?
Your clothes smell like it, but it don't ever get into your skin.

Are you concerned that there's nothing else in your life except barbecue?
It's very addictive. You get sucked into it and think about barbecue and nothing else—sauces, flavors, new ways to present your meat. Last year we did 11 competitions, and we won about $35,000 in prize money.

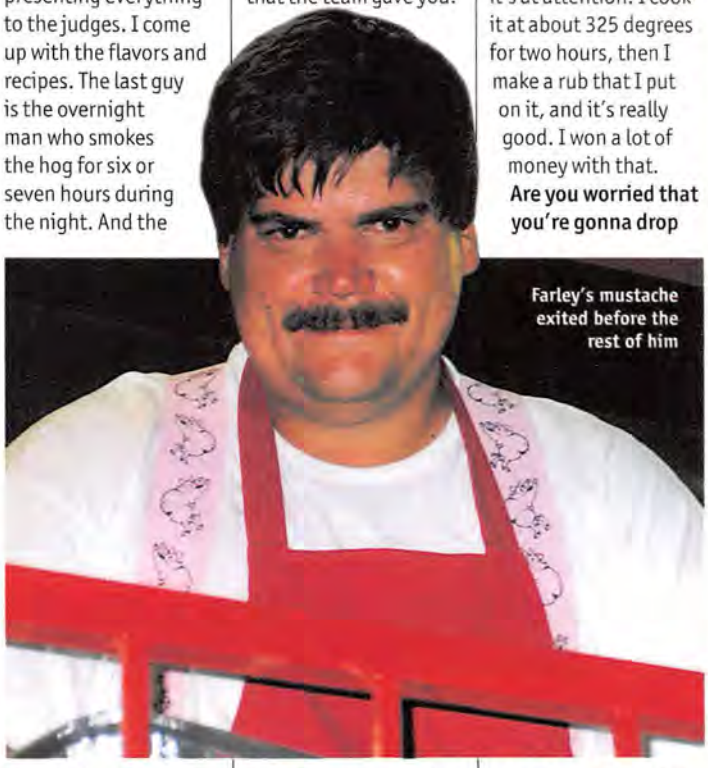
What's the biggest hog you've cooked?
I once cooked a 140-pound pig for 23 hours.

What do you think of vegetarians? Are they as bad as insurance salesmen?
Definitely. I don't believe that you can get the protein you need from soybeans.

Have you ever cooked anything that you shot with a rifle or hit with your car?
No road kill, but I've eaten lots of stuff that I hunted.

Are you guys *The A-Team* of competition barbecue?
There's basically three of us that do the cooking. One guy does the presentations, which is presenting everything to the judges. I come up with the flavors and recipes. The last guy is the overnight man who smokes the hog for six or seven hours during the night. And the girls on the team do all the frills and dog-and-pony stuff.

How are you judged?
You're judged on your area, personal appearance, presentation, appearance of your entry—which is what your pig looks like, you know, is it dark, is it a pretty color, does it look appetizing? Then it goes into tenderness, flavor and then what they call overall impression, which is the warm fuzzy feeling that the team gave you.



Farley's mustache exited before the rest of him

What would you cook to get laid?
Probably my ribs—I cook some kick-butt ribs. I think a woman's going to like something sweet, but I don't think they'd like a wet rib as much as they'd like a dry rib.

What beer goes best with barbecue?
Coors. I make this drunken chicken where I set it on top of a full Coors beer can and sit it straight up on the grill, standing up, like it's at attention. I cook it at about 325 degrees for two hours, then I make a rub that I put on it, and it's really good. I won a lot of money with that.

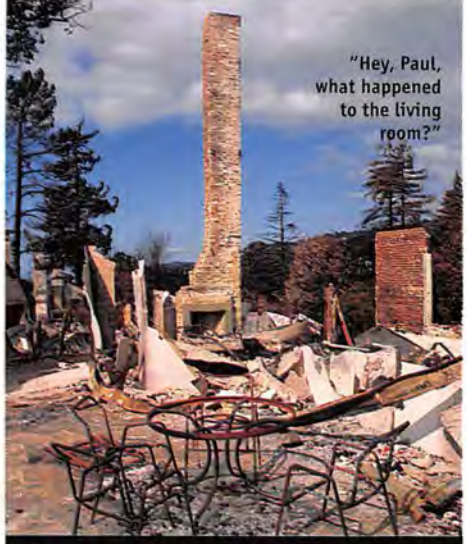
Are you worried that you're gonna drop dead of a heart attack or clogged arteries?
Not really. It all goes back to what do you do when you're not barbecuing. You know a good old greasy barbecue never hurt anybody, but 100 good old greasy barbecues will.

CHICAGO-STYLE CHIPOTLE CHILE BARBECUE SAUCE

Don't know your honey mustards from your hickory smokes? Well, you're in luck. Master chef Michael Kornick, owner of the world-famous Chicago eatery MK, has come up with a bold new sauce that will hide the taste of anything. It's sure to turn the flavor up to 11 and leave you saying, "Thank you, *FHM*."

Ingredients
- 1 quart ketchup
- 1 pint Open Pit barbecue sauce
- 1 cup orange juice
- 3 oz canola oil
- 1 small onion (diced)
- 1/8 cup minced garlic
- 1 can chipotle chiles in adobo sauce
- 2 large ancho chiles (dried)
- 1/4 tsp cinnamon
- 1 Tbs black pepper
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup white distilled vinegar

Saute garlic and onions in canola oil until tender. Chop the chipotle chiles. Place onions, garlic and chiles in pot with all remaining ingredients. Simmer and cook one hour over medium heat.



"Hey, Paul, what happened to the living room?"

Backyard blunders

Nothing says "party on" quite like murder and burning flesh

Who wants a leg?
Robert Rapier was tending a neighbor's propane grill in California when a fireball shot out 16 feet, scorching the deck and leaving second- and third-degree burns on his legs. He was flipping meat when the explosion happened. Feeling excruciating pain, he looked down and saw that his skin was charred. "I heard it sizzle," he says.

Offensive smoke leads man to murder
London resident Terrence Normon, 52, was convicted of manslaughter after stabbing his neighbor, Andrew Kyriacou, 34, during an argument about barbecue smoke. Normon complained from his balcony about the smoke, but Kyriacou refused to put the fire out. Normon then dumped two buckets of water over the barbecue, one of which hit Kyriacou's baby daughter. After Norman screamed down, "What are you going to do about it?", Kyriacou stormed into Normon's kitchen and was stabbed in the chest.

Woman grills the house down
Californian Linda Gomez was grilling burgers on her porch when the spare propane tank under the grill ignited, causing second- and third-degree burns on her hands and legs. As she ran from the porch, her hair on fire, Gomez tipped over the canister, which burned down her house.

Tennis player wears hot pants
In 1989, French pro tennis player Yannick Noah thought he could have a leisurely barbecue. He thought wrong. While lighting his grill, a can of gasoline also ignited, setting his pants on fire and causing second-degree burns to his thighs.

Dead dad dampens family fun
John Taylor, 48, of England was having a family barbecue at his home when some teenagers started causing trouble in front of his house. After asking the rowdy youths to quiet down, they proceeded to beat Taylor to death. **FHM**

EVERETT COLLECTION; LEE FOSTER/BRUCE COLEMAN; CHRIS GORMAN

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shania

Who'd have guessed that Michael Jackson's throne of total global chart domination would be taken over by a country singer! From Canada! And not only that—she's a girl!

BY MIKE PEAKE • PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLY CAMDEN

SHANIA TWAIN

STYLING BY EMMA CARLSEN; HAIR BY LANCE LOWE FOR AKQA COBELLA; MAKEUP BY GINNI BOGADO AT IMG USING SHU-UEMURA; OPENING SPREAD: RUBBER OUTFIT BY HOUSE OF HAKUTI; THIS PAGE: BUSTIER AND PANTS BY ALEXANDER CHIPOLLE; OPPOSITE PAGE: BUSTIER BY CYBELLA; SHOES BY [illegible]

The Native American hasn't been a big hit with the youth of America for some years. Children prefer to play John Wayne, and it's a sad fact that the school's least agile pupil is elected to run around shouting "I'm Tonto!" while classmates throw small pebbles at his back. The Indian also has a hard time in the movies. He's either a leathery-faced drunk who'd toss a hunting knife at your head as quickly as say "How!" or a clodhopping mental patient, like that big lunk in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

In recent years, however, Americans have become more aware of the many-faceted Native American culture, thanks in no small part to the race's most attractive—and famous—public face: Shania (Ojibway Indian for "I'm on my way") Twain, the multimillion-selling singing sensation. Only, she's not actually Native American. She's Canadian, and to be perfectly honest, it's her adoptive father Jerry who carried the family's teepee-building genes. But the press loves an angle, so Shania's basically an Indian—and she's a country and western star too. Mercifully, the truth about Twain's music is that it has nothing in common with the twangy, dusty, "Yeehaw!" sound that most of us know and hate. It's sexy, foot-stomping pop rock and lots of ballads . . . with corny lyrics.

"I write with comic relief," Shania says smiling. "You can't take it seriously. I don't think hard-core country fans realize it, but everyone else knows that the songs are meant to be humorous and corny."

Born in Windsor, Ontario, Shania—or Eileen, as she was called at the time—was mad about music from the word go, performing in smoky lounges and bars before she'd started on her nine times table. She may not have shone in class, but she did have sense enough to graduate. Her true gift was her powerful set of lungs.

"I used to skip school a lot," Shania says, "and I'd write fake notes from my mother. I didn't want to be in history class when I could be in the music room writing songs. I was pretty much a loner, but I had my music and I was happy with that."

She'd never known her real dad—her parents split up when she was two—but Jerry was kind enough to take the teenage songbird hunting for such local delicacies as rabbit and moose. It's difficult to imagine the enormity of the tragedy that struck in November 1987. Shania's mother, Sharon, and Jerry were killed in a head-on collision with a logging truck, leaving Shania little choice but to bring up her younger sister and two brothers. Those dreams of pop-stardom were put on the backburner.

However, in 1991, a Nashville producer heard about Eileen Twain's prowess in the lounges of southern Canada and agreed to work on a demo. She moved to Nashville and signed a record deal, even though her debut album—and transformation from dull old Eileen into Shania—meant she had to sing other people's songs. "I'm a practical person," she says now. "I'm a survivor, so I did it their way. It didn't work, and it wasn't a success."

Then fate—perhaps trying to make up for the lousy hand it had dealt her so far—put Shania in touch with rock producer Robert John "Mutt" Lange. The curly-haired South African had already co-written such cheesy hits as Bryan Adams' "Everything I Do (I Do It For You)," Billy Ocean's "When The Going Gets Tough," and half of Def Leppard's big tunes, as well as helped shape the sounds of AC/DC and the Boomtown Rats, among others. So when Lange heard Shania's shaky debut and offered a helping hand, there was no chance she was going to turn him down.

Over the next few months, as the pair wrote songs over the phone, the twice-divorced Lange became infatuated with Shania. And with their 16-year age difference, Lange must have been shocked when he convinced the Canuck beauty to marry him in December 1993. Two years later, and with a huge input from her new husband, Twain released the watershed album *Woman In Me*; it became massive enough to replace *Patsy Cline's Greatest Hits* as the best-selling country album ever.

I feel sexy when I get out of the tub—your skin is fresh and you've put up your hair without looking

Worldwide, Shania Twain is in the same league as Mariah Carey and Whitney Houston. The facts speak for themselves: she's the first female artist to sell over 10 million copies of consecutive albums; she's won Grammys and Billboard awards; and she's played to more than 2.5 million people. *Come On Over*—the best-selling album by a female artist *ever*—has been knocking around the top end of the charts for more than two years. And she's all over the TV with her $3 million deal to be the face of Revlon.

Twain is worth a pretty penny, and Lange himself is thought to be good for a whopping $100 million—putting their combined personal

wealth on a par with the GNP of Western Samoa, population 170,000. And with Mutt earning an estimated $10 million a year in royalties ($192,000 a week) for doing nothing, Shania doesn't need to work ever again.

"At times I can be like, 'What am I doing this for?' But everyone needs new goals. It's not all about the money," Shania says.

You're obviously recognized all the time. Do you ever sit and think about all the hairy Texans who have pictures of you in their bathrooms?
Argh! I think I'd be surprised by a lot of the places where my pictures are pinned up. I was amazed at first by how many different people are into my music. I see them at my concerts—one show in London there were even a couple of German biker-ladies.

Are you followed everywhere you go by a phalanx of chubby bodyguards?
I hate having bodyguards. I have a dog—a German shepherd—that I take on tour; he's my bodyguard. That way, I can run to the corner store for a soda or whatever without having people with me. It's less conspicuous—just a girl out walking a dog.

No one could say you're inconspicuous on stage. Have you ever had an embarrassing incident?
I've fallen a few times—and I can't say I landed well. I've forgotten the words to my own songs too—it usually happens when you see someone singing along in the audience. If they get the words wrong, it can throw you off. And burping is a problem! I have to time when I eat before the show.

How are you able to prevent yourself from sweating on stage?
I'm not a perspirer, but if the band sees me sweating, it's a big deal—like "Man, you were sweaty tonight!" I get sticky, but you rarely see me dripping sweat.

These days, all your gigs are at colossal arenas. Are the backstage areas ever revolting?
Yeah, they can be awful—really smelly and dirty. I usually have my bus with me on tour, and that's where I hang out. If I don't have my bus, I shower after the show and I'll put towels on the floor—everywhere—so I don't have to step barefoot on dirty rugs.

Are your roadies screened to make sure there are no drooling weirdos in your crew?
That's taken care of, but the local crews you have no control over. They're told not to harass me—I'm not standoffish, I walk around like everyone else—but it can get out of hand. Once I was sound-checking when a guy jumped on stage, grabbed the mike and started singing, like it was an audition. He had something to do with seating. He had to go.

You wear some revealing outfits during your shows. Privately, though, when do you feel most sexy?
I think it's when I get out of the tub. I know a lot of girls feel this way. You've just had a bath and you get out and your skin is fresh and you've stuck your hair up without even looking. That's when you look the best. I don't get it—you get up in the morning, try to look good and it's just not working . . . but at night, no effort, you just get out of the bath, look in the mirror and go, "Wow! I look great!" But you're not going anywhere—you're just going to bed!

So you must stroll around naked if you're that pleased with yourself.
I do! I never used to—I was never comfortable with myself that way, but I'm a lot less critical now. It's a great time of the day when there's no one around.

You swapped your 3,000-acre New York estate for a 19th-century manor house in Switzerland. Do you have any famous neighbors?
Phil Collins lives close by. There's quite a few in the area—Sophia Loren is nearby, and there's Tina Turner.

Would you have Phil over for a barbecue?
Perhaps. But I'm a vegetarian, so he wouldn't be getting a steak.

Who's the richer these days—you or Mutt?
Ha! We're about equal. I've caught up pretty fast.

You're not joking, but do you still steal stuff from hotel rooms like the rest of us?
Yeah, I do. I take the little mouthwash things, and sometimes if my curling iron's still hot when I leave, I'll put a hand towel around it.

What's the worst thing about constantly living out of a suitcase?
Public bathrooms—usually at airports. You're traveling for 15 hours, and you're reliant on them, but you end up having to brush your teeth in public. I hate that.

We're doing a story in this issue on Kid Rock, who has knocked out a few people in his day. When was the last time you knocked a guy out?
I haven't done that, but I have arm-wrestled here and there. I'm not particularly good, but guys seem to want to test my strength.

Maybe they just want to hold your hand.
Aww! That's cute. I'm gonna remember that. Next time someone asks for an arm-wrestle, I'm onto them!

We have a question in our Sex Survey in this issue about our women readers' first sexual encounters. How was it for you?
Mine was pretty unforgettable. I'm kind of old-fashioned, so I was never really into the do-it-at-a-party-in-a-side-room thing. I wasn't drinking, it was well thought out, and I was like, "OK, now I'm gonna experiment." And it certainly was enjoyable. **FHM**

THIS PAGE: RUBBER OUTFIT BY HOUSE OF HARLOT; OPPOSITE PAGE: DRESS BY AMAYA ARZUAGA; UNDERWEAR BY LE FOGLIE

I have arm-wrestled here and there . . . guys seem to want to test my strength

THE SHARK HUNTER

Audacious Aussie Vic Hislop on government cover-ups, empty boats and being pulled overboard by Jaws

Why did you first get interested in the shark-hunting game?

I was a fisherman and I've always been a bit of an adventurer, so I started to catch big sharks. You can sell every part: the skin for leather; the liver oil to help people with AIDS; the cartilage for cancer research; the flesh for fertilizer, dog food and bait; the fins for soup; and the teeth for necklaces. Then, after a while, I got asked by the residents of small towns to catch sharks that were killing people.

What's the most vicious species of shark?

The tiger shark in warmer waters, and the great white in colder waters.

What bait do you use to catch them?

Tiger sharks eat stingrays, while great whites like tuna and mackerel. After you've hooked them, you shoot them, and then tow them back to shore.

How many sharks have you caught to date?

Probably 1,000. There are so many that you'd need a million people like me to balance out the oceans. We're overfishing the oceans so much that big sharks have had to adapt their diet to the creatures we love—sea cows, turtles, seals and whales. An oil rig worker was telling me recently that he saw a dolphin on the surface with about 10 other dolphins circling it. It had just started to give birth when a great white came straight up from underneath and bit her in half. Big boats should be required to take the same amount of shark as they take other fish, otherwise sharks are all we'll have left in the ocean and the attacks on people will get worse.

What do you say to activists who think that killer sharks should be protected?

I've fought against protection for 15 years. The great white shark isn't endangered, but I don't blame environmental supporters for believing that it is; they've been lied to by vested interests. A handful of people wanted to protect the great white because they've made money out of filming it. They stirred up sympathy among brain-dead marine biologists, then they were joined by people in the water-sports business, and now they've deceived the Australian government into protecting the shark. It's a huge cover-up, which is giving people a false sense of security. The government plays down the number of attacks so much that I get a headache talking about it.

How many are killed by sharks each year?

Hundreds. Empty surfboards and Jet Skis are washed up all over Australia. A windsurfer was bitten in half recently—you should have seen the cover-up on that one! His wet suit was shredded, and his board had big bite marks in it. But they always say the same thing: the shark thought the guy was a seal, and that more people are killed by bees than by sharks. This guy will never appear on the official shark-attack record.

Is it true that you can kill a shark by yanking its fin backwards?

Yeah—they have to move forward to get oxygen from the water. But it's not that easy. Even after they've been shot, they can still do a big somersault on the boat ramp.

What's the biggest shark you've caught?

A 21-foot great white that weighed about two-and-a-half tons. It had three dolphins sitting in its stomach.

Q Is it possible for a person to fend off a shark attack?
A No! All this stuff you hear about punching them on the nose is crap!

Have you ever cut one open and found a human body inside?

I've found bones, a foot, hair, fingernails. Body parts are washed up on beaches, but the authorities destroy them immediately, so people never know the facts. If a shark swallowed you then saw a dolphin it wanted 10 minutes later, it would spew you up. The whole stomach bag comes out through the mouth, then gets sucked back in. That's why a pack of sharks can devour a whole whale in hours.

In which body of water would someone be most likely to be eaten by a shark?

Anywhere there's salt water—the US, Australia, South Africa, Japan. One big shark in Hong Kong ate 20 people in four years.

Can you get attacked if you're just swimming around close to the shore?

I've caught sharks in six feet of water. As overfishing is wiping out the tuna, big sharks are coming closer to shore to look for stingrays and turtles. Anything in the water is fair game. You and I could be treading water just outside a surf break, I look at a girl on the beach for a second, then look back to say something to you—and you're gone. You wouldn't even scream.

Is it possible to fend off an attack?

No! All this stuff you read about punching them on the nose is crap!

What's the most widely quoted shark myth?

That it's safe to swim where there are dolphins. It's not. We don't have a clue what's going on underneath us, and the easier the prey, the happier sharks are. Once a shark has attacked a man, it's going to travel the coast for years to get more. There are still sharks around that ate people during World War II.

Do sharks ever snatch people off boats?

Yeah. The great white comes out of the water to take seals that are sleeping on the rocks, and they've scared the hell out of people by ramming their boats. You have no idea how many boats are found around Australia with nobody in them.

What's the closest call you've had?

I've had boats surrounded by sharks and been pulled overboard by them. One night the tow-line was around my leg when I was suddenly picked up like a rag doll and pulled 40 feet underwater. But then the shark decided to do a circle—a million-to-one chance—so the rope went slack. I was able to free my leg and pull myself back onto the boat.

Do you have many shark scars to show off?

Plenty on my arms from sharks' teeth. I was leaning over the boat to get the hook out of a shark's mouth once when it reared up and shut its jaws. The nick from a single tooth needed 30 stitches. You can cut right through a newspaper with a shark's tooth—it's sharper than a razor blade.

Why do we hear of beached whales but not beached sharks?

Whales only beach themselves because they're being harassed by sharks. A shark will chase a whale for days to weaken it, taking bites out of it. Beaching is a whale's only escape.

What's the toughest shark battle you've had?

A few years back, a 16-footer was rounding up dolphins and sea cows, leaving their remains near a boat ramp. The townspeople had tried to catch it for a couple of years, but their equipment wasn't good enough, so they called me in. It was hard to catch because it had become wary of the hooks, so finally I just put strings down in the water with stingrays on the end. After eight days, the shark started taking them. Then I replaced the strings with hooks and caught it.

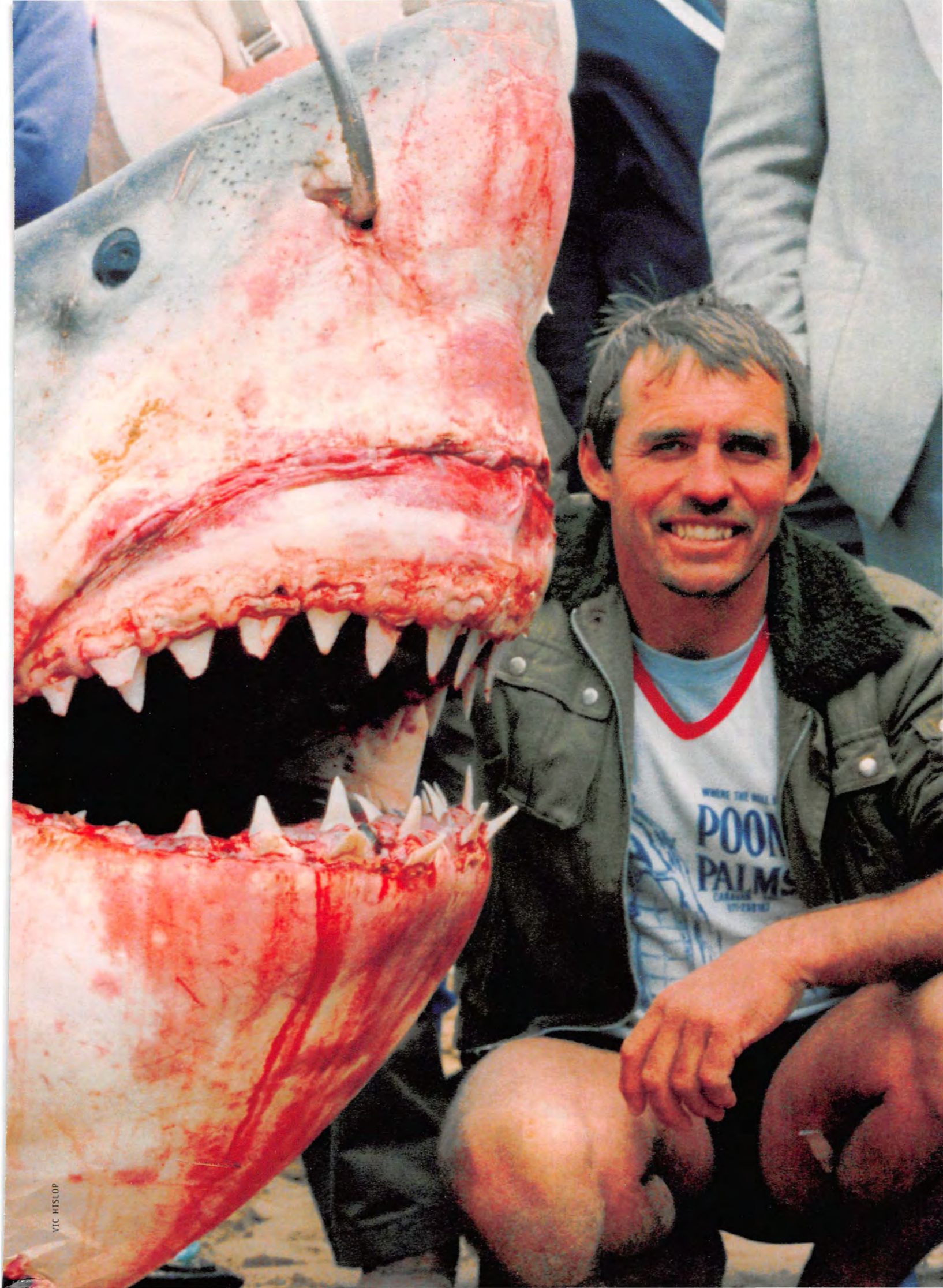
Have you been known to wear a shark's-tooth charm or sharkskin boots?

Boots, no, but I've worn a tooth ever since I caught a 20-foot shark that killed a woman in front of her five daughters. She was only in the water up to her waist. The shark bit her in half; then, when a guy rowed out to get the remains of her body, the shark charged the boat and took the other half too. When I caught the shark, one tooth was loose, so I grabbed it.

Could you make your living another way?

I run an educational shark show, using films and displays, but sometimes I feel I've wasted my whole life because of my battles with bureaucracy. The stress has nearly killed me. The fisheries department has confiscated my equipment and laid false charges on me. It's illegal now to hunt great whites—and boy, are people going to suffer. **FHM**

Interview by Caroline Rees



VIC HISLOP

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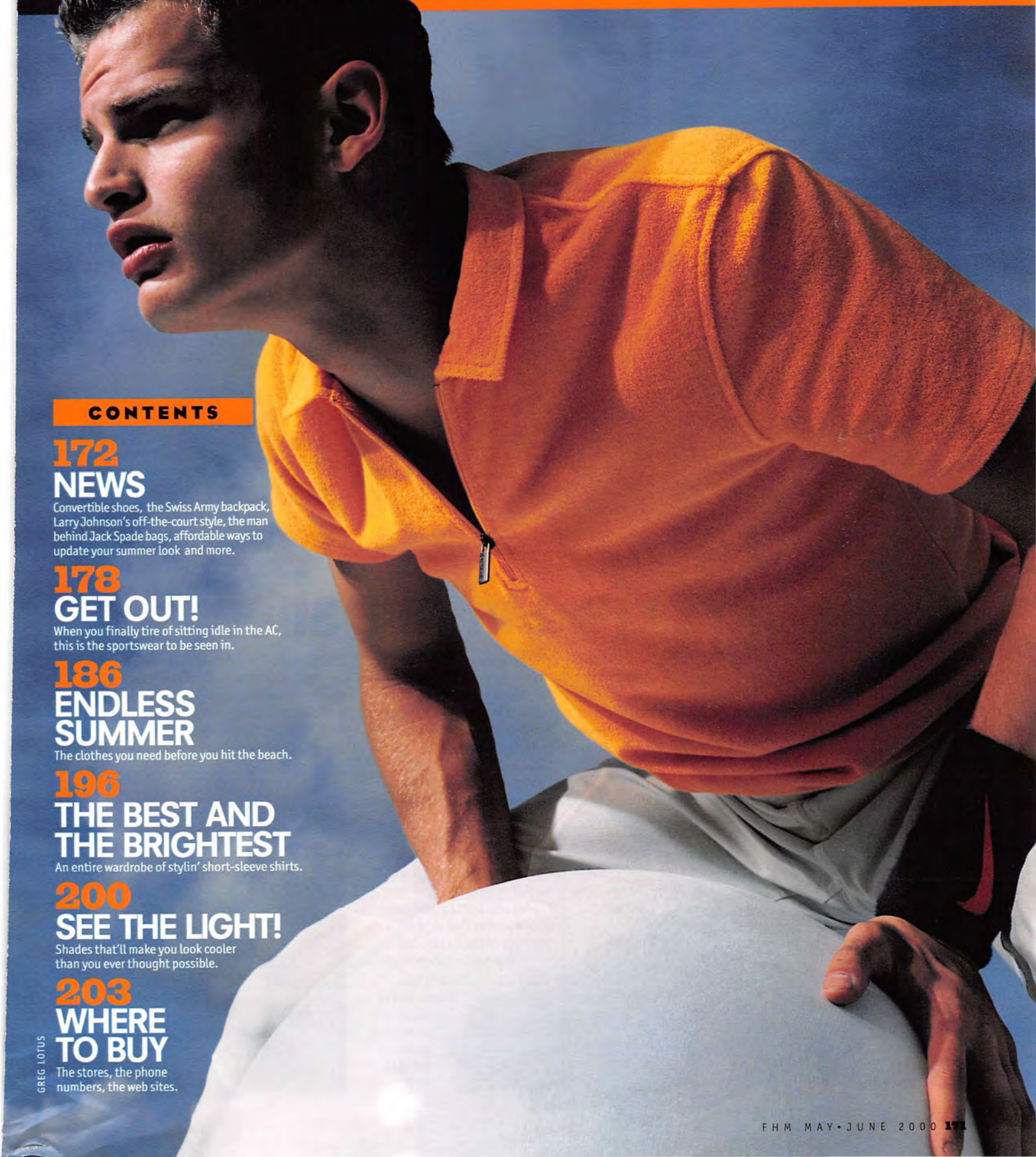
SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

FHM

fashion

THE BIGGEST AND BEST FASHION SECTION FOR MEN



GREG LOTUS

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NEWS

CONTEST

WIN A PAIR OF DKNY CHINOS

DKNY's spring line of chinos is sleek enough to make even a Brooks Brothers devotee cock his head in consideration. Featuring razor-sharp lines, pockets designed for your cell phone and Palm Pilot, and just enough stretch to accommodate that second bacon cheeseburger, styles such as the Soho and the Tribeca retail for $50 and are available at Bloomingdale's stores nationwide. And since *FHM* has pity on those in serious need, we're giving out 20 pairs of DKNY chinos absolutely free. Just send a photo of yourself demonstrating your appalling lack of style and make sure it gets to us before June 30, when we'll choose the winners. Don't forget to include your size. Write to DKNY Chinos Competition, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Avenue, Third Floor, New York, NY 10011.

FOOTWEAR

Two-in-one shoe

This versatile footwear has elasticized bands that wrap around your foot and through the slats in the rubber sole to create a sleek shoe that molds to your foot for a perfect fit. And with the wide variety of band lengths available, you can switch from sneakers to sandals with a rip of Velcro. The TermoForm insoles, which are designed to absorb the buckets of sweat pouring from your feet, are a pretty nice feature too. Available in tons of colors, Fessura shoes retail for $128 for the rubber sole, $29 for the bands. Available at select Fred Segal stores.

TRAVELING

PACK IT IN

Swiss Army, best known for their gadget-packed knives, is launching its first collection of travel gear this spring. The line, which ranges from wallets to luggage, is all about quality and functionality. The WebSak backpack—*FHM*'s favorite—has well-placed pockets that make it a virtual portable office, and it easily stows your laptop in its padded computer sleeve, so you can tote it around without looking like a yuppie or a cyber geek. The Keprotec bottom keeps moisture and critters out, while the foam and mesh back practically massages your shoulders as you walk. The WebSak even has a lined, anti-scratch compartment for your shades and a detachable cell-phone pocket that clips on to the front of the straps. The WebSak by Victorinox/Swiss Army Brands retails for $250 and is available by calling 888-658-0717.

ESSENTIAL OINTMENTS

◆ If scratching your face creates a fine sprinkling of dust, you just might have a problem with dry skin. Lucky for you, Lab Series has two new products to help you out. Lab Series Super Lift Off! AHA/BHA Face Lotion and Body Lotion ($28 and $18, respectively) exfoliate your skin, getting rid of the dry flaky patches other moisturizers leave behind. The AHA (alpha hydroxy acid) zeroes in on sloughing away dead skin cells,

DEVON JARVIS; PHIL BRAY AT PARAMOUNT; STILLS: DAVID LAWRENCE; STYLING BY JOHN OLSON; TEXT BY ELISABETH DICK

SHOPKEEPER

The bag man

Andy Spade on his New York store, terrorizing street vendors and Andrew Dice Clay

Is Jack Spade a real person?
It's a family name. My wife, Kate, had an uncle named Jack, and in my family, it was my great-grandfather.

People sell knockoff Kate Spade bags on the street. Have you ever taken on a street vendor to defend your wife's honor?
Most of those guys actually know me now. We have private investigators to hunt them down. One time I was walking near Bergdorf's and I saw this guy selling knockoffs of our bags, so I yelled at him and told him I was from the FBI.

What happened?
He took off down the street, which was great because no one has run from me before. I chased him for a while.

Does your brother, David Spade, give you flak for being in the accessories business?
I think he gets a kick out of it, but I have to admit that he's totally devoted. He gives my bags to his friends, and he says they're the best ones out there.

What are guys checking out while they're in your new store?
All the things I like . . . the microscopes, the aquarium full of crickets, the balsa wood planes, the pictures of Farrah Fawcett, the rockets I used to fire off when I was a kid.

Which celebrity should be forever banned from coming within 100 feet of a Jack Spade bag?
Andrew Dice Clay. He's just so rude. And he has no style whatsoever.

And which celebrity can walk into a Jack Spade store and snag something without paying for it?
Sean Penn. He's so cool and he always looks good, but he's not a fashion victim. He just doesn't care.

Will Jack Spade be a place where guys can hang out?
We're trying to make it a place where you can sit down and relax. Until it broke, we pulled the TV out on weekends, and we always have a bowl of oranges or pistachio nuts around. I always fight with the manager of the store and say, "Oranges are for girls and nuts are for boys. Send the oranges to Kate."

For more information, call Jack Spade at 212-625-1820

while the BHA (beta hydroxy acid) continues to smooth your skin hours after you've put it on. When you're on the go, don't forget to take along Lab Series Frequent Flyer Daily Face Lotion SPF 15 ($20); it protects you from the sun and uses its moisturizers, anti-oxidants and an anti-irritant to protect your skin against recycled plane air. All Lab Series products are available at select Bloomingdale's, Macy's and Burdines stores.

◆ Now there's an easy way to keep your nosy boss from knowing your business on those mornings-after that happen to fall on workdays. Michele Probst, whose skincare clients include Al Gore, Evander Holyfield and Kid Rock, has developed a new line called Mënaji, which includes her 911 Eye Gel, a product that eliminates hangover puffiness in less than 30 minutes. A bit pricey at $30 a tube, our staffers found it well worth it. Mënaji's Hydrator ($25) also received rave reviews as a soothing aftershave lotion. Log on to www.menaji.com to snag some Mënaji products for yourself.

GET THE LOOK

JUDE LAW'S MILLIONAIRE GUISE

Golden boy Jude Law wins Gwyneth Paltrow's heart in *The Talented Mr. Ripley* with this Italian Riviera look that you can get too—without Dickie Greenleaf's trust fund. For effortless style, pick up a navy blazer at J.Crew ($198; at select J.Crew stores), navy linen shirt by A|X Armani Exchange ($78; at A|X Armani Exchange stores nationwide), khaki pants by Brooks Brothers ($48; at select Brooks Brothers stores) and stone loafers by Cole Haan ($175; call 800-201-8001).

Q & A

Larry Johnson

New York Knicks forward Larry Johnson on tricolor leather, eel boots and going commando

How would you describe your style off the court?
Definitely dressed up. I prefer a suit or a blazer and slacks. Black slacks with a black V-neck wool sweater. I love V-neck and mock-neck sweaters, especially on non-game days. But I throw a little jump in the game too. Like I would wear a platinum Versace watch that I had specially made. It has a leather band and diamonds around a white face.

Who is your favorite designer?
Versace, but I can't wear all of their stuff off the rack. The majority of my stuff is custom-made.

What was your biggest clothing splurge when you joined the NBA?
When my tailor, Cary Mitchell, and I got together, my first order was 100 suits. Took him three or four months.

What influence did growing up in Dallas have on your style?
Well, being a country boy, I got into loud colors. Dallas wasn't like Atlanta or New York as far as fashion. We were way behind those guys. They called us country bumpkins.

Is there anything that you wore back then that you shudder to think about now?
Yes, I do! At my first all-star game, I wore a mustard, red and blue leather outfit. Leather pants, leather jacket. I think I even had on some mustard-colored shoes. I used to love loud colors.

So what colors do you go for now?
I stick with earth tones. And I wear black, being from New York. In summertime I throw on some cream and off-white—something that I can't go wrong with.

Did you ever wear a cowboy hat?
Yeah! Boots too! Coming up in high school, snake boots and eel boots were definitely in.

Eel boots?
Oh, eel is sweet! I had four or five pairs in high school. We had ostrich too. Ostrich was a hell of a boot to get. I'm telling you, in high school, this was the bomb.

Q Have you ever owned a man fur? A Yes. Floor length. I haven't worn it this year, but when I first got it three years ago, I wore it almost every day.

Who has influenced your style most?
Johnny Newman; he's a forward on the New Jersey Nets now. When I first got to Charlotte, he was there with me for three years and he taught me how to dress. Johnny would have on a nice suit that probably wouldn't catch your eye, but then you'd go over to him and everything would be Perry Ellis. Perry Ellis tie, Perry Ellis suspenders and you'd be like, "OK, I see what you're doing."

So when you first met him, did he say, "Look, Larry, we've got to talk?"
Laughing at me every chance he got. I would have on a nice suit with some bum shoes or socks. He'd say, "Yo, you didn't finish it off!"

But he never saw you in the mustard outfit?
Yes, he did! He was like, "Oh, oh, you're killing me, big fella, you're killing me!" And I would be like, "What? My boy made this."

Of your current teammates, who needs to update their style?
Charlie Ward. He'll wear a flannel shirt and jeans. He doesn't even try. He's just like, "Hey, man, we're playing basketball." Honestly, I can't recall him ever wearing a suit.

Do you have an item of clothing that you wear for good luck?
No, but I have a superstition. I don't wear underwear. Period. Ever. And it's because, well, when I was growing up, we were poor. When I was in third grade, I probably had four pairs of underwear, so I got in the habit of not wearing any. But I wear a jockstrap for games.

Why did you choose the number two for your jersey?
Me, a guy named Stacey Augmon and a guy named Greg Anthony all came out of college together. We all had different numbers at UNLV, but when we got drafted, we all said that we were going to wear number two for our coach, who had number two in college.

Do they still wear number two?
Well, Stacey do, but Greg don't. And the only reason that Greg don't is because he was traded to the same team that Stacey plays for, which is the Portland Trail Blazers.

Have you ever owned a man fur?
Yes. Floor length. I got it from Rochester's Big & Tall in New York. I haven't worn it this year, but when I first got it three, four years ago, I wore my fur almost every day. Now I'm really into these cashmere overcoats. At least for when I put on my suit.

Have you always had the same hairstyle?
Same cut since fifth grade. Before that I had an old sloppy Gerri curl. My man Akim in Dallas gave me my first close fade. Back then it was called a college cut. Everybody who played basketball was doing it.

Why did you buy the 6001 hair salon down in Charlotte?
Growing up in Dallas, that was our hang out—the barbershop. That's where we played dominoes and everything went down. The downstairs of 6001 is built like a basketball court, and when you're waiting to get your hair cut, you sit on chairs I got from the Hornets and the Knicks, so they're the same chairs we sit on when we're on the bench.

Is there any piece of clothing you don't have that could make you look better?
There's nothing missing for me. Not for me. Not when I finish it off.

Interview by Elisabeth Dick

DRAKE PATTON

So, take the smartest college course you can.
Then go out into the world and tear it up.

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No matter what profession you choose after college, you'll have to compete to succeed. But before you can become the big fish in the sea, you need to learn how to lead. That's what we teach in Army ROTC. As a college student taking ROTC classes, you'll discover how to manage people and resources and take charge of any situation. ROTC classes last just a few hours a week. You can take ROTC for up to two years without obligation. We also offer thousands of dollars in scholarships, plus money for textbooks and a monthly spending allowance. For more information, call **1-800-USA-ROTC** or visit our web site at **www.armyrotc.com**.

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INVEST

UPDATE YOUR SPRING STYLE WITHOUT LANDING IN THE POORHOUSE

THE HAT $30

For store info, call 800-258-6756

Bucket hats are traditional summer garb, and Blue Marlin, known for their vintage-style sportswear, has produced a red brushed-cotton twill one that looks like you've had it forever—but it's lined so it won't fall apart when you actually have. For added coolness, the lion on the front of the hat was inspired by a vintage Japanese baseball league logo.

THE SHIRT $45

At select Polo Ralph Lauren stores nationwide

Your father's classic Polo shirt has been updated for the next generation. The pique fabric has been replaced with softer, more rugged-looking cotton, and the horseman logo has been replaced by a pocket and moved down to the bottom of the shirt. Although the traditional Polo shirts will probably never disappear, these new ones are a definite step up.

THE SHORTS $40

For store info, call 888-232-4535

Cargo shorts are everywhere this spring, but the yellow contrast detailing on the waist and pocket of these American Eagle navy cotton cargo shorts makes this pair stand out. As an added plus, the handy built-in wallet allows you to leave yours at home.

THE TRAINERS $60

At select Nordstrom stores

All-white trainers are making a big comeback, and K-Swiss is at the head of the pack. The Classic, first introduced in 1966, has been updated to create the new Classic Luxury Edition. It features cashmere leather, wider leather stripes and a shorter vamp for a sharper-looking shoe.

THE BELT $32

At select Macy's stores

Most webbing belts are shoddy affairs with plastic buckles that quickly crack. cK by Calvin Klein, however, uses high-quality webbing in a dark military green with a metal buckle and a metal tab at the end so it won't fray. Red contrast stitching along the belt's bottom and the safety-belt style of the buckle bring the sophistication factor up a notch further.

THE KNIT $78

At select Banana Republic stores nationwide

This V-neck linen knit is lightweight enough to keep you cool this spring, and the dip-dye style is a guy's best friend. The lighter top half draws the eye to your shoulders and chest, making them look fitter than they actually are, and the darker half makes your waist look narrower, hiding that beer gut.

DAVID LAWRENCE

Rider: Ross Powers photo: Jeff Curtes

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	ESPN2	4/11/00	6:00 PM
BIG AIR	ESPN1	4/18/00	3:30 PM
	ESPN2	4/18/00	5:30 PM
HP FINALS	ESPN1	4/19/00	5:30 PM
	ESPN2	4/25/00	3:30 PM

www.usopen-snowboarding.com

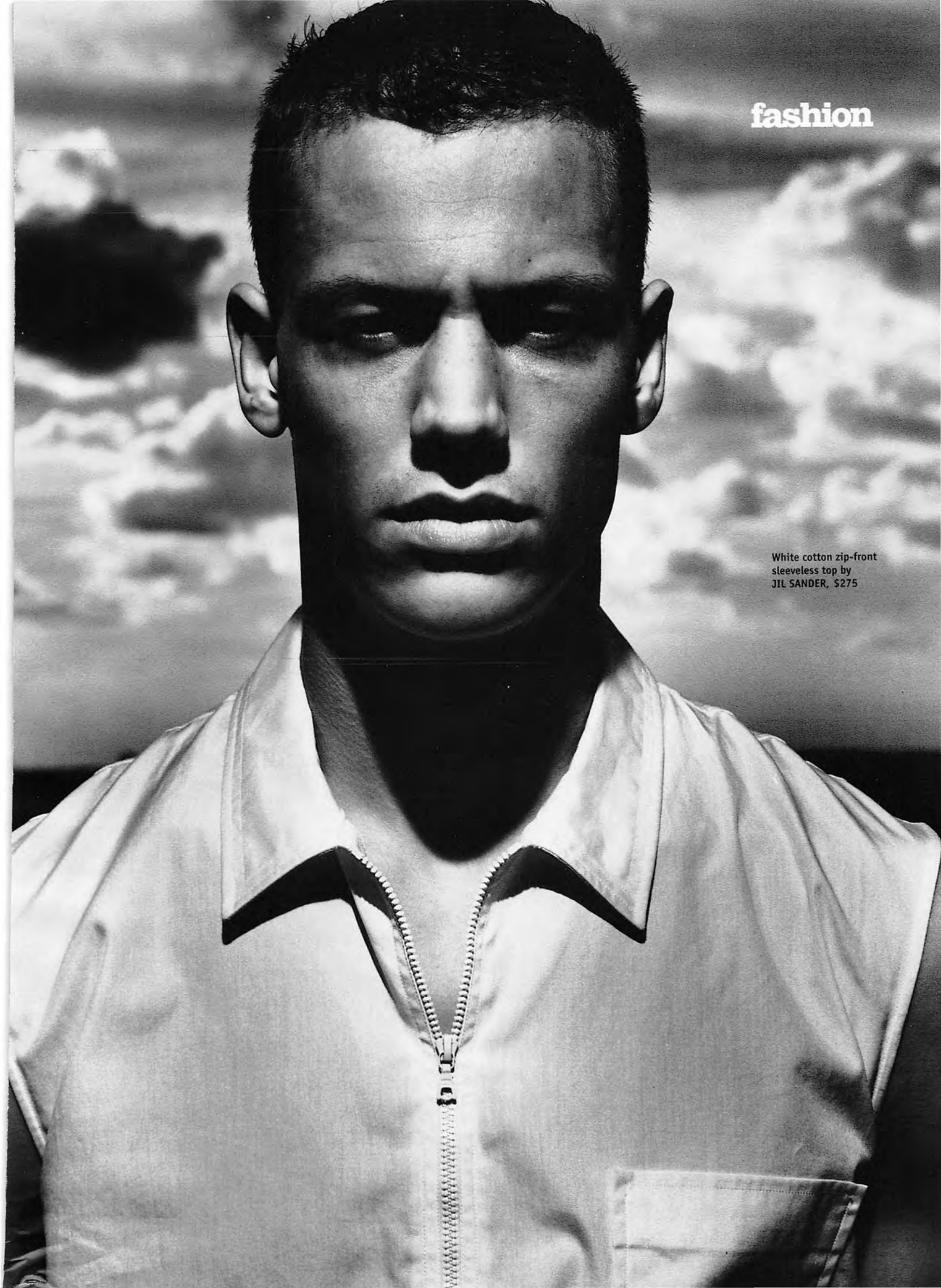
All Times EST

Yellow nylon hooded jacket by BOSS HUGO BOSS SPORT, $195; white cotton sailor pants by NICOLE FARHI, $160

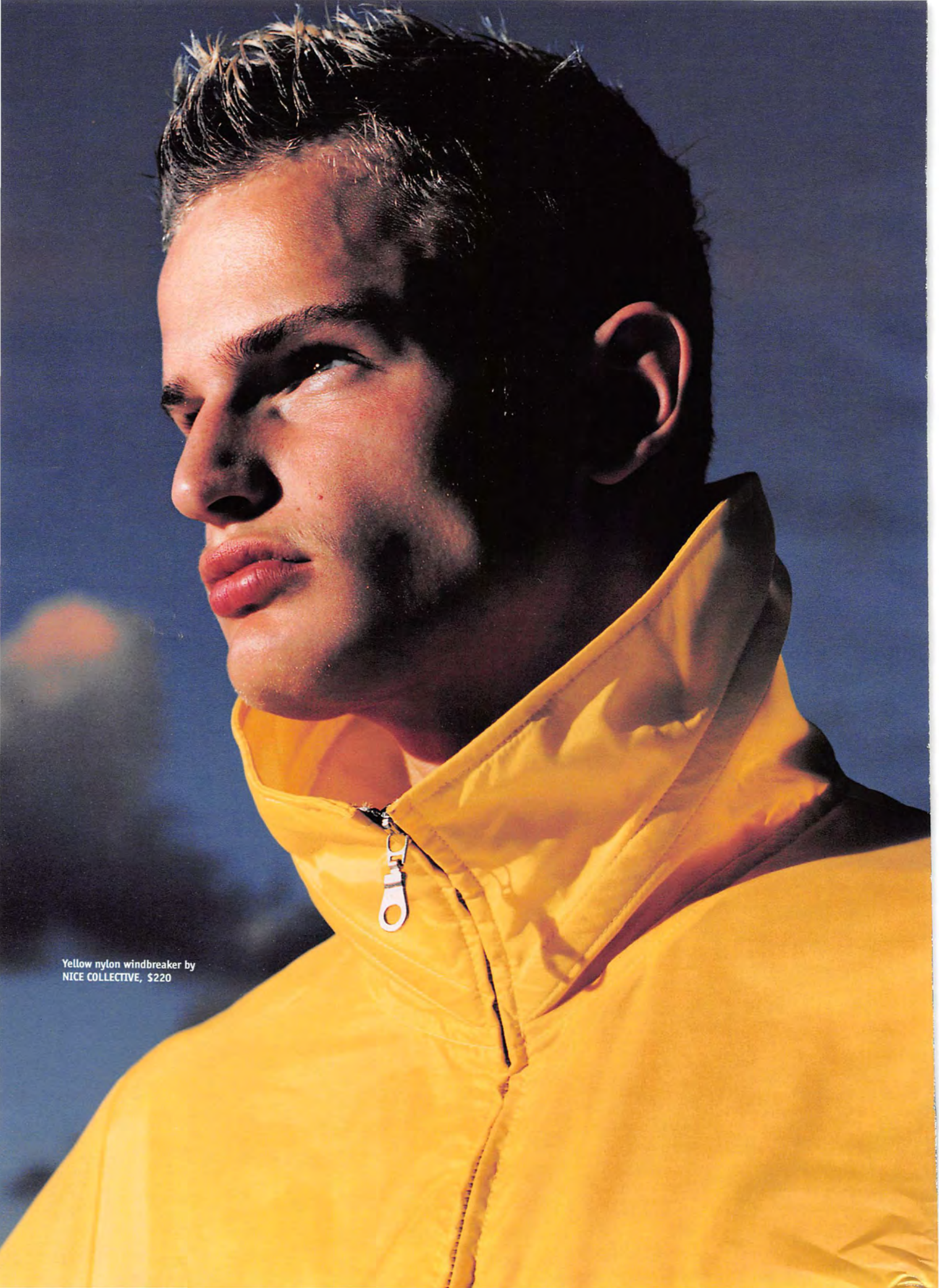
GET OUT!

NOT SURE WHAT TO WEAR WHEN YOU LEAVE THE BUILDING?
IT HAS TO BE SPORTSWEAR!

White leather vest by CALVIN KLEIN, $895; red nylon pants by ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA, $422

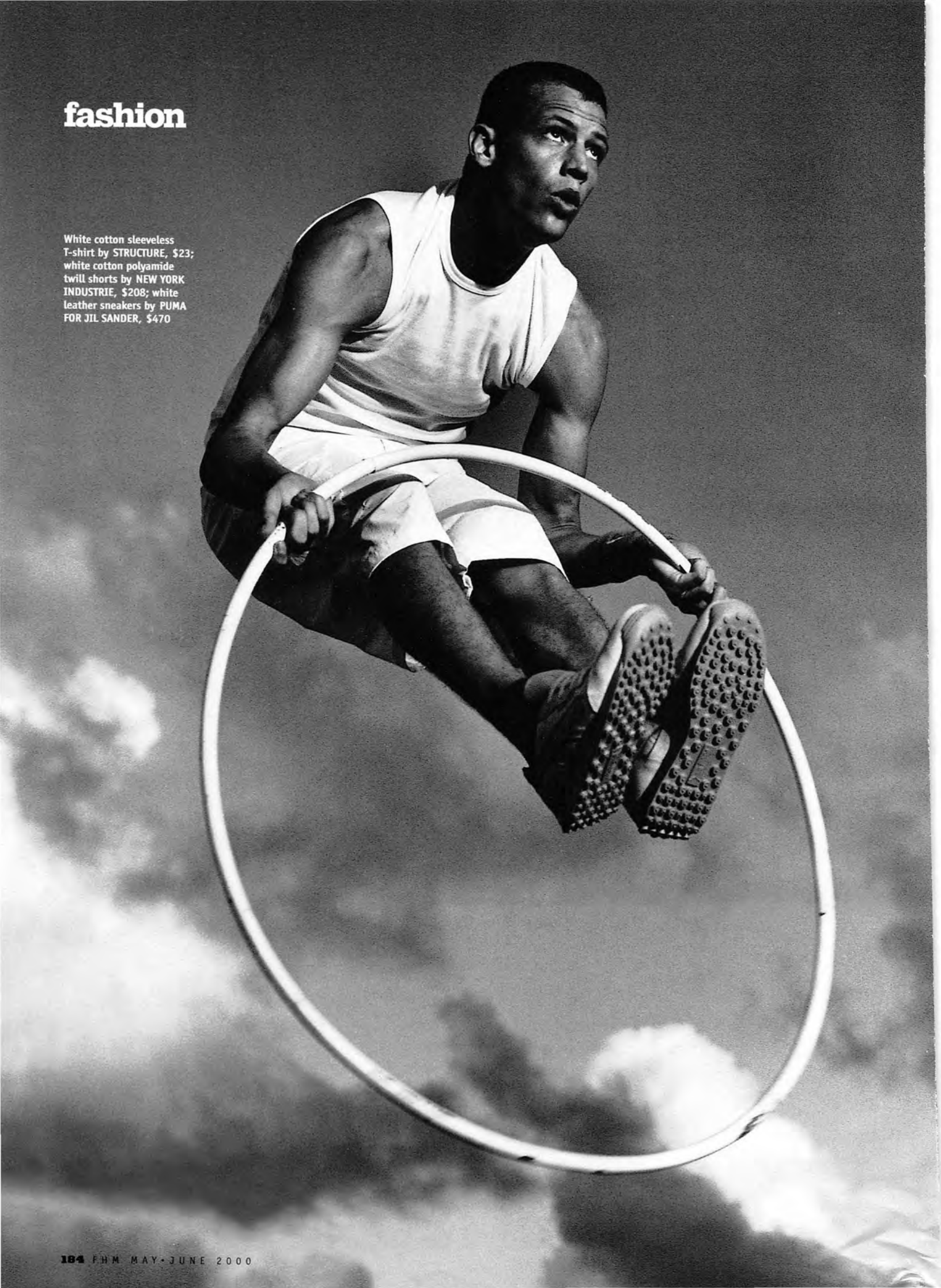


White cotton zip-front sleeveless top by JIL SANDER, $275

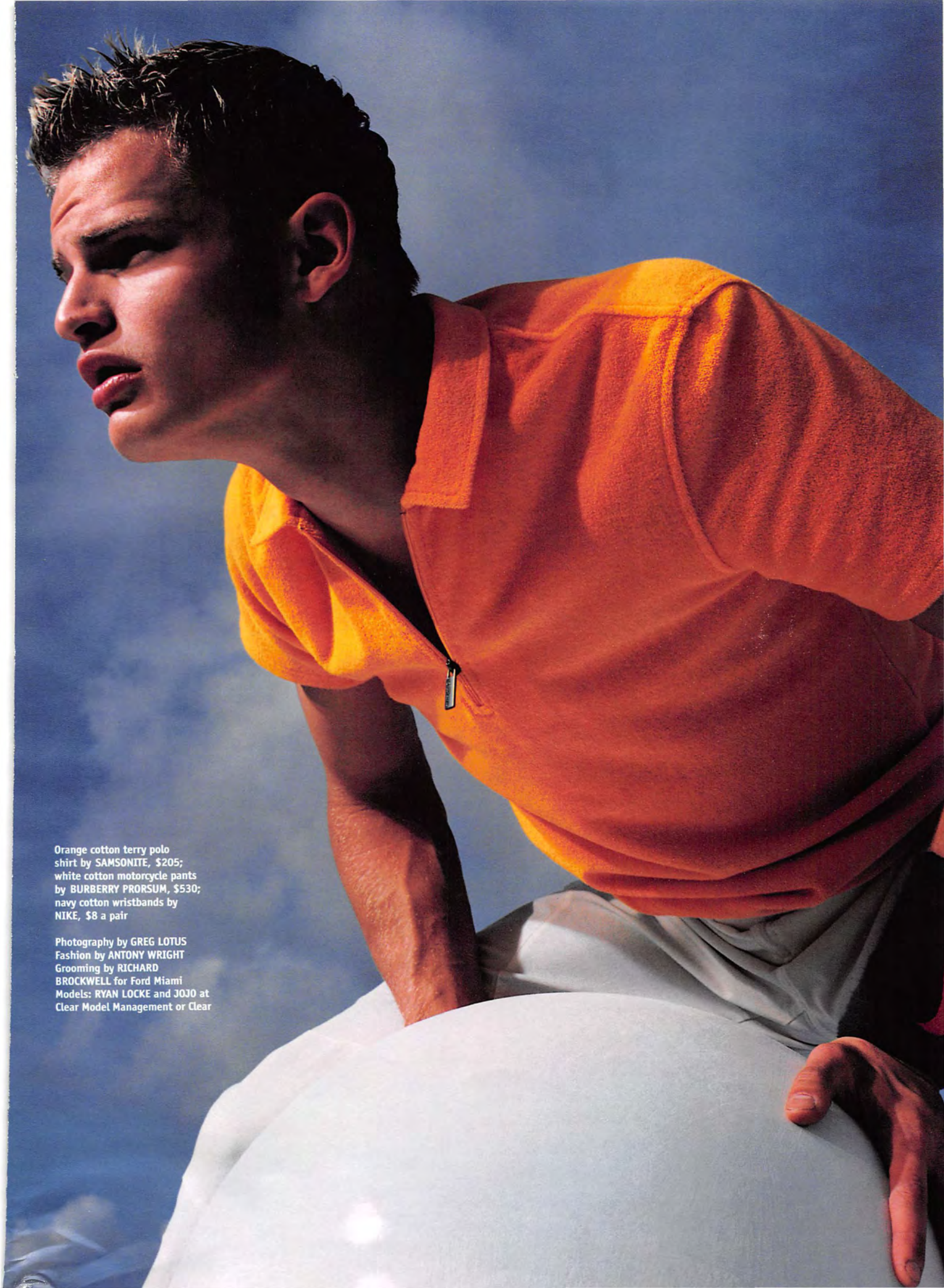


Yellow nylon windbreaker by
NICE COLLECTIVE, $220

Orange zip cardigan jacket with zip hood by CP COMPANY, $425; white nylon parachute-cloth drawstring pants by CP COMPANY, $265; white leather sneaker by PUMA FOR JIL SANDER, $470

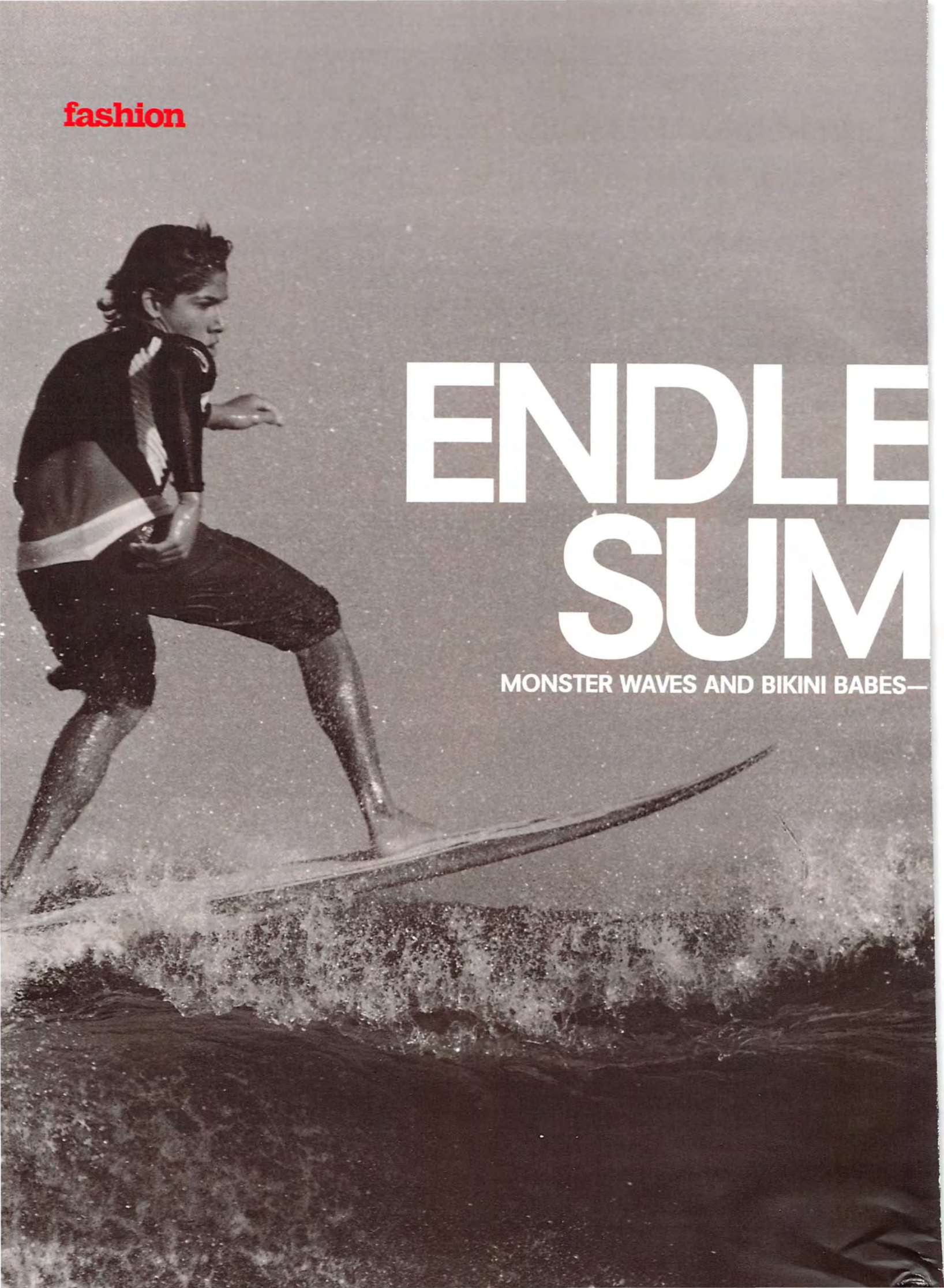


White cotton sleeveless T-shirt by STRUCTURE, $23; white cotton polyamide twill shorts by NEW YORK INDUSTRIE, $208; white leather sneakers by PUMA FOR JIL SANDER, $470



Orange cotton terry polo shirt by SAMSONITE, $205; white cotton motorcycle pants by BURBERRY PRORSUM, $530; navy cotton wristbands by NIKE, $8 a pair

Photography by GREG LOTUS
Fashion by ANTONY WRIGHT
Grooming by RICHARD BROCKWELL for Ford Miami
Models: RYAN LOCKE and JOJO at Clear Model Management or Clear



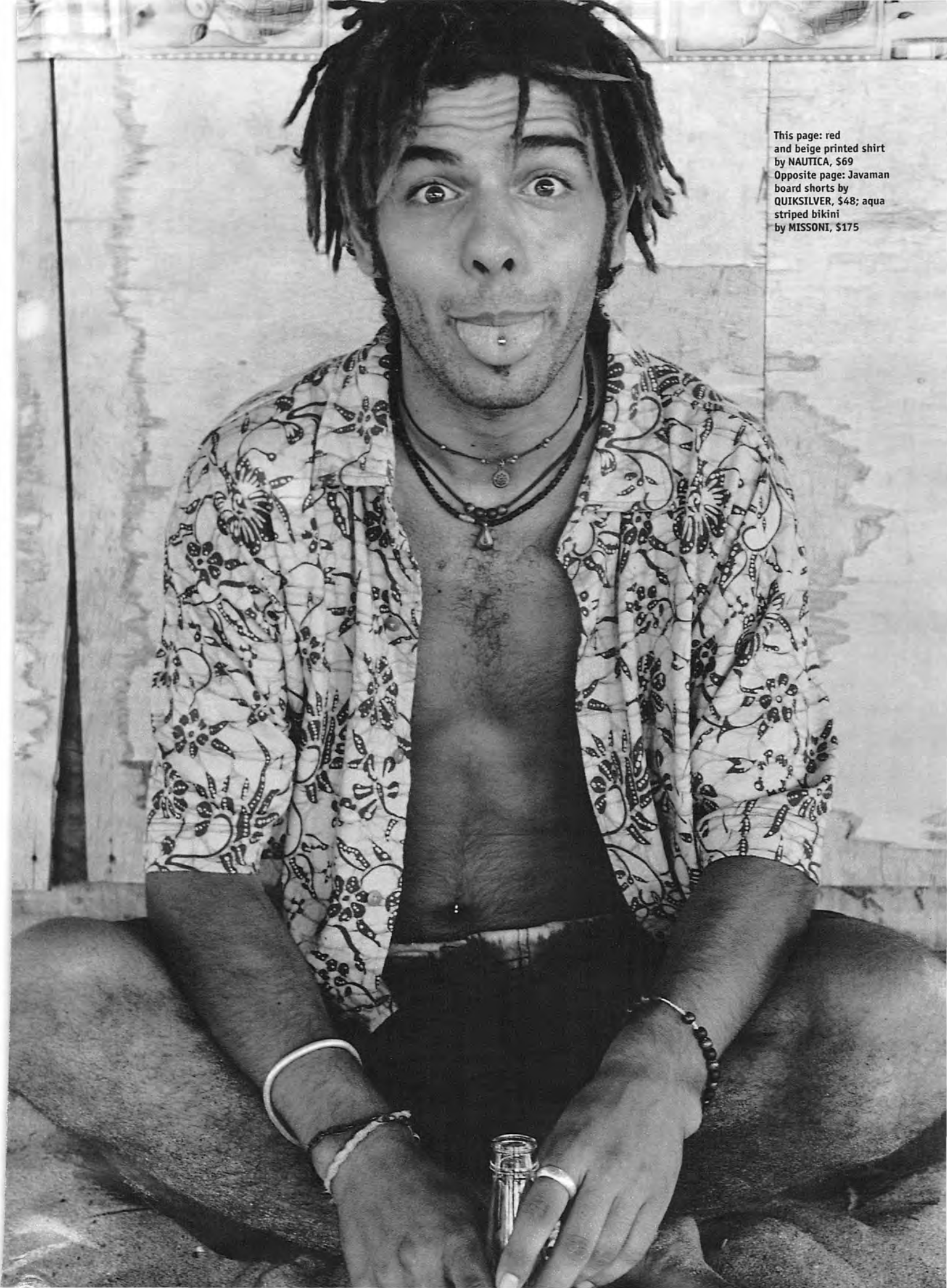
ENDLE SUM

MONSTER WAVES AND BIKINI BABES—

SS
MER

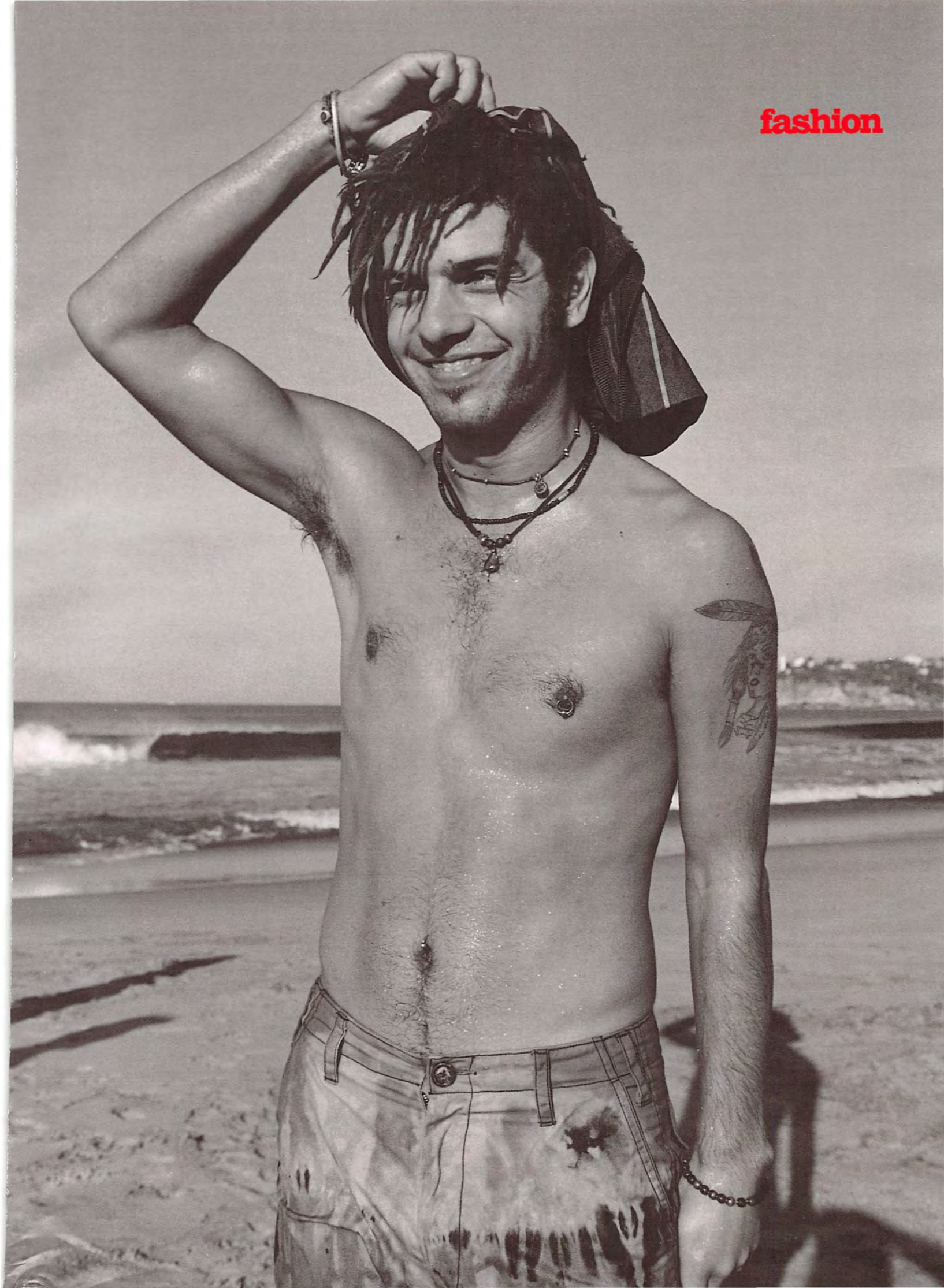
NOTHING BEATS THE BEACH

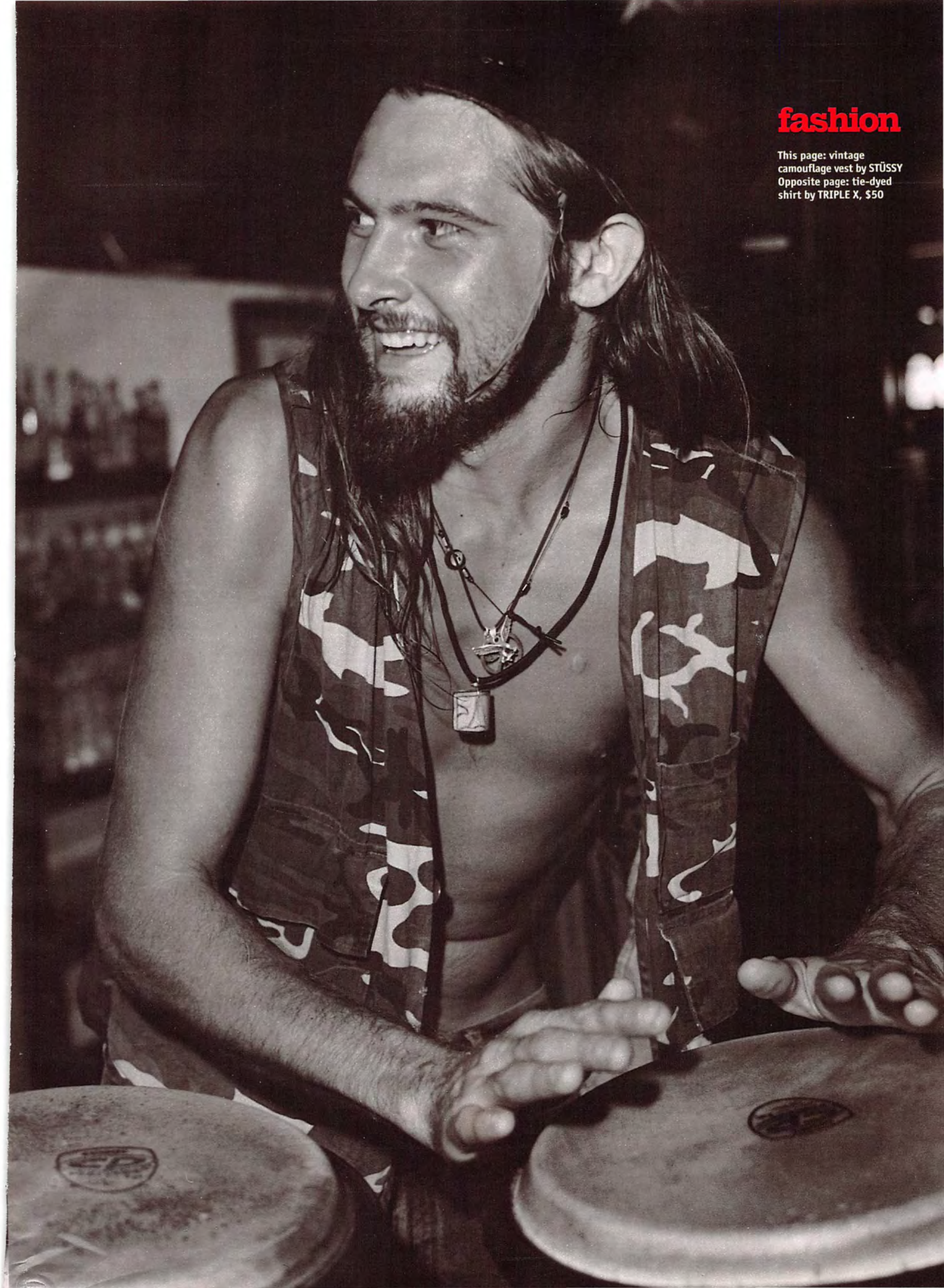
Black board shorts with printed side panel by SOLITUDE, $52; dirty denim sleeveless jacket by CK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS, $125; aqua striped bikini by MISSONI, $175; pigment-dyed cargo shorts by PAUL SMITH, $210; green crochet bra top by POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN, $38; 67 boot-cut jean cut-offs by POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN, $52 (price of a complete pair of jeans)



This page: red and beige printed shirt by NAUTICA, $69
Opposite page: Javaman board shorts by QUIKSILVER, $48; aqua striped bikini by MISSONI, $175

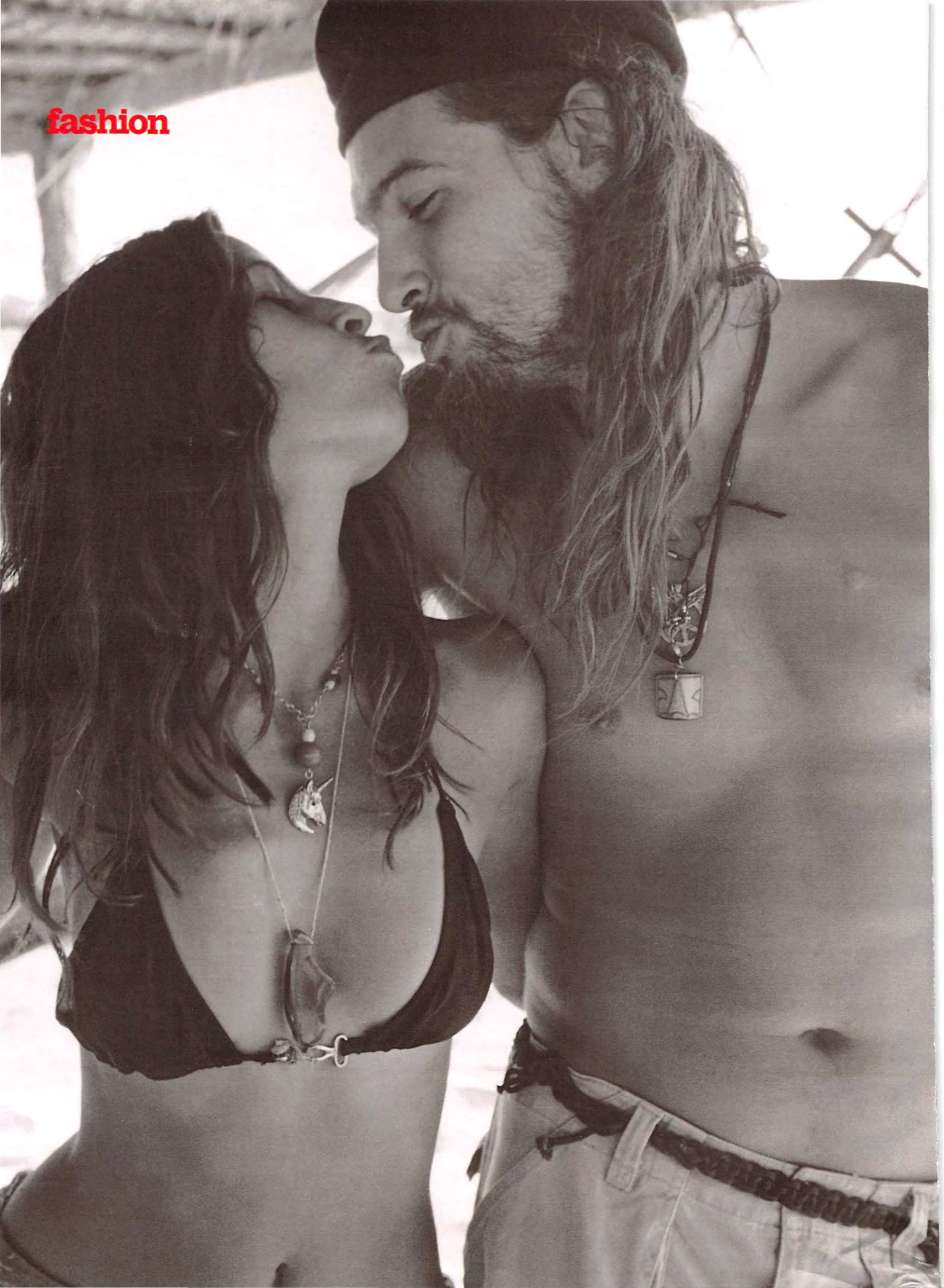
This page: red striped bikini by MISSONI, $175; 67 boot-cut jean cut-offs by POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN, $52 (price of a complete pair of jeans); Javaman board shorts by QUIKSILVER, $48; yellow ruffled tube top by POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN, $28; white lace-up short by POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN, $48; turquoise short-sleeve shirt by MOSSIMO, $52; green swirl-pattern nylon trunks by POLO SPORT RALPH LAUREN, $45; gray shirt with floral print by FRESHJIVE, $44; blue hat by OP, $21; Rappi print shirt by GUESS JEANS, $54
Opposite page: tan and black tie-dyed shorts by KLURK, $132





fashion

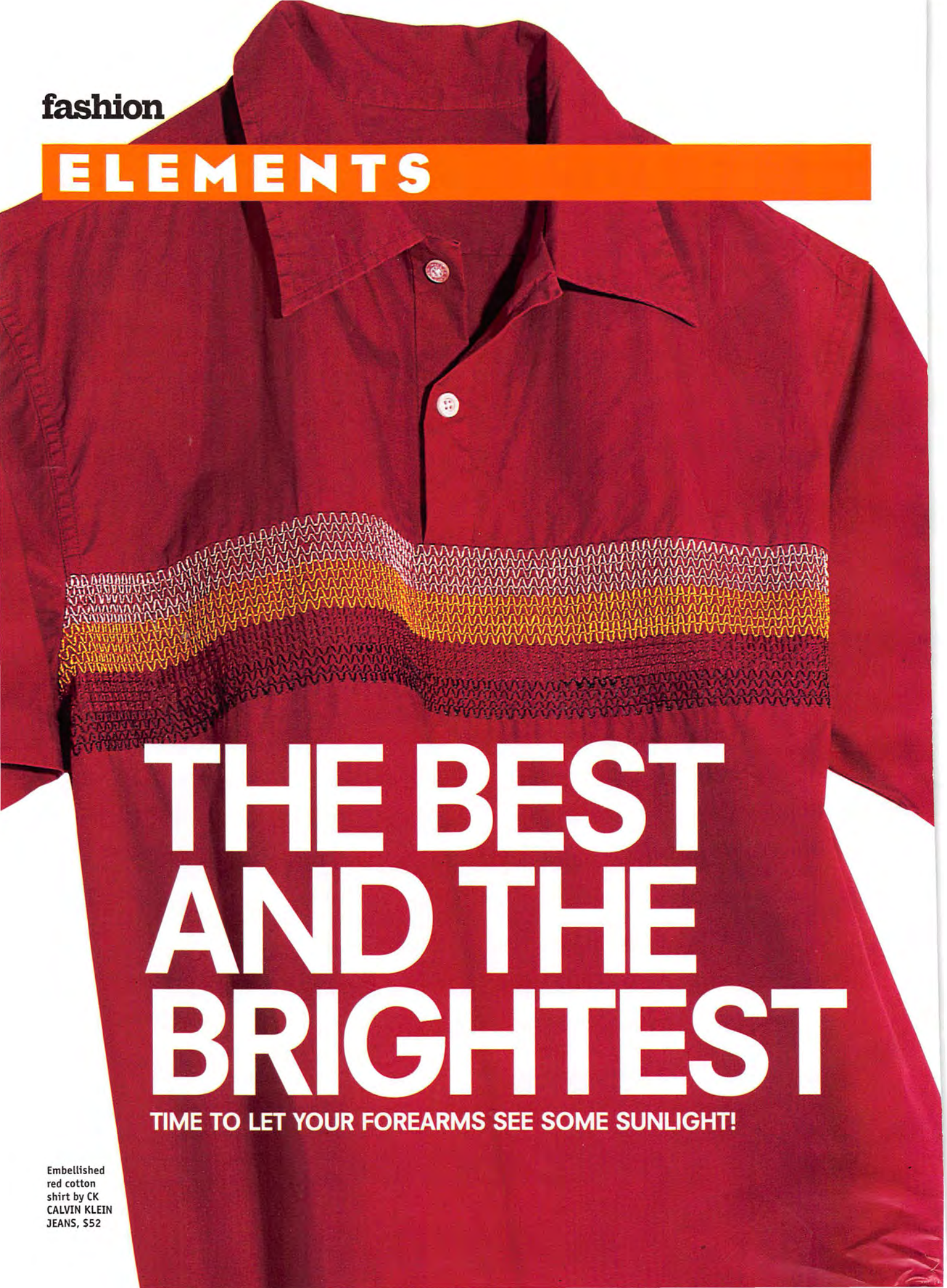
This page: vintage camouflage vest by STÜSSY
Opposite page: tie-dyed shirt by TRIPLE X, $50



This page: floral shorts by STÜSSY, $42; white Beat Army T-shirt by LEVI'S VINTAGE CLOTHING, $44; Karma blue board short by TOMMY HILFIGER, $50; blue hat by OP, $21; blue tie-dyed shirt by SLINKY VAGABOND, $187; bikini, model's own
Opposite page: bikini and sarong, model's own; cargo shorts by LEVI'S, $41

Photography by STEVEN WHITE
Photography Assistant DAVID FOSTER
Fashion by ANTONY WRIGHT
Grooming by GERALD DECOCK for Garren New York
Production by ANNA VILLARREAL

ELEMENTS



THE BEST AND THE BRIGHTEST

TIME TO LET YOUR FOREARMS SEE SOME SUNLIGHT!

Embellished red cotton shirt by CK CALVIN KLEIN JEANS, $52

Green-tipped cotton shirt by BURRO, $92

Red bandana-print cotton shirt by D&G, $270

Blue patterned cotton shirt by MOSSIMO, $58

Maroon swirl-print cotton shirt by POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN, $54

Green cotton shirt by QUIKSILVER, $42

Blue and green circle-print cotton shirt by BEN SHERMAN, $50

Batik print cotton shirt by GAP, $35

White roller-print cotton shirt by DKNY JEANS, $58

Blue and yellow rayon wave-print shirt by A/X, $68

Gray silk shirt by BC ETHIC, $56

Yellow cotton shirt by THEORY, $135

Orange plaid cotton shirt by SOLITUDE, $46

Photography by
DAVID LAWRENCE
Fashion by JOHN OLSEN
Compiled by DANIEL OU
and ELISABETH DICK

Orange silk shirt with gray trim by BANANA REPUBLIC, $58

Yellow linen shirt by BANANA REPUBLIC, $58

Blue cotton cabana shirt by DIESEL, $99

Red and blue diamond cotton shirt by RED TAB BY LEVI'S JEANS, $28

Gray floral cotton cabana shirt by DIESEL, $99

SEE THE LIGHT!

FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF THE DARKNESS WITH TINTED SHADES

Opposite page: 1. Silver frames with brown lenses by HELMUT LANG, $210; 2. Bronze frames by KENNETH COLE, $50; 3. Outdoorsman with custom yellow lenses by RAY BAN, $119; 4. Aero by OLIVER PEOPLES, $265; 5. Metal frames with purple lenses by GUCCI, $160. This page: 6. Silver frames by D&G, $160; 7. Frames by EMPORIO ARMANI, $158; 8. Ghost by FACE A FACE, $230; 9. Black frames by VERSACE, $210; 10. Black frames by GUESS, $45; 11. Silver frames with green lenses by BROOKS BROTHERS, $135

Photography by BOB HIEMSTRA
Compiled by DANIEL OU and ELISABETH DICK

NEXT ISSUE

EVERETT COLLECTION

Waste your vacation throwing old pieces of metal around–or read *FHM*'s summer special and be king of the beach!

FHM ON SALE MAY 30

WHERE TO BUY

ALESSANDRO DELL'ACQUA: Barneys NY, 212-826-8900, and H. Lorenzo, 310-659-1432
A/X ARMANI EXCHANGE: Armani Exchange stores nationwide, or log on to www.armaniexchange.com
BANANA REPUBLIC: Call 888-277-8953, or at select Banana Republic stores, or log on to www.bananarepublic.com
BC ETHIC: Select Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom's and Neiman Marcus stores
BEN SHERMAN: Select Bloomindale's stores
BOSS HUGO BOSS SPORT: Call 800-484-6267
BROOKS BROTHERS: Call 800-274-1815
BROOKS BROTHERS (sunglasses)**:** Call 888-589-6884
BURBERRY PRORSUM: Call 800-284-8480, or select Burberry stores
BURRO: Rag Factory, 310-656-1124
CALVIN KLEIN: Calvin Klein NY, 212-292-9000
CK: Select Nordstom's and Macy's stores
CK JEANS: Select Bloomingdale's stores
CP COMPANY (jacket)**:** Fred Segal LA, 323-651-4129
CP COMPANY (pants)**:** Theodore, 310-207-4111
D&G: Select D&G boutiques
D&G (sunglasses)**:** Call 888-627-2654, or log on to www.marcolin.com
DIESEL (gray floral shirt)**:** Select Diesel stores, 212-755-9200, or at select Urban Outfitter's stores
DIESEL (blue shirt)**:** Select Diesel stores, 212-755-9200, or at Image Activewear, 718-630-2740
DKNY JEANS: Select Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores
EMPORIO ARMANI: Emporio Armani boutiques nationwide
FACE A FACE: Armstrong-Root, 310-207-2299
FRESHJIVE: Untitled, 773-404-9225
GAP: Gap stores nationwide, or log on to www.gap.com
GUCCI: Select Gucci boutiques
GUESS: Call 800-394-8377, or at select Guess stores
GUESS JEANS: Call 800-394-8377, or at select Guess stores
HELMUT LANG: Log on to www.helmutlang.com
JIL SANDER: Jeffrey NY, 212-206-1272
KENNETH COLE: Select Bloomingdale's stores
KLURK: Rag Factory, 310-656-1124, and Villains, 415-626-5939
LEVI'S: Call 800-872-5384, or log on to www.levi.com
LEVI'S VINTAGE: Sharon Segal at Fred Segal, 310-394-4787, and DDC Lab NY, 212-375-1647
MISSONI: Missoni NY, 212-563-9089
MOSSIMO: Select Macy's stores
NAUTICA: Call 877-628-8422, or at select Macy's and Marshall Field's stores
NEW YORK INDUSTRIE: Barneys NY, 212-826-9000, or Wrights, 310-376-8553
NICE COLLECTIVE: Rolo, 415-263-0561, or Edina, 612-927-7923
NICOLE FARHI: Nicole Farhi NY, 212-421-7720
NIKE: Niketown stores nationwide, or log on to www.nike.com
OLIVER PEOPLES: Oliver Peoples NY, 212-925-5400, and Oliver Peoples LA, 310-657-2553
OP: Call 800-562-3269
PAUL SMITH: Paul Smith NY, 212-627-9770, or at select Barneys stores
POLO JEANS CO. RALPH LAUREN: Polo Jeans Co. stores nationwide; call 888-765-6532, or log on to www.polojeansco.com
POLO SPORT RALPH LAUREN: Select Macy's West and Dillard's stores
PUMA FOR JIL SANDER: Select Jil Sander boutiques
QUIKSILVER: Boardriders Clubs stores nationwide
RAY BAN: Sunglass Huts nationwide
SAMSONITE: Jeffrey NY, 212-206-1272, or Fred Segal Santa Monica, 310-393-4477
SLINKY VAGABOND: Bloomingdale's NY, 212-705-2000
SOLITUDE: Log on to www.solitudeclothing.com
STRUCTURE: Call 800-479-5018
STUSSY: Call 949-474-9255
THEORY: Select Saks Fifth Avenue and Neiman Marcus stores
TOMMY HILFIGER: Select Bloomingdale's and Macy's stores
TRIPLE X: Beat Nonstop, 888-965-3999
VERSACE: Select Bloomingdale's and Neiman Marcus stores

STEVEN WHITE

FHM HOSPITAL

HOWEVER HIDEOUS YOUR WART OR OBSCURE YOUR PHOBIA, THE *FHM* EXPERTS CAN TAKE AWAY THE PAIN . . .

ANATOMY CLASS

The wrist

Typing, weightlifting and elephants rank among the joint's worst enemies

What are wrists for?
Wrists are like any other joint. They join the hands to the arm.
Why does mine feel as if it was run over by a steamroller?
Many things can cause wrist pain, including overuse. Overuse usually causes inflammation. And if the nerves become inflamed, you can get Carpal Tunnel Syndrome.
What's that?
The carpal tunnel is a bony canal through which the hand's main nerves pass from the forearm to the hand. Carpal Tunnel Syndrome is a pinching of that nerve.
Is that what happened to the phone sex operator who won a workers' comp settlement for injuries sustained while she masturbated at work?
Yes.
What about those of us chained to a desk and computer all day?
It's not good to type with your desk too high or your chair too low or your computer way over to the side so that you're constantly reaching for it. You should also break up workloads into short parcels—maybe take a five-minute break every 45 to 60 minutes.
How else can you mess up your wrist?
The same types of injuries that apply to knees also apply to wrists. You can break it, and you can also have miniscal tears, ligament tears and cartilage injuries. Ligament injuries can result from twisting maneuvers common in wrestling or basketball. Weightlifting is stressful because of the amount of force and repetition involved with holding the barbells. And taking a big chunk of turf out of the ground with a golf club can be bad because you can jam your wrists.
How do you treat something like that?
Inflammation in the wrist is the same as inflammation anywhere in the body, whether it's the toe, ankle or knee. The same RICE treatment applies: rest, ice, compression, elevation.
So what's the strangest wrist injury you've ever seen?
I had one patient that had an unfortunate encounter with an elephant during a trip to Africa. She got real close to it, and it then whacked her with its trunk. She fell to the ground and broke her wrist.

Information provided by Dr. Gregory Hanker of the Southern California Orthopedic Institute

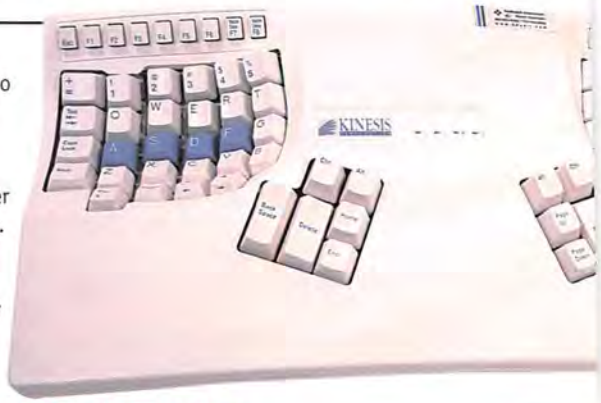
Billy left Mardi Gras a winner

SUPERFLUITY

Fancy input advantages

It's easy to identify the gadget-whore in the office—he's the chump whose desk is littered with useless Sharper Image contraptions and one of those trendy S-shaped keyboards. Now's your chance to steal his thunder with a state-of-the-art adjustable board which, unlike those wavy types, actually does help prevent Carpal Tunnel Syndrome. Bob Heisler, the Yoda of boards at Keyboard Alternatives and Vision Solutions (www.keyalt.com), spoke with *FHM* and let us test these monsters.

Gold Touch ▼
Bob claims: You can fan apart this keyboard's two halves, and also set it up like a tent so that the middle is higher than the ends. The resulting handshake position prevents you from splaying your hands outward, turning them downward over the keyboard and cocking them back at the wrist.
Verdict: It's not much different than a regular keyboard, so adjusting to it didn't take long. It feels plastic and cheap, but seems to be the only viable option for those who still look at the keys while they type.
Price: $129



Kinesis Classic ▲
Bob claims: The left and right sections are split apart so that your arms rest at your sides. The bowl-shaped cutouts of the keyboard wells allow you to reach keys without much stretching, and your hands can maintain a curled, relaxed position.
Verdict: Big guys struggled to fit their gooney fingers in the bowls. Unless your digits are slimmer than an anorexic's, you will want to heave this through a window.
Price: $300

JAMES COLBURN/IPOL; CHRIS GORMAN (3)

PANEL OF EXPERTS *If you or your girlfriend has a problem, send it to our experts at FHM, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011*

Relationships

SUSAN QUILLIAM
Relationships psychologist and author

Love Coach, Susan's new book on relationships, is due out in early May.

Relationships

DR. PETER S. KANARIS
Psychologist and sex therapist

Get Peter's e-newsletter, "Sex Ed. on the Web," at www.SexualhelpNet.com

Doctor

GARY LIEBERMAN, M.D.
General practitioner

Gary is based in Chapel Trail, FL, and has been in practice for 22 years.

Skin care

ALAN R. KLING
Board-certified dermatologist

Alan is an Assistant Clinical Professor of Dermatology in New York

Eye care

PHILLIP J. CALENDA, M.D.
American Academy of Ophthalmology

Phillip is an ophthamologist in private practice in North Carolina.

Grooming

FEDERICO CALCE
Head stylist, Federico Hair Salon, New York City

Federico's family owns 28 salons and 100 franchises throughout Italy.

Roseanne and Tom enjoyed a leisurely breakfast

GIRTH

I've got dank swamp-ass

Q **I'm a big guy and have a problem that causes me loads of embarrassment: a sweaty ass. Whenever I sit down, I leave a big wet mark on the seat, and the dampness shows through my pants. What's even worse is that people at work have told me that I smell a bit. What can I do?**
K. Cenicola, Ann Arbor, MI

A *You need to lose weight. Large skin folds in obese people tend to trap sweat and harbor odor-producing bacteria. Fat acts as insulation, meaning body temperature remains high and more perspiration is produced. This makes hygiene quite a challenge, because all of us need a properly functioning "air-conditioning system" to remove excess heat produced by our bodies. Otherwise, the skin becomes soaked—especially in the groin and feet—and produces an odor similar to what feet smell like after walking around in wet boots all day. While you work to get rid of the excess weight, you can use dusting powders, such as Zeasorb, and compounds containing aluminum chloride, such as Drysol, to help keep the skin dry.* **(GL)**

Techno-ghosts: haunting

TABULATION

JUST HOW FAT ARE YOU?

New device allows pudgies to keep score of their impressive flab

Fat cats on Wall Street are armed with the necessary tools, technology and information to keep strict tabs on the ebb and flow of the stock market. Thanks to Tanita Corporation, the leaders in scale manufacturing, they can also be alerted should their body-fat levels eclipse their previous 52-week highs.

Bringing neurosis to a new all-time high, Tanita's pocketsize FitScan monitors body fat by running small electric shocks through your body. Because muscle is nearly 75 percent water, the signal passes quickly through fit bits, but is impeded by the body's fat areas. After inputting height, weight and gender information, the unit makes the proper calculations and scores them against the government's Healthy Body-Fat Chart.

"It's important for individuals to understand that they can look healthy, but have a deceptively high or low body-fat percentage," says Dr. Steven Heymsfield, of New York's Obesity Research Center.

It's also important to understand that keeping track of body-fat at short intervals is akin to waiting for a watched pot to boil; it could take several months or even years to drastically lower your fat-to-muscle ratio. So if you're too impatient or simply don't give a crap about how fleshy you are, you can instead use the FitScan for competitions to see which of you and your gluttonous buddies can absorb the most fat at an all-you-can-eat Shoney's buffet.

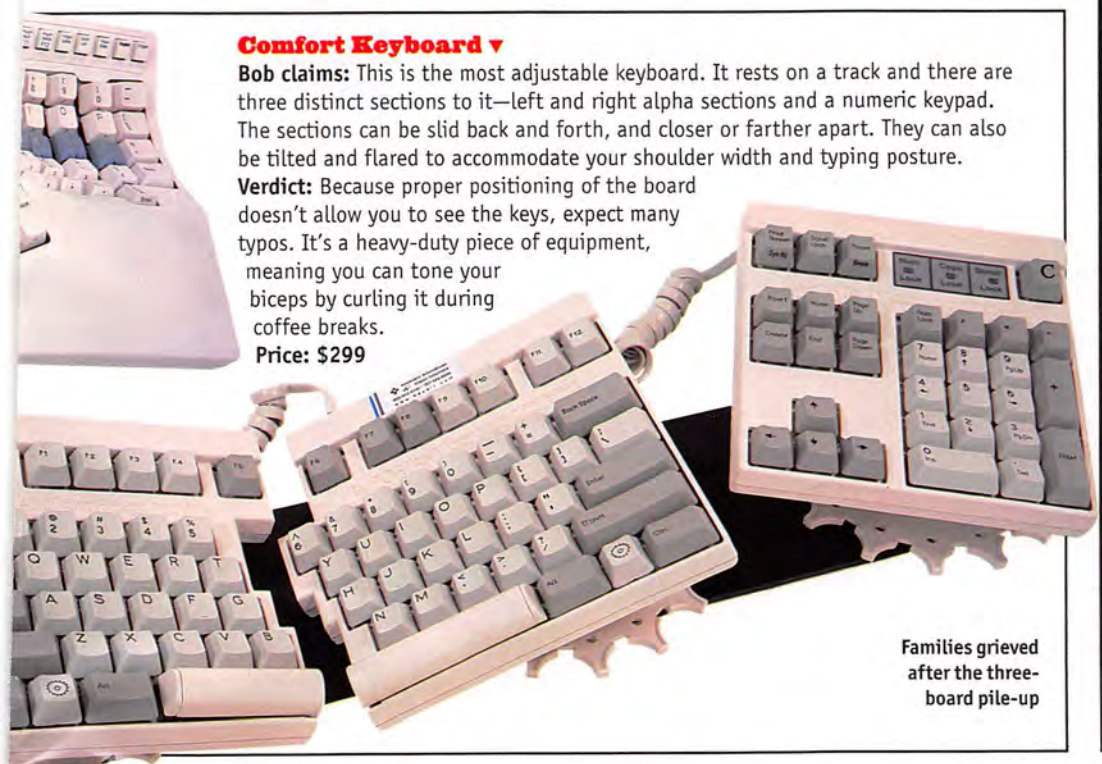
Price: $29.99
Contact: 800-TANITA-8 or www.tanita.com

Comfort Keyboard ▼

Bob claims: This is the most adjustable keyboard. It rests on a track and there are three distinct sections to it—left and right alpha sections and a numeric keypad. The sections can be slid back and forth, and closer or farther apart. They can also be tilted and flared to accommodate your shoulder width and typing posture.

Verdict: Because proper positioning of the board doesn't allow you to see the keys, expect many typos. It's a heavy-duty piece of equipment, meaning you can tone your biceps by curling it during coffee breaks.

Price: $299



Families grieved after the three-board pile-up

Streisand thought of oats

STIMULATION

Make me a super stud

Q My girlfriend has never had an orgasm, either with me or with her two previous boyfriends. We've been going out for six months and are both quite adventurous in the sack. Although she quickly tends to reach a point of heightened arousal, her clitoris and labia then become too sensitive for me to carry on. Is it possible that some women can't reach orgasm?
H. Manning, Dallas, TX

A *It's true that some women can't reach orgasm, but that's not what's going on here. I think this is a question of adapting your technique—and that means talking it through, being willing to experiment and having some extended (and very enjoyable) practice sessions without rushing to get on with the job. The two of you shouldn't just go along at your pace. You may find, for example, that the stimulation she needs isn't what you'd require in the same situation. Rather than full-on, heavy pressure, she may prefer gentle touching, teasing and light strokes, followed by a few seconds of calm to allow her sensitive vaginal muscles to start feeling again. And she may need more lubrication—dry rubbing is a turn-off. So next time things get hot, slow down. Get her to coach you to arouse her gently and show you what she likes. Experiment with lubricating tongue play. Enter her slowly and gently, and only when she's ready. All this may take time, but it's absolutely essential if you want to bring her to ecstasy.* **(SQ)**

WOMEN'S HEALTH ANSWERS

'MY MAN IS A BUMBLING FOOL'

Q I get turned on by men talking dirty during sex, but my current boyfriend is awful at it. He thought he'd done well, so I didn't have the heart to tell him that I almost burst out laughing. How can I get him to spout real filth without offending him?
J. Neuhearth, Athens, GA

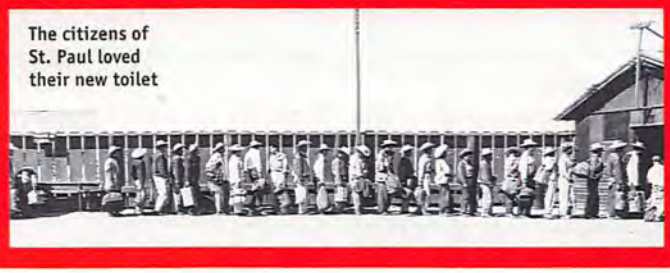
A *Like your boyfriend, not everyone is good at "talking dirty." One way to help him improve without hurting his feelings is through role-playing. Acting out favorite fantasies that include talking dirty can be a fun and a non-threatening way of teaching him what you like. Playfully arouse him by modeling the kind of things you want him to say. Take turns exciting each other in this way and even a sensitive male ego should not be offended. If he doesn't improve, realize that nobody is good at everything. Some people sing beautifully while others are great dancers. If your boyfriend can't carry a tune, then notice how he can dance and focus your enjoyment there.* **(PK)**

Introductions were strained at the blind dance

'AM I A LOOSE WOMAN?'

Q I'm 19 and I've had my fair share of boyfriends. I was talking to my friends, and they were shocked to hear I had slept with a guy on a first date. They said people would think I was a slut. Is there a good waiting time before having sex with a guy? Do I need to be worried about my reputation when it comes to my personal life? And should I say something to get my friends off my back?
E. Collins, Arlington, TX

A *Women who are sexually free have always had to deal with social criticism. Our society sadly seems to favor explicit sexualization of women while putting them down for enjoying participation in full sexual experiences. If you're comfortable and aren't being coerced into sex early in relationships, your sexual behavior is your business. Concerns about your "reputation" with friends and lovers are understandable, so perhaps you should seek out people that can respect a sexually aware and assertive woman that is true to herself. Inform your friends that you know who you are and that you're not controlled by what people might think.* **(PK)**



The citizens of St. Paul loved their new toilet

GUIDANCE

READERS IN TROUBLE

Do you find yourself desperate for advice ever since Dr. Ruth's radio program was yanked from your local FM station? *FHM's* readers can help out. Send your relationship problems, as well as solutions to next month's topic, to the usual address.

The Problem

My girlfriend is a major flirt. At parties, she tends to get touchy-feely with my friends and other guys, especially after a few drinks. I even catch her making out with dudes. When I bring this up to her, she just takes a "Where's the harm?" kind of approach. It's to the point that I dread taking her to parties because my buddies are starting to think she's a real dirty girl. Everything else in the relationship, especially the sex, is going great. What should I do?
Jason Kelley, 25

The Advice

■ Dump the flirt. There are plenty of girls out there who will respect you and not act like a tease. And besides, maybe after you dump her she'll come crawling back to you.
Brendan Cheney, 19

■ If you let her get away with this crap, she's going to walk all over you till she gets bored with your ass and runs off with some other idiot.
Josh Lundquist, 25

■ It seems that your girlfriend is encouraging you to make out with other women. Take her up on it. And be sure to get digits from your new flirtatious friends, because the relationship you're

Another night of champagne and roofies at the Kennedy compound

EVERETT COLLECTION; PHOTOFEST (2); CHRIS GORMAN (3); SID AVERY/MPTV; NEAL PRESTON/OUTLINE; NIKKI SIX INTERVIEW BY JAKE BRONSTEIN

Surprisingly, Nikki had no cavities

WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD YET?

Mötley Crüe bassist Nikki Sixx on the wonders of medicine

Haven't you clinically died already?
Yeah, I was totally out of control one night; I dug up some friends, Slash and Steven Adler of Guns N' Roses, and some needles and anything else I could get a hold of. I ended up in a situation where I died. It wasn't really the first time, I'd probably done it four or five times.

Did they give you "fifty milligrams of lidocaine, stat" like they do on *ER*?
I got two adrenaline needles directly in my heart, and they shocked me a few times. I just remember waking up with all these tubes and IVs coming out of me. I put on my leather pants, hitchhiked home and got high. I figure anything worth doing is worth overdoing.

Did the doctors make you lay off the smack?
You know, it's all a bit foggy. It was so much chaos, so many arrests and so many fights. Drugs were my life, morning to night, seven days a week.

A few car wrecks too, right?
Yeah. Anytime you're going 120 mph, try to wear a seatbelt. I have trouble remembering that, or anything relating to the speed limit. Actually, I have a hard time relating to any limits.

How many near-fatal crashes have you been in?
A few. Let's see, the Ferrari, the Porsche and a few bikes.

Which was the worst?
The Porsche was the one that made me quit drugs. When I woke up, there was a telephone pole in the seat next to me. But, I don't really remember much.

What do you remember?
Just getting in the car. Driving 90 mph, telephone pole, hitchhike home naked. Didn't go to the hospital. I woke up like four days later, and had to record a song with my shoulder completely dislocated.

Did you take any magical medicine to ease the pain?
Percodan. That stuff is great. I swear by all the "dans"—Percodan, Vicodin, all of 'em.

Did Percodan help you stop shooting-up?
No, you can't really trade one drug for another—I went to rehab, but I left. They started talking to me about god—and I've got a problem with that. I just grabbed my guitar and jumped out the window, literally.

So why aren't you dead yet?
I don't know. I'm thinking it's a joke. Some kind of weird karma, or something.

in now will be over in two months max.
Steph O'Neill, 21

■ Here's what you do: go to a party and start making out with as many girls as possible. If she gets jealous, then you've made your point. If she doesn't get jealous, then that's cool too. It's win-win, if you ask me.
Jon Nealon, 28

Next Month's Topic

I've been dating the same girl for four years, and I'm thinking about proposing. But she's the only woman I've ever been with, and I'm afraid that I'll someday regret not having slept with any other woman. What should I do?
Arnie Jacobs, 23

RADIATION

I BURN LIKE WACO

Q My girl has been going to a tanning salon, and looks great. She suggests that I join her, because I'm pasty and tend to burn. I've heard that it's smart to get a "base tan" so that I won't leave the beach looking like a lobster. The place my girlfriend goes to claims to use only healthy UV rays. Is this a sham or what?
F. Pinili, Ojai, CA

A *There is no such thing as a healthy tan. A tan is skin's response to an overdose of UV radiation, and is a sign of damage. Thirty minutes of indoor exposure in a tanning bed is equivalent to a day at the beach, bombarding skin with an intense dose of ultraviolet A radiation that's two to three times stronger than sunlight. Roughly half of all Caucasians don't tan well anyway; they just burn and freckle and consider this a tan. The best thing to do is use a sunscreen with a sun protection factor (SPF) of at least 15 that blocks out all harmful rays. Repeated and frequent exposure to UV radiation causes sagging, wrinkles, unsightly brown age spots, light-triggered skin diseases and skin cancer.* **(AK)**

Jamie Lee overslept

STAINING

PAINT FOR THE PASTY

If you're tired of being the most lily-white guy on the beach but don't like skin cancer, try a sunless tanner. It stains the uppermost dead layer of skin. "If people won't feel compelled to go get a tan that will give them long-term damage, then I'm all for the fake stuff," says our skin-care expert, Dr. Alan Kling.

Banana Boat Mousse, $5.99 for 3.75 oz.
Applying this stuff makes it feel as if you're rubbing shaving cream on your body. When you're done, you'll smell like a cocoa-butter urinal cake.

Neutrogena Spray, $8.99 for 3.5 oz.
The spray gives you the best chance for achieving an even tan. Plus, it doesn't reek nearly as bad as the other tanners.

Bain De Soleil, $9.29 for 3.12 oz.
Pfizer attached a fancy name to this goop so that it could slap a high price tag on it. That doesn't mean it's any better or worse than the others.

FHM HOSPITAL

STIMULATION

VIM AND VINEGAR

This invigorating potion will put a fire under your lazy butt

People, especially those who list "eating Munchos" as a hobby, often lament the fact that many of God's most nutritious foods—kale, beets, prunes—are also among the worst in taste. Now they can add apple cider vinegar to their long list of eats whose flavor and nutritional value are inversely proportionate.

Vinegar: cleansing

Armed with 93 vitamins, minerals, amino acids and other compounds, drinking undistilled apple cider vinegar can help you feel more energetic. The key ingredient is pectin, which aids in keeping your cholesterol in check and can also help you shed a few pounds by lowering the amount of fat your body can absorb. A 16-ounce bottle of Bragg's natural apple cider vinegar costs less than $3 and is sold at most health-food stores.

The trick is ingesting the stuff without gagging. It's not that bad if you mix two teaspoons of it with a few teaspoons of honey and eight ounces of water. You can also add Sweet'n Low to make the drink more palatable. Chug it down twice a day—after you get up and before you go to bed—and your days of feeling like a lethargic load will be history.

The creepy old man grew aroused at feeding time

RUMORS

Will soup save me?

Q **My friend recently came down with a cold, so I told her to eat lots of chicken soup. She gave me a snippy comment about curing broth being an old wives' tale. I assured her that I had gotten over a bad case of the sniffles in just three days by loading up on Campbell's. Am I right that chicken soup helps cure the common cold? If not, what do you suggest I do for future runny noses and sore throats?**
D. Mbonu, Bethlehem, PA

A *Common colds are caused by respiratory viruses. And while a trip to the drugstore is most people's first step to combating a cold, over-the-counter elixirs won't help you get better sooner or prevent your cold from getting worse. Some medicines may assist in relieving headaches, runny noses, scratchy throats, aches and other symptoms, but the little they accomplish is unlikely to be enough to offset annoying side effects such as grogginess, lightheadedness and dry mouth. Cold symptoms are relieved equally as well with home remedies, which include steam, plenty of fluids, rest and, yes, chicken soup. Plus, there are no side effects and it's obviously less costly. Soup, whether it's chicken, minestrone or wonton, won't cure a cold, but it will soothe a scratchy throat and liquefy the mucus in your nasal passages.* **(GL)**

THE MAGIC OF DRUGS

RITALIN "The Disciplinarian"

Remember the kid who sat Indian-style in right field, crushing ants between his thumb and forefinger while the opposing team circled the bases, their hits rolling right past him? Not only was he the team's worst player, but he threw violent tantrums upon realizing that the lemonade cooler had run dry. Cruel coaches referred to the kid as "Spaz," but doctors would have described him as having attention-deficit hyperactivity disorder, and helped him with Ritalin.

Ritalin is a drug that stimulates the central nervous system to create a brain chemical called dopamine. Dopamine essentially tricks the brain into suppressing creative and spontaneous behavior, thus improving the person's ability to focus. The medicine affects the parts of the brain that control movement, emotional response and the ability to experience pleasure and pain.

It comes as no shock, however, to learn that as always, certain individuals have been taking advantage of this situation. Abusers, who refer to the medicine as "R-Ball," "Skippy" and "Jif," have been known to crush Ritalin pills, then mix the powder with heroin or cocaine. The drug produces short-term mood elevations, allowing students to stay awake through the night to study, party and bore each other rigid quoting scenes from *Pulp Fiction*.

Chad was delighted with his mustache

Fortunately for society, the effects of Ritalin abuse are usually short-lived and followed by a "crash," during which the user will often feel depressed, sleepy and sluggish. Prolonged Ritalin abuse can lead to liver cancer, blood clots, infections and circulatory problems.

THE EVERETT COLLECTION (2); CHRIS GORMAN; ILLUSTRATION BY CHIP WASS

Who is the sexiest woman in the world? You decide!

In previous years, the readers of the various editions of *FHM* worldwide have voted the following women as the planet's sexiest.

1996
Gillian Anderson

1997
Teri Hatcher

1998
Jenny McCarthy

1999
Sarah Michelle Gellar

2000
?

SEAN McMENOMY

At last! After years of watching other lesser nations determine the destination of this magnificent award, you can have your say. Just fill out the voting slip, send it off to us, and congratulate yourself on performing your democratic duty.

FHM's 100 SEXIEST WOMEN OF 2000

The choice is entirely up to you. All you have to do is list your favorite heartbreakers, from one (the absolute sexiest) to 10, then send it to us. The results will be published in a future edition of *FHM*.

VOTE NOW!

When you've come to a decision, send us your nominations via one of the following methods. . . .

By fax: **212-886-2824**
By mail: ***FHM*'s 100 Sexiest Women**
***FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave.**
New York, NY 10011
By e-mail: **sexiestwomen@emapUSA.com**

1 _____

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10 _____

YOUR DETAILS

Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

_____

Age: _____

THE EXPERT DADS

Fathers often whine about getting no credit for their hard work, but maybe that's because they don't deserve any. Sure, most dads slaved away in sweatshops so that their offspring could be granted luxuries like oversized boom boxes and fat shoelaces for their Air Jordans. But now that we're older, our dads' years of well-meaning neglect have left us without the knowledge of how to fix a car, invest savings or even defend ourselves in a street brawl. That's why *FHM* has assembled an impressive panel of some of the brightest dads around.

If you've got a question that has your old man thoroughly befuddled, give one of our dads a shot. Write to *FHM* Dad, 110 Fifth Ave. New York, NY 10011, or send an e-mail to FHMdad@emapUSA.com.

WANTED: MORE DADS

If your old man has professional knowledge and a knack for dishing out good advice, go ahead and nominate him for The Expert Panel. As we continue to broaden our fatherly horizons, we'll be looking to add Sports Dad, Cooking Dad, Travel Dad, Career Dad and any others that fit the bill. Send nominations to the above address.

I can't fight to save my life

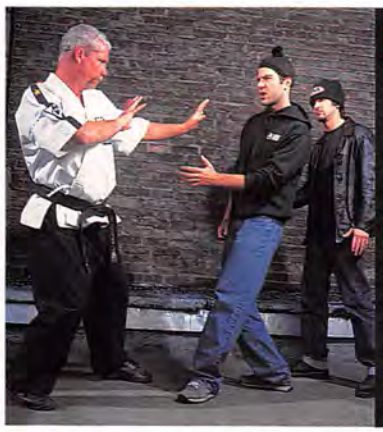
Q Dear Fighting Dad, Coming home alone late one night, I was confronted by two guys eager for a scrap. I tried talking my way out of it, but after a few quick shoves, I proceeded to have the tar beat out of me. Can you give me any simple self-defense tips so I can avoid shelling out major bucks for karate lessons or a big gun?
D. Lunderville, Norman, OK

Paul Walsh answers:

A *Remain calm. As your adrenaline begins to flow, try not to panic; adrenaline is your friend and will make you stronger and faster. Use your knees and elbows to hit as much as possible, because they pack a wallop. Most importantly, if you know or suspect that your attackers are armed, do whatever they say and don't resist—it's not worth the risk of dying.*

People pick on others they assume won't be a problem, so a key to being left alone is to not look like a target. Walk confidently with upright posture. Don't look for eye contact, but try not to appear intimidated. It's always best to walk away when confronted. If you're stopped again, give them the chance to leave. And if that doesn't work—and a fight is the only way out—here's how to make sure you're the last one standing:

Step 1
Protect your soft spots—your solar plexus (breastbone), neck and groin—and create a sturdy stance by turning your body sideways to your attacker with your toes slightly turned inward. Remember to keep your hands up and unclenched.



Step 2
When approached by more than one guy, move to one side so that the bigger attacker is between you and the smaller thug. Take on the bigger of the two first—you'll have more strength in the beginning, and you might scare off the puny guy.

Step 3
If he throws a punch, try to move outside his swing and grab for his fist or wrist as it passes by. Hold on to the wrist as firmly as possible and twist it, pushing the back of his elbow forward and using his momentum to bring his arm behind his back.

Step 4
With his arm still behind his back, keep twisting his wrist—*hard*—and jam the arm straight up like a chicken wing. Don't loosen up. Use your other hand to pull his shoulder, head, hair or eye socket toward you firmly to keep him from twisting free.

Step 5
You can easily break his arm or dislocate his shoulder, so keep the other guy at bay and give them both the chance to leave peacefully. If they don't, break his arm by twisting hard. Then force his head into the face of his buddy, aiming for the nose.

Step 6
You might feel like doing the Ickey Shuffle over the fallen thugs, but you should be ready to strike further, or run like hell if they try to get up. If they stay down, offer a smug but sympathetic "I told you so" and quickly make your exit.

CORBIS; BRENNAN CAVANAUGH (6); EVERETT COLLECTION (2); ANNIE GRIFFITHS/CORBIS

PANEL OF EXPERTS

To tap one of these six brilliant fathers for advice, write to FHM Dad, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011.

Mechanic Dad

RICHARD RIVELE
53, is the father of two girls, ages 22 and 29.

Richard is Manager of the Professional Book Division for Chilton's Auto Guides.

Fighting Dad

PAUL WALSH
44, has four kids ranging in age from 11 to 21.

Paul, a black belt, works as an Instructor for Tiger Schulmann's Karate.

DIY Dad

LARRY ERICKSON
48, has a 20-year-old son and 17-year-old daughter.

Larry serves as Executive Editor for home-repair publisher Ortho Books.

Money Dad

BOB HILL
63, raised four kids, ages 27 to 39.

Bob is a Finanacial Analyst for the Los Angeles firm Cantor Fitzgerald.

Spiritual Dad

NELSON HEWITT
51, is the father of four girls, ages 16 to 33.

Nelson serves as Ordained Minister in the Methodist church.

Legal Dad

DANIEL I. GREENBERG
54, has two daughters, ages 10 and 11.

Danny is President and Chief Attorney of the Legal Aid Society of New York.

CELEBRITY DAD

Al Bundy is a shoe salesman in Chicago, IL. He is married and has a son and daughter. Here's his advice on becoming a part of the in-crowd:

"When I was a kid, there were lots of parties I wasn't invited to . . . I showed up anyway. I stood there with a big smile on my face, and said, 'I'm here!' and headed right for the food. Sure, they didn't want me there, but I had a great time. And if they didn't, so what? The point is, if you want to be there, be there—even if they hate you."

My landlord's making me live in squalor

Q **Dear Legal Dad,**
I've lived in my crappy apartment for the past eight years because the rent is so low. That's probably why my landlord feels he doesn't have to bother fixing my busted sink, crumbling walls and malfunctioning intercom buzzer. We do have a building superintendent, but he's a lazy pig. I want to withhold rent until certain repairs are made, but I'm afraid the landlord will kick me out of my apartment. What are my rights, and how should I handle this?
G. Tiedje, New York City

Dan Greenberg answers:

A *Remember that money is power. First, give your landlord a written list of the needed repairs. You can withhold your rent (don't spend it—you're withholding rent, not skipping it), which will hopefully get the landlord to take your complaints seriously. If he takes you to court, ask the judge to order the landlord to make the repairs. You can also opt to take the landlord to court and ask a judge to order the needed repairs. In either case, if the landlord disobeys the court orders, he may be fined or punished. If you are in a rent-controlled or rent-stabilized apartment, you may also file an application with the New York State Division of Housing and Community Renewal (or a similar local agency) for a reduction in rent due to the failure of the landlord to maintain services. If there are other tenants in your building with comparable problems, consider organizing a tenant's association. A group withholding rent and negotiating is more powerful than a single individual.*

Jack fondled himself openly

The Civil War began with a hand gesture

Should I be a gambling man?

Q **Dear Money Dad,**
A lot of my friends run with the big-talker, high-roller crowd, and always talk about getting rich in the stock market. I have some cash saved up, but tend to be very conservative with my cash. With my luck, the day I finally put some money in stocks, the market will come crashing down. Am I doing the right thing by going with my gut feeling and continuing to avoid stocks?
M. McClusky, Van Nuys, CA

Bob Hill answers:

A *In your question, I note an uncomfortable feeling with risk. When your savings reach a desirable level, you need to spend some time learning the difference between gambling and calculated risk. Unless you win the lottery or inherit a fortune, common stocks are a mandatory part of any long-term investment strategy. No one can predict yearly fluctuations in the stock market, but over longer periods of time, trends begin to form. In the period from 1974 to 1998, the Standard & Poors 500 Stock Index rose an average of 16 percent annually. In the same period, interest rates paid on money-market funds averaged about six percent annually. For helpful beginner's stock tips, check out www.fool.com.*

FHM

machinery

THE LOWDOWN ON THE HOTTEST GADGETS AND EQUIPMENT FROM OUR CRACK TEAM OF *FHM* MACHINEHEADS

Hear this!

With some models capable of holding an hour's worth of your favorite tunes—and others your entire music collection—MP3 players may make audio CDs as obsolete as your pop's 8-tracks. Because this format uses your computer to compress bulky audio files to a twelfth of their normal size, the players fit in the palm of your hand. And since most have no moving parts, they'll never skip like discs or get chewed-up like tapes. Wade Tinney examines the top contenders to the Walkman's throne.

▲ Best for showing off

Samsung Yepp "Hip Hop"

While it does come with a respectable 32 megs of on-board memory and room for expansion memory cards, the Hip Hop is essentially a stripped-down unit with few features. But even though you cut corners to save a few bucks, at least you can take comfort in knowing that you'll still look "phat" with your "posse" in the "hood."

Contact: www.samsungyepp.com
Price: $200

Best for the rat-racer ▶

i2Go eGo

Designed with the busy commuter in mind, this unit not only plays music, it can download and read your e-mail to you, and then record your replies. The eGo has a built-in microphone and speaker, an adapter and a removable mounting frame for the car. The most expensive model is expandable up to a stunning 680 megs of memory—the same as about 20 CDs.

Contact: www.i2go.com
Price: $189-$649

◀ Best for the serious athlete

Casio MP3 Watch

What are wrists really good for if not parking places for chunky, black over-the-top gadgetry? This watch-player doesn't have space for memory cards, but it can still hold more than 30 minutes of music—and keep the right time to boot. Casio proves once again that when it comes to strap-ons, it's not size that matters, but what you can do with it.

Contact: www.casio.com
Price: $199

◀ Best for looking flashy

Audiovox MP3000

As if good looks, a curvaceous body and a metallic finish weren't enough, the palm-sized MP3000 packs in an FM tuner and voice-recording capability. And if you want to increase the amount of music you can store, the memory can be upgraded from 64 megs to 128 megs, so you can listen to that long-play version of "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" you love so much.

Contact: www.audiovox.com
Price: $279

▼ The total package

Creative Nomad Jukebox

When it comes to storing music, the Nomad Jukebox stands head and shoulders above the competition with a colossal six gigs of memory—enough to store about 150 of your CDs. Although it does have moving parts (it's essentially a computer hard drive), the whopping five-minute electronic buffer means you'd have to be tumbling down a mountain to actually hear it skipping. Load this puppy up and sell your CDs for train fare.

Contact: www.creative.com
Price: $300-$500

◀ Best for the traveling salesman

Thomson RCA Lyra

Although its cryptic name remains a mystery, the Lyra is designed logically: it plays both MP3 and Real Audio files (another type of compression) and can be upgraded in case the software changes later. In addition to an electronic equalizer with six presets, the Lyra also comes with a car adapter kit for those long road trips.

Contact: www.lyrazone.com
Price: $250

LEARN SOME NERD-SPEAK AND GET THE BEST DEAL

The nefarious sales geeks from electronics superstores love to use techno-babble to trick you into buying stuff you don't need. Avoid being duped by asking questions from these five categories. Keep in mind that the players featured on these pages come with all of the necessary software and cables you'll need to load up some music and get busy destroying your eardrums.

1 Compatibility Make sure the computer you will be using has the correct type of port (the place where you plug stuff into your computer), enough RAM to run MP3 software, a sound card and plenty of available hard-disk space to store all of your new tunes.

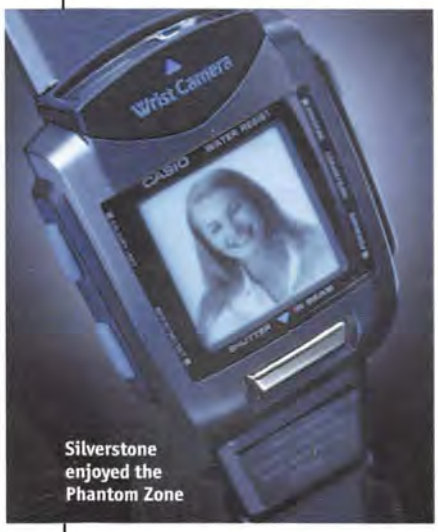
2 Storage capacity Some players have more built-in memory than others and the ability to use larger memory expansion cards. Bottom line: the more storage space you have (generally, one meg is equal to about a minute of music), the more music you can listen to.

3 Feature set Decide if you'll want to have all the extras—FM radio, equalizer or microphone, as well as accessories such as a belt clip, a carrying case, headphones or an adapter kit for your car.

4 Function Try your player out in the store before you even think of taking it home. Compare the sound quality, the screen display and all the doodads that are included with other models you're looking at.

5 Upgrades Since digital audio is still a pretty new technology, the required software that it uses is bound to keep changing. Ask about players that can be kept current with software upgrades instead of being totally replaced.

CHARLES MASTERS



Silverstone enjoyed the Phantom Zone

FUN FOR SOCIAL MISFITS

By merging a digital camera and a wristwatch, Casio has given artistic wallflowers a new lease on a social life. Now, instead of silently lurking in the corners, you can work the room, insisting people mug at your wrist while you awkwardly thrust it in their faces.

This conversation-starter contains an LCD screen that serves as a viewfinder while you snap away and as a display screen for playback. It stores up to 100 gray-scale images, which can be uploaded to your computer. It also saves up to 24 characters of text, perfect for catching the name and number of the stranger you've just accosted. Most useful of all, if your new chums decide to beat the crap out of you because they've had enough, you can document that as well.
Contact: www.casio.com; Price: $149

CRAPHOMANIA

Space-age pens

Bored of ink, the people demand more from their writing instruments

◀ Scanning pen
It's hard to believe people have been burdened for so long with writing instruments that are merely monolingual. The C-Pen not only reads (by scanning text and displaying it on a built-in screen), it does it in 11 languages and easily translates between them. The info can then be uploaded into any Windows-based program. Sadly, like all true savants, it trips up when asked to do the simplest of tasks, such as writing. It seems the men who dreamed up this modern marvel packed it so full of chips and gizmos that they forgot to leave a hole for the ink to come out.
Contact: www.officedepot.com
Price: $249

Recording pen ▶
Cell phones, pagers, voice mail, answering machines—almost every appliance these days takes messages, and now, so can your pen. Samsung's P-700 digitally stores up to 70 minutes of important notes, everything from "How do you turn this thing on?" to "Cool toy, Bill." While it was hard to find a situation that would benefit from a tape recorder with no tape, tiny buttons, a pen-like shape and long earphones hanging off it, the device's literature promises it's a breakthrough for "businessman, writers, reporters, professors, doctors and others in the knowledge industry."
Contact: www.skymall.com
Price: $179

◀ Security pen
As the electronic economy continues to grow, tech-savvy cyber-thieves are right there to prey upon the system's weaknesses. LCI's Smartpen can read and memorize the precise speed, pressure, angle and movement you use to sign your name, then send it wirelessly to the computer. The signature verifies that you are indeed you before an online transaction is approved, making it a foolproof means of keeping stealthy forgers at bay. The Smartpen will likely be free for consumers in the near future and included with products such as Internet-capable cell phones or personal digital assistants.
Contact: www.smartpen.net
800-330-0473

Swiss Military Pen ▶
Living far from the despicable material evils of modern civilization, the self-reliant man has little to count on other than his own sense of ingenuity, and of course the proper tools. Like its knife-based forebear, the Swiss Military Pen has the usual cutting blades, saws and screwdrivers. But unlike even the most stacked Swiss Army Knife, it all fits nicely into the stem of a functioning pen, which means that a diligent freeman can continue scribbling away at his world-weary manifesto long after his militia counterparts have had to make a Bic run at Walmart.
Contact:
www.advanceindustries.com
Price: $29.95

Evolution suited the man-o'-war

TOOLS FOR LAZY MEN

The Auto Mower

Your neighbor would use his own crap as fertilizer if it would make his lawn the best on the block. You, on the other hand, know of nothing worse than leaving the AC to push a mower in the blazing heat. Add in a pair of grass-stained sneakers and the threat of losing a toe, and you get the inspiration for the Auto Mower.

Created by Husqvarna, the Auto Mower is a robotic electric mower that cuts and mulches your grass while you sip a cold one and lounge in your kiddie pool. Instead of cutting in patterns, the Auto Mower cruises until it finds tall grass and then goes to it. If it finds anything that shouldn't be shredded, such as a tree or a child, it reverses direction. And unlike the fat kid next door, when it runs low on juice, it only takes a brief one-hour rest at its recharging station before finishing up.

Contact:
www.husqvarna.com
Price: $1,500-$1,800

ENDLESS PRATTLE

We've already eliminated the venerable art of letter writing with the ungrammatical drivel of e-mail. Altec Lansing takes intellectual laziness a step further with its VoicePod, a device that records your spoken messages and attaches them to Microsoft Word documents, video or still images and, of course, e-mails. The pod has simple fingertip controls, a noise-suppressing microphone, stereo speakers, and even a tiny but reasonable sounding subwoofer.

Contact:
www.altecmm.com
Price: $99.95

MY EXCELLENT MACHINE

The car crusher

Johnny Colletti, a lifetime crusher, explains the finer points of flattening people's dream machines

So can any boob with half a brain work this thing?
Pretty much, it's just two pistons really—one on each side that force a plate down. In the booth there's two levers: left and right. You sort of use them together or one at a time to smash the cars down. If the car simply refuses to go down any further, you just use more pressure.

What'd you do to get this job? Beat somebody up?
I've been crushing cars since I was five. My dad worked out here, and he'd bring me out and let me sit in the booth with him. There's nothing to it, but I'm into it. I have crushing dreams; it just gets in your head, watching them get all crunched up, hearing them—all of it. It's like playing with toys, only on a big scale. I think everyone wants to do it. The only downside is when you're in the booth, you can't really see them.

Tokyo parking: competitive

Ever try to see how many you can cram in at once?
You can get three in there easy. Four is a stretch, but if it's gonna fit we'll put them in. The whole point is to fit more cars on the truck that moves them out of here, so the better they fit together, the more you get on it. The best way to fit them together perfect like a puzzle is to put them in the machine at the same time.

What if you tried it with a bunch of squirrelly little runt cars, like Yugos or something?
No, see, it doesn't really matter how big the car is because it's a height issue, and all cars pretty much crunch to the same height. Vans, limos, whatever—they've all got the same amount of stuff in them, especially after the seats have been stripped out.

Do you ever find anything of value inside a pre-flattened vehicle, like a nice pair of fuzzy dice or an uneaten Big Mac?
Nope, and I'm not looking. We've got a lot of work to do out here. On a good day we can get through nearly 100 cars. There's not really time to be rooting through the trunk. Besides, before they get here, they've been stripped for salvage. If there were anything interesting other than car parts, those guys would have found it. They work just one yard over. I know all those guys, and they don't really find anything special either, just lighters, stuff like that. They're easy to entertain. Give them a shiny object and they're done for the day.

The crusher seems like a good way to eliminate somebody, if you know what I mean.
Funny you say that. I've got a nephew and I'm always joking with him, saying, "Straighten up and fly right or it's the crusher for you." Then I'll squeeze him real hard, and he'll scream. Some of the guys I grew up with even call me "The Crusher."

So what else do you let the machine munch on?
I threw some things in there when I first started just to see what happened, but it's not that interesting—they get crushed. In the end it all looks alike. It's not rocket science, anyone can do it.

VOICEPOD TEXT BY CHRIS CHIARELLA; CORBIS; CHRIS GORMAN

TRUE STORIES

When a person hits the ripe old age of 65, many important changes occur: movie tickets are discounted, rice pudding suddenly becomes appealing, and sadly, the ability to tell clear, interesting stories is lost forever. As it is *FHM*'s never-ending mission to celebrate all things young and good, we're requesting that all funny and true stories be sent here, while you're still lucid. If they end up on the page, we'll send you $50. True Story of the Month rakes in a whopping 200 bucks. If you're young enough to address the envelope, it should read: True Stories, *FHM*, 110 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10011. Or send it via e-mail to FHMtrue@emapUSA.com.

BUSTING A GUT

Lame humor causes pain

My brother was rushed to the hospital with an appendicitis attack and underwent an emergency operation. Feeling guilty for ignoring him when he first complained of a sore abdomen, I went to the hospital to cheer him up. When I got there he seemed rather depressed—he'd only been out of the operating room for a few hours—so to raise a smile, I gave his foot a brotherly tickle. He jumped and gave a contented chuckle . . . and then blood started streaming through his robe. The movement had ripped out all of the stitches, causing his stomach to split open and pump its contents onto the bed. To avoid further damage, I kept my distance until he was out of the hospital.

James Tucker, Columbia, SC

ELDER ABUSE

Do-gooder trips old lady

A friend and I had gone to a deli for a bite to eat. As we were walking back, we noticed an old woman shuffling down the busy street with a piece of white paper stuck to her shoe. Ever the gentleman, my friend stepped forward and placed his foot firmly on the paper, the idea being that her next step would pull off the offending article. Unfortunately, the paper must have been glued in place pretty well, because her foot suddenly stopped and she went face first into the pavement. We ran off, but there were obviously some outraged bystanders, as that weekend the local rag ran an "old lady attacked in broad daylight" story.

Mike Brown, Binghamton, NY

SELF-DEFENSE

Man thwarts love interest

When I was in college, this girl made it public knowledge that she had a huge crush on me. Unfortunately, she was a real dog, and my friends decided they'd rather laugh behind my back than warn me of her advances. One night I was sitting with a bunch of my buddies in the student union bar discussing Bruce Lee movies when she came and sat behind me, just outside of my peripheral vision. I had no idea she was there, but the whole group was nudging each other, waiting for her to make her move. She probably would have, too, had I not chosen that exact moment to demonstrate a colossal Bruce punch. With a mighty high-pitched scream, I spun around in my seat and lunged into what should have been open air. She never saw my fist coming, and I hit her so hard that she lifted clean off the seat and landed on her back with a sickening thud. Everyone thought I'd finally snapped, and while the other girls all gasped in horror, several huge guys stepped forward to club the "woman beater." I had to run off and leave her lying there. On a good note, she never tried to speak to me again.

Richard Woods, San Antonio, TX

TERRY COLON; CORBIS

TRUE STORY OF THE MONTH

DOG TROUBLE

Army ejects terrier

As a young gunner, I was operating a battle tank on a live firing exercise when we were told that an important general was coming to visit. After a few hours, the order came through to cease fire, and the tanks rumbled out of the greenery to form a neat line for the general's arrival. He came in by helicopter and, with a small, yappy Scottish terrier under his arm, he made his way along the tanks, briefly introducing himself to everyone. When he reached our tank, he climbed aboard for a quick look around and patted us all on the back before quickly heading back to his helicopter for an aerial view of our target practice session. As we advanced into position, I saw my first target and shouted up to the loader to arm the gun. After reaching in the charge bag, however, he suddenly withdrew his hand with a loud scream, and I turned to see the general's dog with its teeth firmly clamped on my irritable partner's arm. Angry beyond belief, he pushed the dog into the barrel of the 120mm gun, slammed the breach closed, looked at me and bellowed, "Fire!" In the heat of the moment, I nodded grimly and pulled the trigger. The slobbering pup left our tank at Mach three, and the spotters radioed through that the general was impressed by our accuracy.

Name and address withheld

FUNNY DUMMY

Misfortune as entertainment

My girlfriend and I went to one of those shopping centers that's supposed to be "fun for the whole family," with cafes, rides, displays and a couple of people dressed up in bear costumes. Following her into one of the stores, I paused to watch two ladies giving a first-aid demonstration. As they rolled the dummy onto its back, part of its internal mechanism popped up in its trousers, making it look as though it had a huge hard-on. I thought this was hilarious, and I shouted to my girlfriend to come see the awesome spectacle, but she just ignored me and walked away. Puzzled by her lack of interest, I turned back to the demonstration, only to find that both of the women were staring at me, clearly furious. It was then that I realized that what I thought was a dummy was actually an unfortunate guy in his early twenties, suffering from some kind of fit and being resuscitated by two passing shoppers.

Anthony Pearson, Lancaster, PA

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